THE

BEAUTIES

OF

MODERN DRAMA

Containing all the Interesting

CHARACTERS, SENTIMENTS, SPEECH

IN THE

MOST FAVOURITE DRAMAS

OF

OUR PRESENT AUTH

CONNECTED AND DIGESTED UNDER APPROPRIA HEADS, ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED;

BY WALLEY CHAMBERLAIN OULTON.

VOL. I.

"As to *Dramatic Genius*, Sir, the fact is this—to give a true *Pic-ture of Life*, a Man should enter into all its *Scenes*—should follow *Nature*, Sir—dive into the *World*—search the *Heart of Man.*"

REYNOLDS.

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1800.

TO THE
MOST NOBLE
THE

Marquis of Salisbury.

YOUR LORDSHIP'S neceſ[illegible] Attention to and Support of [illegible] ENGLISH DRAMA, will, I t[illegible] excuſe any ſeeming [illegible] I take in dedicating to YOUR LORDSHIP theſe Volumes.

The Succeſs generally attending SELECTIONS from any particular Authors, was the firſt and chief Inducement to *unite* the BEAUTIES of *all* our reſpective MODERN DRAMATISTS, whoſe Writings have been well received, preſuming, that from the Variety of Stile, &c. which ſuch com-

pilation must needs display, that it would be highly acceptable to all Admirers and Readers of pleasing Extracts and interesting Fragments.

For me to claim any Merit in a Work which contains the Merits of others, or expatiate on the Manner of its Arrangement, would be the Height of Arrogance and Vanity----All I can boast, is, that it gives me an opportunity of subscribing myself

YOUR LORDSHIP'S

Most obedient

and devoted Servant,

WALLEY CHAMBERLAIN OULTON.

THE

BEAUTIES

OF

MODERN DRAMATISTS.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

MORTIMER AND CHARLES (*unſeen*).

Enter MORTIMER (*through the Garden*).

MORTIMER.

So—I am watch'd, purſued:—at every turn my perſecutors meet me;—but I've eſcap'd their obſervation, and here at length I may complete the fix'd and ſettled purpoſe of my ſoul:—harraſſed by my enemies, forgotten by my friends, and forſaken by her who was the very ſtream and eſſence of my life!—this friendly paſſport to another world alone can ſnatch me from the fiends of this!—from penury, deſpair, and jealouſy! (*produces phial*).

Charles (*obſerving him*). Bleſs me!—who is that gentleman?

Mortimer. And yet—when I look back on my paſt happineſs, and think the ſource of it is ſtill exiſting!

—that she and her dear image might still console—still wipe away my sorrow, I grow irresolute, and sigh for life! *(throws himself into the garden chair).*

Charles (walking towards Mortimer). Lord! I'm so happy—it's my father!

Mortimer. Life! what when she loves another! when at this moment she laviſhes those smiles which ——distraction! that thought is past all bearing, and thus I bury in oblivion!—thus these poisonous drugs—*(as he raises his arm to drink, Charles lays hold of it, and kneels to him).*

Charles. My father! *(Mortimer looks and trembles violently).* Oh! I'm so [illegible] you're come home—I hope you'll go [illegible] more long journies now.

Mortimer. My [illegible]ild! my child! *(embracing him).*

Charles. Why [illegible]at's the matter?—how your hand trembles!—and this—*(pointing to the phial)*—what's this, father?

Mortimer. That!—a toy!—a mere toy, Charles.

Charles. A toy!—fie, fie, father!—you a man and play with toys?—nay: that belongs to me.—*(Mortimer bursts into tears, and catches him in his arms).*

Enter Mrs. MORTIMER.

Mrs. Mortimer. 'Tis all confirmed—he's no where to be heard of, and e'en this, the dark deed——

Charles. Look mother—look who's come home.

Mrs. Mortimer (looking sometimes at Mortimer—then running and falling at his feet). My Mortimer!

Mortimer (rising and crossing her). Away! contaminate me not!—let me be gone.

Mrs. Mortimer (holding him). Stay—spare me but a moment—you've been deceiv'd.

Mortimer. I have!—I have!—and lest I should relapse, and be again deluded——But see! an evidence appears to rouse my pride and to confirm your guilt.

Enter SAMBO *hastily, and with a paper in his hand.*

Sambo. Oh, ma'am!—I'm just come from my master, and——pheugh! *(fanning himself with his hat.)*

Mortimer. Speak, Sambo—were you not witness of her falsehood?

Sambo. Softly, sir, and I'll tell you all about it—pheugh!—you must know [illegible] was taken suddenly ill, and sent me for a physician—[illegible] I refused to go:—says I, "Sir, the native[illegible]f my country are "all very healthy, and for two s[illegible]ple reasons—first, "because we've no doctors, and next because we've "no such enlightened disorders as ingratitude, false "friendship, seduction!—these," says I, "play the "devil with a man's constitution."

Mortimer. Well! and what then, sir.

Sambo. Then he grew worse, and asked me to prescribe for him, and I did!—Doctor Sambo drew up this prescription, and the pulse mended, fever lessen'd, and the countenance exhibited that florid bloom which ever results from those excellent medicines, honesty and a good conscience—there, sir, read, only read *(giving the paper).*

Mortimer (reading).—"Sir, Mrs. Mortimer is in-

" nocent—ſhe has fallen a victim to my vanity and
" her aunt's ſlander—Miſs Gloomy wrote you a
" moſt calumnious letter, and I, believing that ſhe
" lov'd me, made others believe it!—but when you
" arrived at the inn, ſhe not only avowed her love
" for you, but fled in purſuit of you.—Sambo will
" confirm theſe facts, and I am ready to make a
" public acknowledgment of them, or atone for my
" crimes in any other way you think proper.—
" EDWARD DELVILLE."

Laugh when you can, A. 5. Sc. 1.

ADVICE.

HARRY TO DICK.

Harry. Hark ye, Dick—take a bit of advice from one who has ſeen a good deal of the world, and don't forget it, my little fellow, as you grow up—Never trifle with the feelings of a woman, nor act ſo unmanly a part as to become a Perſecutor, where Nature meant you ſhould be a Protector.

Shipwreck, A. 1. Sc. 5.

KING HENRY TO PRINCE JOHN.

O my ſon, beware
How you permit your boſom e'er to harbor

The demons of ambition.—Did you know
The ſcorpion thoughts that ſting a monarch's heart,
When baſe ingratitude, with envious eye
Surveys his pureſt actions, and imputes
His beſt deſigns to tyranny and pride,
You would avoid the ſplendid load of empire
As the worſt burthen Heaven can lay on man.

Adelaide, A. 1. Sc. 1.

AFFABILITY (DANGEROUS.)

AUGUSTA TO FANNY.

Ah, Fanny, when our ſuperiors of the other ſex condeſcend to affability, inſtead of exalting it is for the purpoſe of degrading us to a ſtate of the moſt pitiable humiliation.

Life's Vagaries, A. 3. Sc. 1.

AFFECTATION.

ABSOLUTE AND ACRES.

Abſ. But pray, Bob, I obſerve you have got an odd kind of a new method of ſwearing——

Acres. Ha! ha! you've taken notice of it—'tis genteel, isn't *it?*—I didn't invent it myſelf though; but a commander in our militia—a great ſcholar, I

aſſure you—ſays that there is no meaning in the common oaths, and that nothing but their antiquity makes them reſpectable;—becauſe, he ſays, the ancients would never ſtick to an oath or two, but would ſay, by Jove! or by Bacchus! or by Mars! or by Venus! or by Pallas! according to the ſentiment—ſo that to ſwear with propriety, ſays my little Major, the 'oath ſhould be an echo to the ſenſe;' and this we call the *oath referential*, or *ſentimental ſwearing*—ha! ha! ha! 'tis genteel, isn't it?

Abſ. Very genteel, and very new indeed—and I dare ſay will ſupplant all other figures of imprecation.

Acres. Aye—aye, the beſt terms will grow obſolete—Damns have had their day.

Rivals, A. 2. Sc. 1.

AFFECTION (CONJUGAL).

BRONZELY, LORD AND LADY PRIORY.

Bronzely. I entreated your Ladyſhip not to mention to my Lord that I had any thing to communicate, and you gave me a ſolemn promiſe you would *not*.

Lady Priory. Upon my honour, during our whole converſation upon that ſubject, you never named my Lord Priory's name.

Bronzely. I charged you to keep what I had to tell you a profound ſecret.

Lady Priory. Yes; but I thought you underſtood I could have no ſecrets from my huſband.

Bronzely. You promiſed no one ſhould know it but yourſelf.

Lady Priory. He is *myſelf.*

Lord Priory. How, Mr. Bronzely, did you ſuppoſe ſhe and I were two? Perhaps you did, and that we wanted a third. Well, I quite forgive you for your ſilly miſtake, and laugh at you, ha, ha, ha, as I did at Mr. Mandred.—*(ſeriouſly)*—Did you ſuppoſe, Sir, we lived like perſons of faſhion of the modern time? Did you imagine that a woman of her character could have a wiſh, a deſire, even a thought, a ſecret from her huſband?

Bronzely. It is amazing to find ſo much fidelity the reward of tyranny!

Lady Priory. Sir—I ſpeak with humility—I would not wiſh to give offence—*(timidly)*—But, to the beſt of my obſervation and underſtanding, your ſex, in reſpect to us, are *all tyrants.* I was born to be the ſlave of ſome of you—I make the choice to obey my huſband.

Lord Priory. Yes, Mr. Bronzely; and I believe it is more for her happineſs to be my ſlave, than your friend—to live in fear of me, than in love with you.

Wives as they Were, A. 4. Sc. 2.

IRWIN AND LADY ELEANOR.

Irwin. My temper is altered lately; and yet I love you.

Lady Eleanor. I never doubted it, nor ever will.

Irwin. If you did, you would wrong me; for there is not a danger I would not risk for your sake; there is not an infamy I would not be branded with to make you happy, nor a punishment I would not undergo, with joy, for your welfare.—But there is a bar to this; we are unfortunately so entwined together, so linked, so rivetted, so cruelly, painfully fettered to each other, you could not be happy unless I shared the [illegible]-same happiness with you.—But you will learn be[illegible]—now you are in London, and amongst fashionable wives; you *must* learn better (*Walks about, and smiles, with a ghastly countenance*).

Lady Eleanor. Do not talk, do not look thus wildly —Indeed, indeed, you make me very uneasy.

Irwin. What! uneasy when I come to bring you comfort; and such comfort as you have not experienced for many a day? (*He pulls out a pocket book*). Here is a friend in our necessity,—a friend that brings a thousand friends; plenty and—no, not always—peace. (*He takes several papers from the book, and puts them into her hands—She looks at them, then screams.*)

Lady Eleanor. Ah! 'Tis money. (*Trembling.*) These are Bank notes.

Irwin. 'Hush! for heaven's sake, hush! We shall be discovered. *(Trembling and in great perturbation.)* What alarms you thus?

Lady Eleanor. What alarms you?

Irwin. Do you say I am frightened?

Lady Eleanor. A sight so new has frightened me.

Irwin. Nay, they are your own: by heaven, they are! No one on earth has a better or a fairer right than you have. It was a laudable act by which I obtained them.—The parent-bird had forsook its young, and I but forced it back to perform the rites of nature.

Lady Eleanor. You are insane, I fear. No, no, I do not *fear*—I *hope* you are.

* * * *

Irwin. My dear Eleanor, are you willing to quit London with me in about two hours time?

Lady Eleanor. Instantly.

Irwin. Nay, not only London, but England.

Lady Eleanor. This world, if you desire it. To go in company with you, will make the journey pleasant; and all I loved on earth would still be with me.

Every One has his Fault, A. 2. Sc. 2.

AFFECTION (PATERNAL).

DORNTON AND SMITH.

Dornton. I have done with him; he is henceforth no son of mine! Let him starve!

Mr. Smith. He acts very improperly, Sir, indeed.

Dornton. Improperly! How? What does he do. *(Alarmed.)*

Mr. Smith. Sir!

Dornton. Have you heard any thing of—— ?

Mr. Smith. *(Confused.)* No—No, Sir—Nothing—Nothing but what you yourself tell me.

Dornton. Then how do you know he has acted improperly?

Mr. Smith. He is certainly a very good-hearted young gentleman, Sir.

Dornton. Good-hearted! how dare you make such an assertion?

Mr. Smith. Sir!

Dornton. How dare you, Mr. Smith, insult me so? Is not his gaming notorious; his racing, driving, riding, and associating with knaves, fools, debauchees, and black legs?

Mr. Smith. Upon my word, Sir—I—

Dornton. But it's over! His name has this very day been struck out of the firm! Let his drafts be returned. It's all ended! *(Passionately.)* And, observe, not a guinea! If you lend him any yourself I'll not pay you. I'll no longer be a fond doting father! Therefore take warning! Take warning, I say! Be his distress what it will, not a guinea! Though you should hereafter see him begging, starving in the streets, not so much as the loan or the gift of a single guinea! *(With great passion.)*

Mr. Smith. I ſhall be careful to obſerve your orders, Sir.

Dornton. Sir! *(Terror)* Why, would you ſee him ſtarve?—Would you ſee him ſtarve and not lend him a guinea? Would you, Sir? Would you?

Mr. Smith. Sir!—Certainly not, except in obedience to your orders!

Dornton. (Amazement and compaſſion) And could any orders juſtify your ſeeing a poor unfortunate youth, rejected by his father, abandoned by his friends, ſtarving to death?

Mr. Smith. There is no danger of that, Sir.

Dornton. I tell you the thing ſhall happen! He ſhall ſtarve to death! *(Horror at the ſuppoſition)* I'll never look on him more as a ſon of mine; and I am very certain, when I have forſaken him, all the world will forſake him too. *(Almoſt in tears.)* Yes, yes! He is born to be a poor wretched outcaſt!

Mr. Smith. I hope, Sir, he ſtill will make a fine man.

Dornton. Will!—There is not a finer, handſomer, nobler looking youth in the kingdom; no not in the world!

Mr. Smith. I mean a worthy good man, Sir.

Dornton. How can you mean any ſuch thing? The company he keeps would corrupt a ſaint.

Mr. Smith. Sir, if you will only tell me what your pleaſure is, I will endeavour to act like a faithful ſervant.

Dornton. I know you are a faithful ſervant, Mr.

Smith.—*(Takes his hand)* I know you are—But you . You are not a father. *Road to Ruin, A. 1. Sc. 1.*

STOCKWELL AND BELCOUR.

Stock. Mr. Belcour, here are the jewels; this letter encloses bills for the money; and, if you will deliver it to Miss Rusport, you will have no farther trouble on that score.

Bel. Ah, Sir! the letter which I have been reading disqualifies me from delivering the letter which you have been writing: I have other game on foot; the loveliest girl my eyes ever feasted upon is started in view, and the world cannot now divert me from pursuing her.

Stock. Hey-de ? What has turned you thus on a sudden?

Bel. A woman: one that can turn, and overturn me and my tottering resolutions every way she will. Oh, Sir, if this is folly in me, you must rail at Nature: you must chide the sun, that was vertical at my birth, and would not wink upon my nakedness, but swaddled me in the broadest, hottest glare of his meridian beams.

Stock. Mere rhapsody; mere childish rhapsody; the libertine's familiar plea——Nature made us, 'tis true, but we are the responsible creatures of our own faults and follies.

Bel. Sir!

Stock. Slave of every face you meet, some hussy

has inveigled you, ſome handſome profligate, (the town is full of them;) and, when once fairly bankrupt in conſtitution, as well as fortune, nature no longer ſerves as your excuſe for being vicious; neceſſity, perhaps, will ſtand your friend, and you will reform.

Bel. You are ſevere.

Stock. It ſits me to be ſo—it well becomes a father ——I would ſay a friend—How ſtrangely I forget myſelf—How difficult it is to counterfeit indifference, and put a maſk upon the heart—I've ſtruck him hard; he reddens.

Bel. How could you tempt me ſo? had you not inadvertently dropped the name of father, I fear our friendſhip, ſhort as it has been, would ſcarce have held me—but even your miſtake I reverence—Give me your hand—'tis over.

Stock. Generous young man—let me embrace you —How ſhall I hide my tears? I have been to blame; becauſe I bore you the affection of a father, I raſhly took up the authority of one. I aſk your pardon —purſue your courſe; I have no right to ſtop it— What would you have me to do with theſe things?

Bel. This, if I might adviſe: carry the money to Miſs Ruſport immediately; never let generoſity wait for its materials; that part of the buſineſs preſſes. Give me the jewels; I'll find an opportunity of delivering them into her hands; and your viſit may pave the way for my reception. [*Exit.*

Stock. Be it ſo: good morning to you. Farewell.

advice! Away he goes upon the wing for pleasure. What various passions he awakens in me! He pains, yet pleases me; affrights, offends, yet grows upon my heart. His very failings set him off—for ever trespassing, for ever atoning, I almost think he would not be so perfect, were he free from fault: I must dissemble longer; and yet how painful the experiment!—Even now he is gone upon some wild adventure; and who can tell what mischief may befall him; O Nature, what it is to be a father! Just such a thoughtless headlong thing was I when I beguiled his mother into love.

West Indian, A. 3. Sc. 1.

FORTIS TO BARON.

Fortis. To prove to you that I'm not unjust, nor governed by my resentment, I consent that my daughter shall determine for herself—though I must tell you, Sir, that I believe you'll not make a better husband than a friend!—But even that danger is less for her, all things considered, than the dreadful misery of having her inclination forced, and being joined to a man she does not love.—I love my daughter too well to sacrifice her so. The tenderness of fathers should give bounds to their authority; and we should remember, that Heaven has given us power over our children to be their support, and not their tyrants.

False Appearances, A. 5. Sc. 2.

AFFECTION (MATERNAL.)

MRS. ORMOND, *(Sola.)*

Mrs. Orm. Either Mr. Rivers deceives himſelf, or the difference muſt be ſtrange between a father's and a mother's feelings! Yes, my loved William, ſhould'ſt *thou* prove unworthy my regard, I think my heart would break with grief; but till it *did* break, never, oh! ſurely never, would it feel one ſpark of leſs affection for thee.

Eaſt Indian, A. 3. Sc. 1.

AFFECTION (FILIAL.)

HASWELL, KEEPER, *and* ELVIRUS *ſitting attentively near his old Father, who is aſleep.*

Keep. That young man, you ſee there, watching his aged father as he ſleeps, by the help of ſees gains his admiſſion—and he never quits the place, except to go and purchaſe cordials for the old man, who, (though healthy and ſtrong when he firſt became a priſoner) is now become ill and languid.

Haſ. Are they from Europe?

Keep. No—but deſcended from Europeans—ſee how the youth holds his father's hand!—I have ſometimes caught him bathing it with tears.

Haſ. I'll ſpeak to the young man. [*Going to him.*

Keep. *He* will ſpeak as ſoon as he ſees me—he has

fent a petition to the Sultan about his father; and never fails to enquire if a reply is come. [*They approach—Elvirus ftarts and comes forward.*]

Elv. [*To Hafwell*] Sir, do you come from the Court? has the Sultan received my humble fupplication? Can you tell?—foftly—let not my father hear you fpeak.

Haf. I come but as a ftranger, to fee the prifon.

Elv. No anfwer yet, Keeper?

Keep. No—I told you it was in vain to write—they never read petitions fent from prifons—their hearts are hardened to fuch worn-out tales of forrow.

[Elvirus *turns towards his Father and weeps.*

Haf. Pardon me, Sir—but what is the requeft you are thus denied?

Elv. Behold my father! but three months has he been confined here; and yet—unlefs he breathes a purer air—O, if *you* have influence at Court, Sir, pray reprefent what paffes in this dreary prifon—what paffes in my heart. My fupplication is to remain a prifoner here, while my father, releafed, fhall be permitted to retire to humble life; and never more to take arms in a caufe the Sultan may fufpect—which engagement broken, *my life* fhall be the forfeit.—Or if the Sultan wou'd allow me to ferve him as a foldier—

Haf. You would fight againft the party your father fought for?

Elv. [*Starting.*] No—but in the forefts—or on the defart fands—amongft thofe flaves who are fent to

tle with the wild Indians—there I wou'd go—and earn the boon I ask——or in the mines——

Has. Give me your name—I will, at least, present your suit—and, perhaps——

Elv. Sir, do you think it is likely? Joyful hearing!

Has. Nay, be not too hasty in your hopes—I cannot *answer* for my success. [*Repeats*] "Your father "humbly implores to be released from prison—and, "in his stead, *you* take his chains——or, for the "Sultan's service, fight as a slave, or dig in his "mines."

Elv. Exactly, Sir—that is the petition—I thank you, Sir.

Keep. You don't know, young man, what it *is* to dig in mines—or fight against foes, who make their prisoners die by unheard of tortures.

Elv. *You* do not know, Sir, what it *is*,—to see a parent suffer.

Has. [*Writing.*] Your name, Sir?

Elv. Elvirus Casimir.——

Has. Your father's?

Elv. The same—one who followed agriculture in the fields of Symria—but, induced by the call of freedom——

Has. How? have a care.

Elv. No—his son, by the call of nature, supplicates his freedom.

Keep. The rebel, you find, breaks out.

Elv. [*Aside to the Keeper.*] Silence—silence! he

forgives it—don't remind him of it—don't undo my hopes.

Hass. I will ſerve you if I can.

Elv. And I will merit it—indeed I will—you ſhall not complain of me—I will be—

Haſ. Retire—I truſt you.

Such Things Are, A. 2. Sc. 3.

LORD NORLAND, HAMMOND, EDWARD, AND LADY ELEANOR.

Lord N. What was your errand here? If to ſee your child, take him away with you.

Lady E. I came to ſee my father;—I have a houſe too full of ſuch as he already.

Lord N. How did ſhe gain admittance?

Ham. With a petition, which I repeated to your Lordſhip. [*Exit* Hammond.

Lord N. Her huſband then it was, who—[*To Lady* Eleanor] But let him know, for this boy's ſake, I will no longer purſue him.

Lady E. For that boy's ſake you will not purſue his father; but for whoſe ſake are you ſo tender of that boy? 'Tis for mine, for my ſake; and by that I conjure you—[*Offers to kneel.*]

Lord N. Your prayers are vain—[*To* Edward] Go, take leave of your mother *for ever*, and inſtantly follow me; or ſhake hands with me for the laſt time, and inſtantly begone with her.

[Edward *ſtands between them in doubt for ſome little time: looks alternately at each with emotions of af-*

...ction; at last goes to his grand-father, and takes hold of his hand.]

Edw. Farewell, my Lord,—it almost breaks my heart to part from you;—but if I have my choice, I must go with my mother.

Every one has his Fault, A. 5. Sc. 1.

AMANTHIS AND PEASANT.

Aman. [*Aside.*] Poor man! his appearance, his apprehension declare his poverty. [*To him*] Why did you come to me in this mysterious manner?—why send that man away who accompanied you?

Peas. Because I wished to speak in secret to you—The man who conducted me hither is an honest peasant, known in the house, and but, by his assistance, I could obtain admittance into these gardens—he said I had a petition to Lord Almanza, and sought you to beg your interest in my favour.

Aman. If you are in affliction, that is all the interest you will want with Lord Almanza.

Peas. Yes, I am afflicted—poor—persecuted—forgot, no doubt, by all who were most dear to me, and remembered only by my enemies.

Aman. Say what I can do for you? [*Aside*] He blushes to ask, and I'll prevent him. [*She takes from her neck a collar of pearls, and bracelets from her arms.*] Here, this is all I possess of value—take them—and how much soever they are worth, I am sure I never made a better use of them—Why do you weep?

Peas. Because my joy compels me—I find you

have a heart open to compaffion, and now my afflictions are in lefs want of it—take back your generous gifts—for when you know who I am, you'll find they would be ufelefs to me.

Aman. Who are you?—what is your name, your occupation, your country? you are all emotion—why, are you afraid to truft me?—do you fear I will betray you?—no—open then your heart.

Peaf. To do fo will recall to your memory fome fcenes that may affect you.

Aman. What are they?

Peaf. Have you preferved in your remembrance any idea of the unhappy man to whom you owe your being?

Aman. My father—Oh, heavens! did you know him?

Peaf. You have heard talk of him then?

Aman. Yes; and a thoufand times with my tears I have bathed his picture, the only treafure he left me when he went away. But tell me, were you with him when he died? for though I have heard of his death, I never heard of one circumftance relative to it.—Do not be afraid to fpeak—you have faid too much not to proceed—to leave me now in doubt, would be the height of inhumanity.

Peaf. Suppofe he were not dead?

Aman. Not!—Oh, heavens!—you turn pale!—your eyes are filled with tears!—Ah! how could I be fo long miftaken?—I know you!—*I remember* you!

[*He opens his arms, and fhe runs into them.*

Peaf. My daughter—my poor Amanthis!

Amanza. This joy is too much!—my father!—my suffering father! [*Falls at his feet*] This is the happiest moment of my life. Let me but fly to tell my Lord Almanza, then never, never quit you more.

Alberto. [*Raising her.*] Alas, my child! repress this ecstacy, and learn in what a state of misery you see me—without fortune, without friends, without support.

Aman. Are you less dear to me for that? besides, your state will soon be changed—My Lord Almanza can do much; and what he can, he'll do with transport. Within a few days we shall be united in marriage; and you were only wanting to complete our happiness.

Alberto. Are you then ignorant of the horrors that surround me?—My enemies are become more powerful than ever; and, learning, by their spies, that I am still living, a large reward is published for apprehending me, and my life must be the consequence.

* * * *

I have travelled sandy deserts, braved the perils of the most dangerous seas, forsook a peaceable and safe asylum, to risque the snares laid by my enemies here—but I came with the hope to find my child, and never again to lose her—I knew not your sentiments for Almanza—Pity my error—I pleased myself with the thought, that an affectionate, suffering father, might be more dear to you than all the world besides; and that in following him, and partaking his fate?——

Aman. Oh, whither do you lead my imagina— —Stop, and let me take a view of what I see before me.

Alberto. Nay, be not thus alarmed, Amanthis. I do not command, nor even *entreat*—In following me you had surely been a comfort—without fortune, without friends, nay, without society, you had atoned for them all!

Aman. Oh, my father! to be your comfort in a state like this, would be my happiness—but, oh! to leave Almanza——

Alberto. You leave *him*, surrounded by his fam —in his own country, with fortune, honours, an thousand blessings to console him.

Aman. No; not one for the loss of me.

Alberto. I see my fate, and submit to it—My child live happy, and forget me as often as you can.—Re ceive my blessing, and my last farewel.

[*Going to embrace her*

Aman. [*Falling at his feet*] In this wide world sorrow, I alone am left to comfort you—and at you feet I vow, though dying with despair, I'll follow you to the furthermost part of the universe—What did I say? dying! No, I will live to soften you pains—to be a blessing to you.

Alberto. Do not give me a false hope.

Aman. I do not—No, thus met, we will never part—[*Firmly.*]—But how tell the news to——

Alberto. Almanza must not know it. I depart this very night; and one look, one unguarded word,

might betray me, and prevent my escape—Should you tell the Marquis, in the first transports of his griefs, he'd not be enough master of himself, to conceal the secret—But now consult your heart: if you repent, you have made no promise: I restore it to you—speak—pronounce.

Aman. I *have* spoken—*have* pronounced—have promised—and will keep my vow.

The Child of Nature, A. 4. Sc. 1.

WORRY AND JULIANA.

Jul. —May I ask—I hope Sir Hervey's well?

Worry. No, he's very ill, I'm very much obliged to you.

Jul. Ill!—heavens!——what's his complaint?

Worry. An ungrateful daughter!——Your pardon, ma'am—perhaps I'm somewhat blunt—but I lived with Sir Hervey these twenty years: if he has faults to others, he has none to me; and though the world deserts him, it is my duty to stand or fall with him.

Jul. Well, I applaud your zeal; but why, why charge me with ingratitude?

Worry. Because you are his enemy; because you take the part of her who basely wrong'd him.

Jul. Hold, censure me as much as you please; but breathe not a syllable against my mother.

Worry. There! you avow it; you justify—

Jul. No—but I feel for her; I lament her fate;

that consolation Sir Hervey cannot deny me.—L... let him know me before he condemns me; for how can that child be called ungrateful who never had an opportunity of evincing either her duty or affection?

Worry. How!

Jul. I never wrong'd him; and even in my infancy he shut his doors against me—I am his child; and by denying his protection, he has exposed me to the self-same snares my mother fell a martyr to. —I've not disgraced—I've ever lov'd him: and let him give me but the trial—oh! let him take me t his heart; and if the caresses of an affectionate daugh ter do not atone for the errors of a misguided mo ther, then let him cast me from him; but till then let him not accuse me of ingratitude.

Worry. What! and you'd——how handsome she looks!—you'd be loving and dutiful?

Jul. Oh yes—I'd watch, I'd nurse him—weep as he wept, and bless each smile that cheered him: and when time had mellowed his grief into a sweet remembrance of my mother's loss, then I'd retrieve her honour in the grave: in my unvaried truth, all, all should be forgotten. I would revive the friendship that he bore her, and she should live again in Juliana.

Management, A. 2. Sc. 2.

SIR WILLIAM AND MISS DORRILLON.

Sir Wil. To put you out of apprehension at once—your father is not coming home—nor will he ever return to his own country.

Miss Dor. [*Starting*] You seem to speak from certain knowledge—Oh! heavens! is he not living?

Sir Wil. Yes, living—but under severe affliction—fortune has changed, and all his hopes are blasted.

Miss Dor. "Fortune changed!"—In poverty?—my father in poverty?—[*Weeping.*]—Oh, Sir, excuse, what may perhaps appear an ill compliment to your bounty; but to me, the greatest reverence I can pay to it.—You are going to that part of the world where he is; take this precious gift back, search out my father, and let *him* be the object of your beneficence.—[*Forces it into his hand.*]—I shall be happy in this prison, indeed I shall, so I can but give a momentary relief to my dear, dear father.—[*Sir William takes out his handkerchief.*]—You weep!—This present, perhaps would be but poor alleviation of his sufferings—perhaps he is in sickness; or a prisoner! Oh! if he be, release me instantly, and take me with you to the place of his confinement.

Sir Wil. What! quit the joys of London?

Miss Dor. On such an errand I would quit them all without a sigh—and here I make a solemn promise to you—[*kneeling.*]

Sir Wil. Hold, you may wish to break it.

Miss Dor. Never—exact what vow you will on *this*

occasion, I will make, and keep it——[*Enter Mr. Norberry.*—*she rises*]—Oh! Mr. Norberry, he has been telling me such things of my father——

Mr. Dor. Has he? Then kneel again—call *him* by that name, and implore him not to disown *you* for his child.

Miss Dor. Good heaven!—I dare not—I dare not do as you require. [*She faints on* Norberry.]

Sir Wil. [*Going to her.*] My daughter! my child!

Wives as they Were and Maids as they Are, A. 5. Sc. 2.

LORD ARTHUR. *(Solus)*

Prevent a dutiful son from seeing his honour'd parent! I'll convince him I'm a good boy—he shall see me, and I will be his comfort, and, though he commands me to be gone, I'll stay with him to prove my obedience. What a pity that the omission of saying a few words, before I was born, should prevent me from being lawful heir to this castle! perhaps the pride of my father! the darling of the tenants! favourite of the neighbours, and friend to the poor! now, a wretched outcast, shunned like a savage, foe to mankind, and man at enmity with me! no establishment! profession! friend, or character. Oh! my father, where are you? *(looks round with grief)* do not shun, I'll kneel, till you spurn me from you—that face! it is my mother. I heard of his Lordship's gallery of beauties—quite an exhibition for every starer! but my dear mother shall

no more be dishonoured, by making one in this unhappy collection—no, by heavens! her misfortunes shall be no longer the topic, for the sneering comments of vulgarity and ill nature. *(lifts the picture down)* Timolin! why don't you come up? Timolin!

Enter LORD TORRENDEL.

Lord Tor. What uproar is this in my house? Have you any business with me, Sir? who are you?

Lord Arthur. (falls on his knee, and points to the picture) Sir, this was my mother.

Lord Tor. (looking at them both, puts his handkerchief to his eyes) My son, the child of Emily!

[*Exit in great emotion.*

Lord Arthur. This our first interview since my infancy! my father not speak to me! no gentle word, no complacent smile. Now I am poor! where to turn? every face meets me with a frown, a sea of horrors rush on me! the storm's up, and let it blow me as it will!

Enter TIMOLIN.

Timolin. Well, and you saw your papa? *(joyful)*

Arthur. My heart was good, but now I'm all vexation, grief, and terror. A look now and then at this, might calm my mind. Timolin, take that picture to my lodgings.

Timolin. What?

Arthur. Take that picture to my lodgings. *(bursts into tears)* *Life's Vagaries*, A. 2. Sc. 3.

HOWARD AND ALBINA.

How. If I were weak enough to forgive you on my own account, how—how would you apologize for your unnatural conduct to your father?

Alb. I'll shew you —Look—[*Takes a paper out of her pocket.*]

How. What's that paper?

Alb. My grandfather's will!—Look! [*Smiling*]

How. What!—Do you make a display—Do you boast of your ill-gotten wealth? Hear me! [*Lays hold of her hand with great emotion*] The Tutor has confessed—

Alb. I know it.

How. That Mr. Mandeville—that *my* friend—remitted money from India—

Alb. I know it.

How. That the Governess—that *your* friend—concealed his letters—

Alb. I know it.

How. Then how dare you insult me with this ill-timed triumph? One word more, and we part for ever!—No chuckling!—Listen! [*Taking hold of her hand with great violence*] If your grandfather had known these facts, would he have disinherited an affectionate son, only to adopt an unfeeling daughter? Would he not have destroyed that testament?

Alb. To be sure he would! And as he can't do it himself, won't I do it for him? There—and there—and there—[*Tearing the Will*] I'm my own mistress

now; and I think I can't do greater honour to my grandfather's memory, than by destroying an instrument that he would now blush to sign, and I for ever be ashamed to profit by! I hate my Governess as much for her unceasing enmity to my father, as I envy you for your exalted friendship towards him! —Oh, Mr. Howard! Do you think he'll ever forgive me?—I'm going in search of him; but if you should be so fortunate as to see him before me, pray tell him that things are now what they ought always to have been—He is the possessor of the Mandeville estate, and I have nothing but what results from his bounty.

The Will, A. 5. Sc. 3.

OSMOND AND REGINALD, &c.

Osm. [*To the* Africans.]—You know your duty! Drag him to yonder cavern! Let me not see him die!

Reg. [*holding by a fragment of the wall, from which the* Africans *strive to force him.*] Brother, for pity's sake! for your soul's happiness!

Osm. Obey me, slaves!—Away!

ANGELA *rushes in wildly.*

Ang. Hold off! Hurt him not! He is my father!

Osm. Angela here!

Reg. Daughter, what means——

Ang. [*embracing him*]—You shall live, father! I will sacrifice all to preserve you! Here is my hand, Osmond! 'Tis yours; but spare my father!

Osm [*transported.*]—Lovely Angela!

Reg. How, rash girl? What would you do?

Osm. Reginald, reflect—

Reg. Your uncle! Your mother's murderer!—Remember—

Ang. Your life is in danger; I must forget all else.

Castle Spectre, A. 5. Sc. 3.

MILFORD AND HARRY.

Milford. Sir! I must inform you that, though I have been betrayed by you and imprisoned by your father, I will not be insulted!

Harry. Betrayed by me?

Milford. Ay, Sir! I have had full information of your mean arts! It was necessary I should be out of the way, that your designs on Mrs. Warren might meet no interruption!

Harry. Pshaw!—Good day, Jack, good day!

Milford. And pray, Sir, inform your father I despise his meanness, and spurn at his malice!

Harry. (*Suddenly returning and darting towards him, but stopping short*) Jack Milford!—Utter no blasphemy against my father!—I am half mad!—I came your friend—

Milford. I despise your friendship!

Harry. That as you please—Think all that is vile of me—I defy you to exceed the truth—But utter not a word against my father!

The Road to Ruin, A. 4. Sc. 2.

AFFECTION (FRATERNAL).

FRANK AND JESSY.

Frank. Well, don't thee be caſt down—thee knows I be cruel kind to thee; at meals, I always gis thee the deſperate nice bits, and if thy lover prove falſe hearted, or feyther ſhou'd come to decay, I be a terrible ſtrong lad, I'll work for thee fra ſun-riſe to down, and if any one offer to harm thee, I'll fight for thee till I die.

Jeſſy. Thanks, my good lad; thanks, dear brother. [*Kiſſes him, and Exit.*

Cure for the Heart-Ache, A. 1. Sc. 1.

TOM TO MISS UNION.

Look ye; if my mother don't remove you from the command of Juliana, I will!—ſhe is my ſiſter—and may I never fire a cannon, find an iſland, or make a fortune by prize-money, if ſhe ſhall be run a-ground, while her brother has an arm to ſteer with! *Fortune's Fool*, A. 3. Sc. 1.

AFFECTION (CONJUGAL AND FRATERNAL.)

EGERTON, GREVILLE, UNDERMINE, ROSTRUM, MRS. GREVILLE, &c.

Eger. Who anſwers to the name of Greville?

Grev. I do.

Eger. Give me your hand.

Grev. What do you mean?

Eger. (*ſeizing his hand.*) The gripe of everlaſting friendſhip—for 'tis death muſt part us. You are a villain. (*preſents piſtols.* Greville *ſnatches one, Mrs.* Greville *ruſhes between 'em.*)

Mrs. Grev. Oh my brother!

Grev. Brother! (*throws away his piſtols.*)

Mrs. Grev. Oh raiſe not your arm againſt——

(*pauſes.*)

Eger. Whom? (*Mrs.* Greville *pauſes.*)

Grev. Her huſband.

Eger. & *Und.* } Her huſband!

Grev. Yes; ſpite of the poverty that name entails on me, ſpite of impending ruin, my heart triumphantly exults in proclaiming her my loved, my honoured wife? (*kneeling to her.*) By my ſoul, Maria, I would not raiſe another bluſh upon that angel cheek to purchaſe the world's dominion.

Und. Then the eſtate is mine. Strut, you dog. (*to* Roſtrum.)

Roſ. I do, ſir. (*reluctantly*)

Eger. My darling ſiſter! my pride! let me now hold thee to my heart with rapture. (*puts his handkerchief to his eyes*)

Und. Tears from a ſoldier! (*ſneeringly.*)

Eger. Unfeeling man! did not tears of joy ſtart from me at beholding beauty and innocence reſtored to their native luſtre, I were unworthy of the name of ſoldier. And, ſir, it may be prudent for you to remember, that a ſoldier's heart is like his ſword, formed of tempered ſteel; for while it bends with ſympathizing pity to the touch of woe, it can reſume its ſpringing energy to puniſh arrogance, or cruſh oppreſſion. *Secrets Worth Knowing*, A. 4. Sc. 1.

AFFECTION
(PATERNAL AND FILIAL.)

DORNTON, HARRY, AND SULKY.

Dorn. Give me the will! Fond and fooliſh as I have been, read, and you will find I am at laſt reſtored to my ſenſes!—If I ſhould happily outlive the ſtorm you have raiſed, it ſhall not be to ſupport a prodigal, or to reward a gambler!—You are diſinherited!—Read!

Harry. Your word is as good as the Bank, ſir.

Dorn. I'll no longer act the doting father, fascinated by your arts!

Harry. I never had any art, Sir, except the one you taught me.

Dorn. I taught you! What? Scoundrel! What?

Harry. That of loving you, Sir.

Dorn. Loving me!

Harry. Most sincerely!

Dorn. (*Forgetting his passion*) Why, can you say, Harry—Rascal! I mean, that you love me?

Harry. I should be a rascal indeed if I did not, Sir.

Dorn. Harry! Harry! (*Struggling with his feelings*) No! Confound me if I do!—Sir, you are a vile——I

Harry. I know I am.

Dorn. And I'll never speak to you more. [*Going.*

Harry. Bid me good night, Sir. Mr. Sulky here will bid me good night, and you are my father!—Good night, Mr. Sulky.

Sulky. Good night. [*Exit.*

Harry. Come, Sir—

Dorn. (*Struggling with passion*) I won't!—If I do—!

Harry. Reproach me with my follies, strike out my name, disinherit me, I deserve it all and more—But say, Good night, Harry!

Dorn. I won't!—I won't!—I won't!—

Harry. Poverty is a trifle; we can whistle it off—enmity—

Dorn. I will not!

Harry. Sleep in enmity? And who can say how soundly?—Come! Good night.

Dorn. I won't! I won't! [*Runs off.*

Harry. Say you so?—Why then, my noble-hearted dad, I am indeed a scoundrel!

Re-enter Mr. DORNTON.

Dorn. Good night! [*Exit.*

Harry. Good night! And heaven eternally bless you.

* * * * *

DORNTON AND HARRY.

Dorn. So, Harry!

Harry. My father again?

Dorn. (*Panting*) What do you do here, Harry?

Harry. Sir—I—I want air.

Dorn. A pretty dance you have led me—What brought you hither?—(*Sudden recollection*) Where's the money you had of the widow? (*Pause: seeming to dread an answer*) Where is the money, Harry?

Harry. (*Reluctantly*) Gone, Sir.

Dorn. Gone!

Harry. Most of it.

Dorn. And your creditors not paid? (*Another pause*) And your creditors not paid?

Harry. No, Sir.

Dorn. (*Raises his hands*) I suspected—I foreboded this!—(*Harry* Dornton *walks up the stage*) He has been at some gaming-house, lost all, quarrelled, and come here to put a miserable end to a miserable existence! Oh, who would be a father! [*Extreme anguish.*

Enter Waiter.

Waiter. I am ſent on an April-day kind of errand here. I think this is what they call the Ring. (*Looks round*) Hey! Who is this? (*Surveying Mr.* Dornton) Pray—Sir,—Is your name Dornton?

Dorn. It is.

Waiter. Then I am right—Mr. Milford, Sir, has ſent me with this note. [*Exit.*

Harry. (*Advancing*) It is for me, Sir!

Dorn. How do you know, Harry?

Harry. Sir, I am certain!—I muſt beg—!

Dorn. This is no time for ceremony! (*Reads*) 'Dear 'Harry, forgive the provocation I have given you; 'forget the wrong I have done your father—' Me! '—I will ſubmit to any diſgrace rather than lift my 'hand againſt your life—I would have come and a- 'pologiſed even on my knee, but am prevented—*J.* 'Milford.' (*Pauſe*)—Why, Harry! What?—What is this?—Tell me—Tell me—Is it in paying Milford's debts you have expended the money?

Harry. It is, Sir.

Dorn. (*After raiſing his claſped hands in rapture as if to return thanks, ſuddenly ſuppreſſes his feelings*) But how had he wronged me!—Why did you come here to fight him?

Harry. Sir—He—he ſpoke diſreſpectfully of you. [*Pauſe.*

Dorn. (*With his eyes fixed on his ſon, till unable any longer to contain himſelf, he covers them with one hand and ſtretches out the other*) Harry!

Harry. (Taking his father's hand, but turning his back likewise to conceal his agitation.) My father! *[Pause.*

Dornton. Harry! Harry! *(Struggling affection)*

Harry. Dear Sir, let us fly to confole poor Milford!

Dornton. What you will, Harry! Do with me what you will—Oh who would not be a father!

Road to Ruin. A. 1. Sc. 3. A. 5. Sc. 2.

AGITATION.

OLD RAPID AND JESSY.

Jeffy. Married! Edward married! 'Tis too much —*(leans on Old Rapid for fupport.)*

O. Rap. Eh! what! fpeak—tell me!

Jeffy. Oh, Edward! is this the return for my love? Have I merited this cruel defertion?

O. Rap. Defertion!—What!—has the rafcal—I fhall choak myfelf—Has he behaved ill to fo fweet a creature? Your tears tell me fo.—I'll kill him.—He's my own fon, and I have a right to do it.—Your name, your name! pretty foul!

Jeffy. Jeffy Oatland.—The indifcretion of my father has made me a fervant.

O. Rap. And the difcretion of his father has made him a gentleman—But I'll make the rafcal know you are not humbled by your father's conduct, nor is he exalted by his! A villain! Can he hope to be call'd a man of honour for oppofing his head to a piftol,

while himſelf levels the ſhaft of anguiſh at an innocent woman's heart?

Cure for the Heart Ache, A. 4. Sc. 3.

SOLERNO TO DIANORA, &c.

Solerno. He's a villain certain;
Endures not ſolitude; is ever reſtleſs:
Nay, even 'mid the revelry of waſſail,
Sometimes black melancholy ſeizes on him,
And then ſtares he into the vacant air,
Glaring around with epilepſied eye;
After awhile, as rouſing from a dream,
Though no one ſpake, he cries, "Forgive me, Sir;
"I mark'd you not—Now let's be merry, friends."
And thus he ſtrives to quell his troublous thoughts,
Which, ever and anon up boiling, plague him.

* * * * *

One ſtormy evening, which expir'd in tears,
I ſaw Don Manuel pacing to and fro,
There, where Anſaldo's iron effigy
Gleams 'mid the chivalry of anceſtors,
The rattling caſements ſtream'd with heavy drops,
And hollow blaſts, hurtling through peaked vaults,
Re-bellow'd down the gloomy paſſages,
Making the doors to groan of this old manſion.
In haſte he went, and ſeem'd to be diſturb'd,
More than the elements diſquiet ſeem'd.
While I, unſeen, ſtood watching his demeanour,
His eyes upon the vacant ſtatue fell;

Appal'd he ſtarted back, with either hand
Shielding his face, as though a ghoſt had croſs'd him:
Then on the figure gaz'd, with folded arms,
And forehead all convuls'd, and quiv'ring lip.
Long having ſtood abſorb'd in thought profound,
He ſmote his brow, and earneſtly exclaim'd,
"O! deed accurſt—would it had ne'er been done!"
More words, perchance, had burſt from his dark mind,
But, hearing ſomewhat ſtir, he pry'd around,
And, much alarm'd, ſlunk back to his apartment.

Regent, A. 1. Sc. 1.

HASSAN AND SAIB (OSMOND RUSHES IN WILDLY.)

Oſm. Save me! Save me!—They are at hand! Oh! let them not enter!—*(Sinks into the arms of Saib.)*

Saib. What can this mean?—See, how his eyes roll! How violently he trembles!

Haſſ. Speak, my Lord—Do you not know us?

Oſm. *(recovering himſelf.)* Ha! Whoſe voice?—Haſſan's?—And Saib too here?—Oh! Was it then but a dream? Did I not hear thoſe dreadful, thoſe damning words — Still, ſtill they ring in my ears. Haſſan! Haſſan! Death muſt be bliſs in flames or on the rack, compared to what I have this night ſuffered!

Haſſ. Compoſe yourſelf, my Lord! Can a mere dream unman you thus?

Oſm. A mere dream, ſay'ſt thou? Haſſan, 'twas

a dream of ſuch horror! Did ſuch dreams haunt my bittereſt foe, I ſhould wiſh him no ſeverer puniſhment. Mark you not, how the ague of fear ſtill makes my limbs tremble? Roll not my eyes, as if ſtill gazing on the Spectre? Are not my lips convulſed, as were they yet preſt by the kiſs of corruption? Oh! 'twas a ſight that might have bleached joy's roſy cheek for ever, and ſtrewed the ſnows of age upon youth's auburn ringlets! Yet, away with theſe terrors! Haſſan, thou ſaidſt, 'twas but a dream: I was deceived by fancy. Haſſan, thou ſaidſt true; there is not, there cannot be, a world to come.

Haſſ. My Lord!

Oſm. Anſwer me not! Let me not hear the damning truth! Tell me not, that flames await me! that for moments of bliſs I muſt endure long ages of torture! Plunge me rather in the thickeſt gloom of Atheiſm! Say, that with my body muſt periſh my ſoul! For, oh! ſhould my fearful dream be prophetic!—Hark, fellows! Inſtruments of my guilt, liſten to my puniſhment!—Methought I wandered through the low-browed caverns, where repoſe the reliques of my anceſtors! My eye dwelt with awe on their tombs, with diſguſt on Mortality's ſurrounding emblems! Suddenly a female form glided along the vault: It was Angela! She ſmiled upon me, and beckoned me to advance. I flew towards her; my arms were already uncloſed to claſp her—when ſuddenly her figure changed, her face grew pale, a

ſtream of blood guſhed from her boſom!—Haſſan, 'twas Evelina!

Saib and Haſſan. Evelina!

Oſm. Such as when ſhe ſank at my feet expiring, while my hand graſped the dagger ſtill crimſoned with her blood!—"We meet again this night!" murmured her hollow voice. "Now ruſh to my arms, "but firſt ſee what you have made me! Embrace "me, my bridegroom! We muſt never part again!" —While ſpeaking, her form withered away: the fleſh fell from her bones; her eyes burſt from their ſockets: a ſkeleton, loathſome and meagre, claſped me in her mouldering arms!——

Saib. Moſt horrible!

Oſm. Her infected breath was mingled with mine; her rotting fingers preſſed my hand, and my face was covered with her kiſſes! Oh! then, then how I trembled with diſguſt! And now blue diſmal flames gleamed along the walls; the tombs were rent aſunder; bands of fierce ſpectres ruſhed round me in frantic dance; furiouſly they gnaſhed their teeth while they gazed upon me, and ſhrieked in loud yell —"Welcome, thou fratricide! Welcome, thou loſt "for ever!"—Horror burſt the bands of ſleep; diſtracted I flew hither: But my feelings—words are too weak, too powerleſs to expreſs them.

Caſtle Spectre, A. 4. Sc. 1.

SIR EDWARD MORTIMER AND WILFORD.

Wilf. (giving him the book.) To my poor thinking,
Sir, this Alexander
Would ſcarcely rouſe a man to follow him.
Mort. Indeed! why ſo lad? He is reckon'd brave,
Wiſe, generous, learn'd, by older heads than thine.
Wilf. I cannot tell, ſir:—I have but a gleaning.—
He conquer'd all the world;—but left unconquer'd
A world of his own paſſions—and they led him,
(It ſeems ſo there) on petty provocation,
Even to murder. *(Mortimer ſtarts—Wilford and he exchange looks—both confuſed.)*
I have touch'd the ſtring—
'Twas unawares—I cannot help it. *(aſide.)*
Mort. (attempting to recover himſelf.) Wilford——
Wilford, I—— you miſtake the character——I, mark
you—he—death and eternal tortures! *(daſhes the book on the floor, and ſeizes Wilford)*
Slave! I will cruſh thee! pulveriſe thy frame!
That no vile particle of prying nature
May——Ha, ha, ha!—I will not harm thee, boy—
O agony! *Iron Cheſt*, A. 1. Sc. 3.

AMBITION.

MOTLEY TO EDRIC A FISHERMAN.

I'll aſſure you, friend Edric, there is no profeſſion more univerſal than yours; we all ſpread our nets

to catch ſomething or other—and alas! when obtained, it ſeldom proves worth the trouble of taking. The Coquette fiſhes for hearts which are worthleſs; the Courtier for titles which are abſurd; and the Poet, for compliments that are empty.—Oh! happy are they in this world of diſappointments, who throw out no nets ſave fiſhing ones.

Caſtle Spectre, A. 3. S. 1.

AMITY.

WARFORD AND LADY HENRIETTA.

Lady Henrietta. There are people, ſir, that can diſtinguiſh merit in obſcurity—Nay, can admire it too—I for inſtance now, can perceive, that while I poſſeſs nothing from rank and birth, you gain every thing from virtue and honour.

Warford. This language overpowers me—And if I thought I was even pitied——

Lady Henrietta. Pitied! Oh, Mr. Warford, doesn't the man who ſhunn'd me in the hours of diſſipation, and returned to me in the day of diſtreſs, deſerve ſomething more than pity?—Yes;—and as this is the laſt time we ſhall ever meet, let me avow my gratitude—my eſteem! Let me be proud to tell you, that had I my own choice, I would give my hand where my heart has been long diſpos'd of.

How to Grow Rich, A. 5. Sc. 2.

ANXIETY.

DOLORES, BRIBON, AND NELTI.

Dolores. Sweeteſt meſſenger of fate, tell me the name of him, the cords of whoſe heart are ſo twiſted with mine, that one crack will diſſever both.

Nelti. Now attend—I ſaid to the necromancer, Moſt profound and learned ſage, on whoſe life depends that of old Doctor Dominic Dolores? ſays he, Has he not a decrepid form—withered face—ſunk eyes—pug noſe—paper lips—leather cheeks—ſtraggling teeth—ſays I, the deſcription ſuits exactly—He then gave me this, which informs me your life is joined to—

Dolores. Whom?

Bribon. I hope ſome raſcal, who will be hanged in a week.

Nelti. Very likely, for it is joined to a lawyer's, and his name is——Bribon (*with deliberation, and ſeeming to expound the Quipos.*) when one dies, the other will inevitably expire.

Bribon. Oh, lud! Oh, lud!

Dolores. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

Nelti. I ſee I've made you quite happy—ſo, good bye. (*exit laughing.*)

Dolores. Oh, cruel fate! that my precious life muſt depend on my mortal enemy—I can't bear it.

Bribon. To be in the ſame death-warrant with that old ſuperannuated villain——Oh, 'tis too much!

(They each ſit down lamenting, look at each other ſome time—firſt, with fear and anxiety,—then they ſmile and draw nearer to each other.)

Dolores. I think it was ridiculous enough in us to quarrel about a ſilly girl, Eh, Bribon?

Bribon. Very, Doctor; juſt as if there were not unavoidable miſeries enough in life, without making them.

Dolores. True—how do you do?

Bribon. You don't look well.

Dolores. My dear friend, let me feel your pulſe—Oh, lord, 'tis very quick.

Bribon. Dear Doctor, ſit down.

Dolores. I ſay, Bribon, you did not, (may be,) happen to ſwallow the contents of the bottle I gave you *(with heſitation.)*

Bribon. Oh, the ſcoundrel!—*(aſide)*—Firſt tell me how you are.

Dolores. Why, independent of my care for you, I am very well—ſo, you did not take the medicine? Well, it's no great matter—I'm not offended with you—perhaps it's as well as it is.

Bribon. What an old villain! If I thought it would not endanger his life, I would plague him heartily *(aſide.)* I don't think, my dear Doctor, you look ill.

Dolores. Ill! I never was better in my life.

Bribon. Egad I will—I'll plague him *(aſide.)* and thank heaven, the cordial you gave me, which I have juſt ſwallowed——

Dolores. (greatly alarm'd.) Why, you did not take it, did you?

Bribon. Every drop—I dare ſay it will do me infinite good.

Dolores. Oh, I dare ſay it will—let me feel your pulſe again—perhaps it may give you a bit of a twinge acroſs the ſtomach—but don't mind it.

Bribon. No—you ſeem frighten'd.

Dolores. Not at all—don't agitate yourſelf—let me feel your pulſe again—how lucky it is, my dear friend—any thing the matter? *(Bribon pretends to feel pain.)*—How lucky, I ſay, that the lives of two men ſhould be linked together, who love each other ſo ſincerely—Eh, what's the matter?

Bribon. Nothing—I felt a little ugly pain, but it's gone off—I can't help laughing to think we ſhould quarrel about a girl—Ha, ha! ha, ha!

Dolores. Ha, ha!—Oh, Lord! Ha, ha, ha!—Are you ſure the pain's gone off—Ha, ha!—Oh, Lord! oh, dear!

Bribon. Oh, there again—they increaſe—they increaſe—Oh! oh!

Dolores. I am a miſerable old man! What, again Eh?

Bribon. Have you any more of the bottle?

Dolores. Oh, no——I have a notion you have ha enough of that. *(aſide.)*

Bribon. I'm torn to death—pray preſcribe for me

Dolores. Oh, Lord! not for the world—Leave it to

nature—ſhe's the beſt phyſician—Do you feel better?—I think you look better.

Bribon. (*ſitting down on a chair.*) I feel I am dying—as a proof of my love for you, Doctor, I bequeath you—(Oh!) all my property whatever, and wiſh you a long and happy life.

Dolores, But, zounds! you forget I ſha'n't outlive you a minute (*Bribon appears convulſed.*)—Oh! he's going——help! help!

Enter HERBERT (*after having been peeping.*)

Herbert. Ah, poor Bribon! what, he's going—now, is it not a ſhocking thing, Doctor, that, becauſe this ſcoundrel is dying, ſome amiable gentleman won't live half an hour?

Dolores. Oh, very ſhocking! and between you and me, Herbert, I am that amiable, miſerable old gentleman.

Herbert. How will you part with Nelti?

Dolores. Pooh! ſtuff—Do you think I mind parting with Nelti, or you, or all the world?—No; all my ſtruggles are, how to part with my ſweet ſelf, how to bid adieu to this dear, delicious little body—Oh! he's going—he's going.—Bleeding,—bleeding's all that's left—If my hand's ſteady enough, I'll open a vein—but I hav'n't my inſtruments about me.

Herbert. Here's my ſword.

Dolores. Give it me—I'll bleed him—

Bribon. (*jumping up.*) No, you don't—don't be

frightened (*to Dolores.*) bless your soul, it was all a fetch.

Dolores. Come to my arms—I'll be revenged on him—I'll marry Nelti.

Bribon. What, are you mad? marry a young mettlesome wench that—pooh—nonsense—why, arsenic wou'd not send you to your grave with more expedition.

Herbert. True, Bribon—I'll go to Nelti—so, farewell, Doctor. (*Going.*)

Dolores. You sha'n't—you sha'n't—I demand satisfaction—Oh, you cowardly—— (*Dolores attempts to follow him, which Bribon prevents—Herbert returns in apparent anger; then Bribon snatches up Dolores in his arms, and runs off with him.*) *Columbus*, A. 4. Sc. 4.

APATHY.

JULIA AND CLEMENTINA.

Julia. Oh, madam, forgive this intrusion—you told me you had a friendship for me. Oh, show it now! my father is arrested—in a dreadful situation. (*kneeling.*)

Clem. So are you, my dear, in a dreadful situation. Never kneel in a public room.

Julia. (*rises.*) Madam, I said my dear father,—the beloved author of my being, is in a prison.

Clem. Well?

Julia. Well! we're ruined, madam.

Clem. That's certainly extremely disagreeable.

Julia. What shall I do?

Clem. Oh, my dear, don't mind it—arrested! Nothing can be more fashionable. I dare say all will be well. Good bye! I'm sorry I can't assist you; but the guinea loo-table waits for me. Pray come and see me when your affairs are settled. Good bye, my dear! Good bye! Good bye! *(Exit.)*

Julia. This, in prosperity, was my warmest friend. Alas! such friends are as the leaves that clothe the tree in the genial summer, but leave it naked to the winter's blast. *Way to Get Married,* A. 3. Sc. 2.

APPEARANCES.

EMILY TO PENRUDDOCK.

True generosity is above grimace: It is not always that the eye which pities is accompanied by the hand that bestows: some there are, who can smile without friendship, and weep without charity.

Wheel of Fortune, A 5. Sc. 1.

APPREHENSION.

ABSOLUTE AND FAULKLAND.

Abs. By Heavens! I shall forswear your company. You are the most teasing, captious, incorrigible lover!—Do love like a man.

Faulk. I own I am unfit for company.

Abſ. Am not *I* a lover; aye, and a romantic one too? Yet do I carry every where with me ſuch a confounded farrago of doubts, fears, hopes! wiſhes, and all the flimſy furniture of a country Miſs's brain!

Faulk. Ah! Jack, your heart and ſoul are not, like mine, fixed immutably on one only object.—You throw for a large ſtake, but loſing—you could ſtake and throw again:—but I have ſet my ſum of happineſs on this caſt, and not to ſucceed, were to be ſtript of all.

Abſ. But, for Heaven's ſake! what grounds for apprehenſion can your whimſical brain conjure up at preſent?

Faulk. What grounds for apprehenſion did you ſay? Heavens! are there not a thouſand! I fear for her ſpirits—her health—her life——My abſence may fret her; her anxiety for my return, her fears for me, may oppreſs her gentle temper. And for her health—does not every hour bring me cauſe to be alarmed? If it rain, ſome ſhower may even then have chilled her delicate frame!—If the wind be keen, ſome rude blaſt may have affected her! The heat of noon, the dews of the evening, may endanger the life of her, for whom only I value mine. O! Jack, when delicate and feeling ſouls are ſeparated, there is not a feature in the ſky, not a movement of the elements, not an aſpiration of the breeze, but hints ſome cauſe for a lover's apprehenſion!

Abſ. Aye, but we may choose whether we will

take the hint or not.——So then, Faulkland, if you were convinced that Julia were well and in ſpirits, you would be entirely content.

Faulk. I ſhould be happy beyond meaſure—I am anxious only for that.

Abſ. Then to cure your anxiety at once,—Miſs Melville is in perfect health, and is at this moment in Bath. * * * *

Enter ACRES.

Acres. Ha! my dear friend, noble captain, and honeſt Jack, how do'ſt thou? juſt arrived faith, as you ſee.—Sir, your humble ſervant. Warm work on the roads, Jack—Odds whips and wheels! I've travelled like a Comet, with a tail of duſt all the way as long as the Mall.

Abſ. Ah! Bob, you are indeed an eccentric Planet, but we know your attraction hither—Give me leave to introduce Mr. Faulkland to you; Mr. Faulkland, Mr. Acres.

Acres. Sir, I am moſt heartily glad to ſee you; Sir, I ſolicit your connections.—Hey, Jack—what this is Mr. Faulkland, who——

Abſ. Aye, Bob, Miſs Melville's Mr. Faulkland.

Acres. Od'ſo! ſhe and your father can be but juſt arrived before me—I ſuppoſe you have ſeen them. Ah! Mr. Faulkland, you are indeed a happy man.

Faulk. I have not ſeen Miſs Melville yet, Sir;—I hope ſhe enjoyed full health and ſpirits in Devonſhire?

Acres. Never knew her better in my life, Sir,——

never better,—Odds Blushes and Blooms! she has been as healthy as the German Spa.

Faulk. Indeed!—I did hear that she had been a little indisposed.

Acres. False, false, Sir—only said to vex you: quite the reverse, I assure you.

Faulk. There, Jack, you see she has the advantage of me; I had almost fretted myself ill.

Abs. Now you are angry with your mistress for not having been sick.

Faulk. No, no, you misunderstand me:—yet, surely a little trifling indisposition is not an unnatural consequence of absence from those we love.—Now confess—isn't there something unkind in this violent, robust, unfeeling health?

Abs. O, it was very unkind of her to be well in your absence to be sure!

Acres. Good apartments, Jack.

Faulk. Well, Sir, but you were saying that Miss Melville has been so *exceedingly* well—what then she has been merry and gay, I suppose?—always in spirits—hey?

Acres. Merry, Odds Crickets! she has been the bell and spirit of the company wherever she has been—so lively and entertaining! so full of wit and humour!

Faulk. There, Jack, there—O, by my soul! there is an innate levity in woman, that nothing can overcome.—What! happy and I away!

Abs. Have done!—How foolish this is! just now

you were only apprehensive for your mistress's *spirits*.

Faulk. Why, Jack, have I been the joy and spirit of the company?

Abs. No indeed, you have not.

Faulk. Have I been lively and entertaining!

Abs. O, upon my word, I acquit you.

Faulk. Have I been full of wit and humour?

Abs. No, faith, to do you justice, you have been confoundedly stupid indeed.

Acres. What is the matter with the gentleman?

Abs. He is only expressing his great satisfaction at hearing that Julia has been so well and happy—that's all—hey, Faulkland?

Faulk. Oh! I am rejoiced to hear it—yes, yes, she has a *happy* disposition!

Acres. That she has indeed—then she is so accomplished—so sweet a voice—so expert at her harpsichord—such a mistress of flat and sharp, squallante, rumblante, and quiverante!—there was this time month—Odds Minnums and Crotchets! how she did chirup at Mrs. Piano's concert.

Faulk. There again, what say you to this? you see she has been all mirth and song—not a thought of me!

Abs. Pho! man, is not music the food of love?

Faulk. Well, well, it may be so.—Pray Mr. ——, what's his d—d name!—Do you remember what songs Miss Melville sung?

Acres. Not I indeed.

Abs. Say now, they were some pretty melancholy purling-stream airs, I warrant; perhaps you may recollect;—did she sing—"*When absent from my soul's delight.*"

Acres. No, that wa'n't it.

Abs. Or,—"*Go, gentle gales!*"—"*Go, gentle gales!*"—(sings.)

Acres. O no! nothing like it.—Odds! now I recollect one of them—"*My heart's my own, my will is free.*" (sings)

Faulk. Fool! fool that I am! to fix all my happiness on such a trifler! S'death! to make herself the pipe and ballad-monger of a circle! to sooth her light heart with catches and glees!—What can you say to this, Sir?

Abs. Why, that I should be glad to hear my mistress had been so merry, *Sir.*

Faulk. Nay, nay, nay—I am not sorry that she has been happy—no, no, I am glad of that—I would not have had her sad or sick—yet surely a sympathetic heart would have shewn itself even in the choice of a song—she might have been temperately healthy, and somehow, plaintively gay;—but she has been dancing too, I doubt not!

Acres. What does the gentleman say about dancing?

Abs. He says the lady we speak of dances as well as she sings.

Acres. Aye truly, does she—there was at our last race ball——

Faulk. Hell and the devil! There! there—I told

you ſo! I told you ſo! Oh! ſhe thrives in my abſence!—Dancing! but her whole feelings have been in oppoſition with mine;—I have been anxious, ſilent, penſive, ſedentary—my days have been hours of care, my nights of watchfulneſs.—She has been all Health! Spirit! Laugh! Song! Dance! Oh! d—n'd, d—n'd levity?

Abſ. For Heaven's ſake! Faulkland, don't expoſe yourſelf ſo.—Suppoſe ſhe has danced, what then? does not the ceremony of ſociety often oblige ——

Faulk. Well, well, I'll contain myſelf—perhaps as you ſay—for form ſake—What, Mr. Acres, you were praiſing Miſs Melville's manner of dancing a *minuet*—hey?

Acres. O, I dare enſure her for that—but what I was going to ſpeak of was her *country dancing*:—Odds ſwimmings! ſhe has ſuch an air with her!

Faulk. Now diſappointment on her!—defend this, Abſolute; why don't you defend this?—Country-dances! jiggs and reels! am I to blame now? A Minuet I could have forgiven—I ſhould not have minded that—I ſay I ſhould not have regarded a Minuet—but *Country-dances!*—Z—ds! had ſhe made one in a *Cotillion*—I believe I could have forgiven even that—but to be monkey-led for a night!—to run the gauntlet through a ſtring of amorous palming puppies!—to ſhew paces like a managed filly!—O Jack, there never can be but *one* man in the world, whom a truly modeſt and delicate woman ought to pair with in a *Country-dance*; and even then,

the rest of the couples should be her great uncles and aunts!

Abs. Aye, to be sure!—grandfathers and grandmothers!

Faulk. If there be but one vicious mind in the set, 'twill spread like a contagion—the action of their pulse beats to the lascivious movement of the jigg—their quivering, warm-breath'd signs impregnate the very air—the atmosphere becomes electrical to love, and each amorous spark darts through every link of the chain! *Rivals,* A 2. Sc. 1.

APPROPRIATION.

MISS VORTEX AND JESSY.

Miss Vor. That's a charming nosegay—(*Jessy presents it*)—all exotics I declare.

Jessy. No, Madam, neglected wild flowers—I took them from their bed of weeds, bestowed care on their culture, and, by transplanting them to a more genial soil, they have flourished with luxuriant strength and beauty.

Miss Vor. A pretty amusement.

Jessy. And it seemed, madam, to convey this lesson—Not to despise the lowly mind, but rather, with fostering hand, to draw it from its chill obscurity, that, like these humble flowers, it might grow rich in worth and native energy.

Cure for the Heart-Ache, A. 3. Sc. 2.

ARGUMENT.

SIR GEORGE, SIR WILLIAM, AND MISS DORRILLON.

Miss Dor. And is it poſſible I was ſent for by you?

Sir Geo. Don't be offended, that I ſhould be uneaſy, and come to atone——

Miss Dor. I can't forgive you, Sir; 'tis impoſſible. [*Going.*

Sir Geo. You pardon thoſe, Maria, who offend you more.

Sir Wil. But an ungrateful mind always prefers the unworthy.

Miss Dor. Ah! Mr. Mandred, are you there? [*playfully*] And have you undertaken to be Sir George's counſel? If you have, I believe he muſt loſe his cauſe. To fit you for the tender taſk of advocate in love,—have you ever been admitted an honourable member of that court? Have you, with all that ſolemn wiſdom of which you are maſter, ſtudied Ovid, as our great lawyers ſtudy Blackſtone? If you have—ſhew cauſe——why plaintiff has a right to defendant's heart.

Sir Wil. A man of fortune, of family, and of character, ought at leaſt to be treated with reſpect and honour.

Miss Dor. You mean to ſay, "That if *A* is be-"loved by *B*, why ſhould not *A* be conſtrained to "return *B*'s love? Counſellor for defendant——

" Because, moreover, and besides, *B* who has a " claim on defendant's heart, there are also *C*, *D*, *E*, " *F*, and *G*; all of whom put in their separate claims " —and what in this case, can poor *A* do? She is " willing to part and divide her love, share and " share alike; but *B* will have all or none: so poor " *A* must remain *A* by herself *A*."

Sir Geo. Do you think I would accept a share of your heart?

Miss Dor. Do you think I could afford to give it you all? " Besides," says defendant's counsellor, " I will prove that plaintiff *B* has no heart to give " defendant in return—he has, indeed, a pulsation " on the left side; but as it never beat with any thing " but suspicion and jealousy; in the laws of love, it " is not termed, admitted, or considered a *heart*."

Wives as they Were and Maids as they Are, A. 2. Sc. 1.

ARTIFICE.

BARON, COUNT FLORESKI, VARBEL, &c.

Bar. I see, they are but servants, inflam'd by zeal and affection for their mistress;—they shall serve my design,—I have promis'd you life—

Varbel. Yes, sir.

Bar. I add one only condition: see you discharge it to the point; your fate and mine depends on it. —I have assured the princess that Floreski is dead;

my intelligence appears to be ſuſpected; but ſhe can doubt no longer, if once ſhe hears it confirmed by you in perſon:—This you muſt inſtantly perform in my preſence, or by my——

Varbel. Don't look ſo frightful, ſir, and we'll do whatever you pleaſe.

Count. Sir, I obey.

Bar. Enough.—Bring Lodoiſka hither. *(Exit Sebaſtian into the tower,)* In ſerving me, you ſave yourſelves;—retire; I ſhall call for you at your time to appear before her.—Guſtavus, inſtruct them in your leſſon. *(Exeunt Guſtavus, the Count and Varbel.)* I triumph.—*(Lodoiſka and Sebaſtian come down from the tower.)*

* * * *

What ſtill in tears?

* * * *

Lodo. By what authority do you confine me here? My fond father committed me to your duty, not to your cuſtody; he delivered me to a friend, not to a goaler.—You have taken from me the poor women that ſerved me; if I converſe, you muſt be my companion; and if I wiſh to live,—as ſtill I do for thee, Floreſki!—'Tis from that barb'rous hand I muſt accept my ſuſtenance.

* * * *

Bar. 'Tis plain, ſhe diſbelieves—The doubts you have of Count Floreſki's death, madam, cauſe this inſenſibility to all I ſuffer; 'tis time they were at once remov'd.—Know then, two of your father's

fervants, who laſt night paſs'd the foreſt, are at hand to——— (*Exit Adolphus.*)

Lodo. Laſt night! the foreſt!—It is true then? Oh my Floreſki!

Bar. Advance.—Now be aſſur'd, proud fair one, thoſe eyes ſhall never ſee Floreſki more.—Advance, I ſay.—Behold.

Enter the COUNT, VARBEL, &c.

Lodo. Hold, heart, a little while!—Floreſki!——

Varbel. Is no more, madam;—We laſt night found him in the wood, kill'd by the Tartars, as we gueſs.

Count. I ſhall diſcover all.

Baron. Madam, you know theſe men.

Lodo. I do; I do; and every doubt of my Floreſki's death at laſt is ended.

Baron. She bears the ſhock more firmly than I expected.—If my———

Lodo. Spare me, my lord—The ſurpriſe, the emotion, the———

Count. Floreſki, madam,———

Bar. Pronounce his hated name no more.——

* * * * * *

Enter ADOLPHUS.

Adol. My lord, the prince Lupauſki is arriv'd.

Bar. Arriv'd?

Lodo. Good heaven!——

Count. I am diſcovered then, and all is loſt.

Varbel. Here's another adventure!

* * * *

Enter Prince LUPAUSKI.

Lodo. Oh, ſir! *(kneeling.)*

Prince. *(Raiſing and embracing her.)* My child! my Lodoiſka!—Bleſſings, bleſſings on thee!—My friend, I cou'd not hope at parting to meet you again ſo ſoon; but the confederates are already—What do I ſee?—Am I deceiv'd?—The Count Floreſki here?

Var. There,—now the murder's out.

Bar. Floreſki!—This ſlave, is he the Count Floreſki?

Count. Yes,—himſelf——

Prince. How has he gain'd admittance to——

Bar. By a cowardly, mean artifice;—he pretended himſelf one of your ſervants, ſent with——

Count. What cou'd I do, diſarm'd, againſt thee and thy banditti?—The artifice thou would'ſt reproach me with was bold and honourable; to oppoſe ſtratagem to perfidy, and cruelty, like thine, is acting according to the laws of juſtice, and vindicating thoſe of humanity. *Lodoiſka*, A. 2, Sc. 1.

ASPERITY.

WINGROVE AND MISS HERBERT.

Mr. Wing. Let me conjure you, my dear lovely tyrant, not to play with my anxiety—ſuſpend awhile the triumphs of your ſarcaſm, you cannot miſunderſtand the agitations of my heart at this moment—

you know the cauſe of them—If you have given my ſiſter an aſylum——

Miſs Herb. Then, ſir, with equal ſolemnity, I deſire you to believe, that if I have given your ſiſter the ſhelter you imagine, I ſhall not withdraw it to gratify the prejudices of any of her relations; beſides, ſir, were your ſiſter aſſured ſhe ſhould be ſecure from the odious danger that threatens her from a man ſhe deteſts, ſhe would I am convinced be happy to throw herſelf at her father's feet, and on that condition———

Mr. Wing. It is a condition, however, that will not be granted her, madam. What, when our honour, when the dignity of our houſe are committed —ſhall all be ſacrificed to the frivolous partiality of a diſobedient girl.

Miſs Herb. Give me leave, ſir, to tell you, that you ſeem to me to miſtake this honour for which you declaim ſo warmly; honour holds no ſociety with injuſtice.

Mr. Wing. Injuſtice! madam!

Miſs Herb. Yes, ſir, there can be no injuſtice equal to that of compelling a woman to ſo ſacred a connection as a married union againſt the known and ſettled preference of the heart. It is beſides, ſir, acting a very ungenerous part towards Lord Dartford himſelf.

Mr. Wing. Not at all, madam; Lord Dartford knows of her averſion, and has ſpirit enough to diſregard it.

Miſs Herb. Does he ſir? then indeed there can be no doubt, with all due deference to his ſpirit, but he merits it—But in the mean time, Mr. Wingrove, permit me to embrace the very earlieſt opportunity of expreſſing my gratitude for this new philoſophy you have been kind enough to teach us. You are the firſt lover I believe that ever told his miſtreſs to her face, that a union of the affections was a ſuperfluous ingredient in the compoſition of matrimony—You made the diſcovery, ſir.—You will leave it to me to make the proper uſe of it.

Mr. Wing. Nay, madam, if you are determined to make no other uſe of what I ſay, but to pervert it into ridicule or injury, I know nothing that's left me, but to uſe the only privilege, which I think you will not deny me, that of making a ſpeedy departure. I have long deſpaired of exciting any ſympathy in you towards myſelf, yet the diſtreſſes of an afflicted brother, I had fondly believed, would have inclined you to forbearance at leaſt, if they had failed to produce any more active effect upon your humanity.

Fugitive, A. 2. Sc. 4.

AVARICE. (THE FATE OF)

LEONARD TO CLEVELAND, &c.

Leon. To palliate my guilt I do not ſeek—yet in juſtice, let me declare the erroneous judgment of the

world made me a villain. I beheld the eye of obſervance and reſpect ever directed to the wealthy; were he fool or knave, no matter. While all that is truly amiable or great in genius or in virtue, when linked with poverty, was heeded with the ſtare of diſavowal, or the ſcowl of contempt. To be a golden idol for the world's worſhip was my aim. I have loſt my fortune, character, and happineſs in the attempt, and now muſt meet in penury, mankind's abhorence, and feel too, I deſerve it.

Votary of Wealth, A. 5. Sc. 4.

BEAUTY.

GEORGE, FREDERICK, AND TRUEPENNY.

Geo. I mean to convince the world, that it is poſſible for a Young Man to be rich, and wiſe at the ſame time, nor ſhall it be in the power of beauty, or play, or wine, or any faſhionable attraction, to ſhake my reſolution.

Fred. Not even in the power of beauty.

Geo. What is beauty! my dear fellow!—we all admire a pretty woman—but why? if ſhe has a fine figure, a fine face, a fine eye, and a fine ancle, why how the devil can we help admiring her.

Fred. Ha! ha! well ſaid George.

Geo. Nay, but theſe, are beauties that will fade. The figure will bend to age—the face become

wrinkled—the eye lose its lustre, and the ancle its shape—These are the reflections with which I shall arm myself at the sight of beauty.

* * * *

True. But George, you wrong the Ladies, to take from them all attraction—Are there not such things as minds as well as bodies?

Geo. Certainly, sir, and that is the reason why mere outside shall not captivate me.

Five Thousand a Year, A. 1. Sc. 1.

ABDALLAH AND ORASMYN.

Oras. I came prepar'd by rigid rules to judge her—
Her before whom all rules, all modes, must vanish!
—For oh! when first my eyes beheld the qneen,
My heart avow'd her empire ere my tongue.
I wond'ring gaz'd! and, gazing more, more won-
der'd!
Ethereal loveliness informs her frame,
And beams in living glory from her eyes!
Yet o'er these charms sublime, meek modesty
Draws a transparent veil of wandering graces,
As fleecy clouds flit o'er the noonday sun,
And leave us opportunity to gaze,
Upon an orb too bright else for beholding!
Abd. I could grow once again a boy to hear thee—
Graces I could perceive—not perfect beauty—
Oras. Beauty's an indeterminate idea

Till fix'd by love—whose ever-pow'rful magic
Awakens a new being—love, when heav'n
Leaves to the vulgar sense its work imperfect,
Illumes our sight to trace the angel there.
—Thro' love we share our Maker's great prerogative,
Creating ev'ry charm, and then approving!
—Yet when she spoke, I half forgot her beauty—
Oh! with what melting harmony, she won
The very air to silence; no rude breath,
Dar'd blend with her's, but nature's self stood hush'd,
Awe-struck, ev'n as Orasmyn——

Almeyda, A. 2. Sc. 1.

BENEVOLENCE.

LADY ACID, COLONEL HUBBUB, LORD JARGON, AND HONORIA.

Lady A. Colonel, notwithstanding your prejudices against me and Lord Jargon, I know, when you hear the conduct of this mean, avaricious girl, you'll confess, that his Lordship has a greater claim to her than any other man—You'll allow fine diamonds are rare things!

Col. Yes: next to modesty and good sense, the rarest things now-a-days to be met with.

Lady A. Then, Sir, with shame I mention it, the

has receiv'd a necklace from his Lordſhip, worth a thouſand pounds.

Col. How! Is this true, my Lord?

Lord Jar. I can't anſwer you—but I won't deny it.

Lady A. She will tell you, that I compell'd her to accept the necklace; but even if that were the caſe, ſhe might have return'd it to his Lordſhip long ere this time.

Col. Tis too plain! I ſee it by her bluſhes—Baſe, ſordid girl! where are the diamonds? Produce and give them back to his Lordſhip, or I ſwear—Go fetch them inſtantly—What! do you heſitate?

Hon. I have not the necklace by me, Sir—I——

Col. What have you done with it then?

Hon. To confeſs the truth, Sir—I have ſold it.

Col. & Lady. Sold it!

Hon. Yes, Sir, to redeem a picture—to——

Col. A picture! give a thouſand pounds for a picture—Let's ſee that!

Lady. See! ſhe heſitates again! Oh! it's all an impoſition, and my Lord has been defrauded out of his diamonds.

Hon. Wait but a moment, and I'll ſhew you how he has been defrauded.

Opens the glaſs doors, and leads out CLAIRVILLE.

Here is a jewel the necklace has redeemed—Here is a treaſure worth ten times its value! and here is the man I ſhall adore as long as I live—*(embracing him.)*

Col. Clairville!

Clair. Yes; that Clairville, who must have sunk a victim to your's [*To Lady*] and his Lordship's artifices, had not this lovely angel stretched out her hand, and saved me from destruction.

Col. Well! this is the prettiest picture I ever saw! Look my Lord; look, Lady Acid.

Lord Jar. I never was better pleased in my life! ha! ha!—Damnation!

Col. Nay, pray look—you'll not see such a picture again, and what's better, you'll never see your diamonds again. *Notoriety*, A. 5. Sc. 2.

WILFORD, RAWBOLD, &c.

Raw. Now to your errand. 'Tis from Mortimer.

Wilf. I come from Sir Edward.

Raw. I know his malice. He would oppress me with his power. He would starve me, and my family. Search my house. Let him do his worst: but let him beware. A tyrant! a villain!

Wilf. Harkye—he is my master. I owe him my gratitude;—every thing:—and had you been any but my Barbara's father, and spoken so much against him, my indignation had work'd into my knuckles, and cram'd the words down your rusty throat.

Raw. Why am I singled out? Is there no mark for the vengeance of office to shoot its shaft at but me? This morning, as he dog'd me in the forest——

Wilf. Hush, Rawbold. Keep your counsel. Should you make it publick he must notice it.

Raw. Did he not notice it?

Wilf. No matter—but he has sent me thus early, Gilbert, with this relief to your distresses, which he has heard of. Here are twenty marks, for you, and your family.

Raw. From Sir Edward Mortimer?

Wilf. 'Tis his way;—but he would not have it mentioned. He is one of those judges who, in their office, will never warp the law to save offenders; but his private charity bids him assist the needy, before their necessities drive them to crimes which his publick duty must punish.

Raw. Did Mortimer do this! did he! heaven bless him! Oh, young man, if you knew half the misery—my wife—my children—Shame on't! I have stood many a tug, but the drops, now, fall in spite of me. I am not ungrateful; but I cannot stand it.

Iron Chest, A. 1. Sc. 1.

SHEVA AND FREDERICK.

Sheva. Hold, hold, be not so hasty! If I do love my monies, it may be because I have it in my power to tender them to you.

Fred. But I have said I never can repay you whilst you are in this world.

Sheva. Perhaps I shall be content to be repaid

when I am out of it—I believe I have a pretty many *post obits* of that sort upon the file.

Fred. I do not rightly understand you.

Sheva. Then pray you have a little patience till ... better understood.—Sir Stephen had a match for you in view.

Fred. He had.

Sheva. What was the lady's fortune?

Fred. Ten thousand pounds.

Sheva. That is a goot round sum; but you did not love her, and you do love your wife.

Fred. As dearly as you love your money.

Sheva. A little better we will hope, for I do lend my monies to my friend.—For instance, take these bills, three hundred pounds—What ails you?—They are goot bills, they are bank—Oh! that I had a sack full of them!—Come, come, I pray you take them. They will hire you very pretty lodging, and you will be very happy with your pretty wife—I pray you take them.—Why will you be so hard with a poor Jew as to refuse him a good bargain, when you know he loves to lay his monies out to profit and advantage?

Fred. Are you in earnest? You astonish me.

Sheva. I am a little astonish'd too, for I did never see a man so backward to take money: you are not like your fader. I am afraid you are a little proud.

Fred. You shall not say so: I accept your generous tender.

Sheva. I wiſh it was ten thouſand pounds, then your good fader wou'd be well content.

Jew, A. 2. Sc. 2.

ROVER, BANKS, TWITCH, AND LADY AMARANTH,

Enter Lady AMARANTH *from* GAMMON'S.

Lady Am. What tumult's this?

Rover. A lady! Ma'am, your moſt obedient humble ſervant. *(bows)* A quaker too! They are generally kind and humane, and that face is the prologue to a play of a thouſand good acts—may be ſhe'd help us here. *(Aſide)* Ma'am, you muſt know that—that I —no—this gentleman—I mean this gentleman and I —He got a little behind hand, as every honeſt, well principled man often may, from—bad harveſts and rains—lodging corn—and his cattle—from murrain, and—rot the murrain! you know this is the way all this affair happened *(to Banks)* and then up ſteps this gentleman *(to Twitch)* with a—a tip in his way— madam, you underſtand? And then in ſteps I—with my a—In ſhort, madam, I am the worſt ſtory teller in the world where myſelf is the hero of the tale.

Twitch. Mr. Banks has been arreſted for thirty pounds, and this gentleman has paid twenty guineas of the debt.

Banks. My litigious neighbour to expoſe me thus!

Lady Am. The young man and maiden within,

have ſpoken well of thy ſiſter, and pictured thee as a man of irreproachable morals though unfortunate.

Rover. Madam, he's the honeſteſt fellow—I've known him above forty years, he has the beſt hand at ſtirring a fire—If you were only to taſte his currant wine.

Banks. Madam, I never aſpired to an enviable rank in life: but hitherto pride and prudence kept me above the reach of pity: but obligations from a ſtranger—

Lady Am. He really a ſtranger, and attempt to free thee? But, friend *(to Rover)* thou haſt aſſumed a right which here belongeth alone to me. As I enjoy the bleſſings which theſe lands produce, I own alſo the heart-delighting priviledge of diſpenſing thoſe bleſſings to the wretched. Thou mad'ſt thyſelf my worldly banker, and no caſh of mine in thine hands *(takes a note from a pocket book)* but thus I balance our account *(offers it.)*

Rover. "Madam, my maſter pays me, nor can I "take money from another hand without injuring "his honour and diſobeying his commands."

"Run, run, Orlando, carve on every tree
"The fair, the chaſte, the unexpreſſive ſhe."

(Runs off.

Banks. But, ſir, I inſiſt you'll return him his money *(to Twitch)* Stop! *(Going.)*

Twitch. Ay, Stop! *(Holds the ſkirt of his coat.)*

Lady Am. Where dwelleth he?

Banks. I fancy, where he can, Madam. I under-

ſtand, from his diſcourſe, that he was on his way to join a company of actors in the next town.

Lady Am. A profane ſtage-player with ſuch a gentle, generous heart! Yet ſo whimſically wild, like the unconſcious roſe, modeſtly ſhrinking from the recollection of its own grace and ſweetneſs.

Wild Oats, A. 2. Sc. 1

GEORGE, AUGUSTA, FANNY, &c. *(Enter to them a Woman and Child.)*

Woman. Good Gentlemen and Ladies, I've a ſick band lying in priſon.

eorge. For debt? what is it? *(apart.)*

oman. Above eighteen ſhillings.

George. (loud) Pray go—don't teize people; their iſtreſs is only the conſequence of idleneſs. I'd ever encourage beggars—there, go—*(gives money part)* plagueing one.

Woman. Sir, it's a guinea!

George. Well, don't trouble one now. *(loud)* Get our huſband out of priſon, and comfort your child. *part; ſings careleſsly, and puts them off.)*

Auguſta. What's this?

Fanny. Bleſs you, governeſs, George is always ing theſe kind of things. He'd grudge himſelf a nny cheeſecake, yet maintains and clothes half the or round; he's king of a ſmall iſland near his her's ſeat.

Life's Vagaries, A. 3. Sc. 1.

SIR GUY, SCRIBE, AND POOR WOMAN.

Sir G. Where's the beadle? Pack her away!

Wom. (Looking at Sir Guy) I don't think you mean it, Sir.

Sir G. The devil you don't! Why this is worſe and worſe! *(Examining her face)* When had you a good meal?

Wom. (Energetically) Never, ſince my huſband's death.

Sir G. (Tears) Here's impertinence! *(Again more ſtedfaſtly examining)* When did you eat laſt?

Wom. Not theſe two days.

Sir G. (Tears affecting great anger) Damn me b[illegible] this is inſufferable!—I'll teach you! Take her aw[illegible]

Scr. Where, your Worſhip?

Sir G. To the pantry, you damned villain! To the pantry!

Scr. (Drily) Muſt I paſs her to her pariſh?

Sir G. Do! Do! And I'll [illegible]s you to the devil! Give her food; go home with her; examine, dive into wretchedneſs, and harden your heart, ſcoundrel; and then give me a full and true account, that I may learn to harden mine. And do you hear, you vile huſſey! Let me catch you faſting two days again, if you dare! Let me! That's all! In the mean time take this. *(Gives money.)* *Knave or Not,* A. 2. Sc. 3

REALIZE, MANDEVILLE, ALBINA, AND SERVANT.

Real. There he is—Seize him—ſecure him, while

go for officers of juſtice. You'll pop at us like ſo many partridges, will you?—*(Servants hold Mandeville.)* Keep him tight; and now I may ſafely ſay my troubles are at an end.

Alb. (Meeting him.) Rather ſay, your troubles are going to begin. Unhand that gentleman—Let him go, I inſiſt. *(Servants leave Mandeville.)* And now, Mr. Steward, a word in private if you pleaſe. *(Mandeville retires up.)*—You recollect me?

Real. To be ſure I do.

Alb. Then hear me, Sir—I'll pay what he owes.

Real. You pay!

Alb. Yes, I'll pay. Can't you underſtand me? Go, Sir; and for the future don't diſgrace your employers by acts of cruelty and oppreſſion.—Why ...n't you gone?

Real. Um!—Before I obey the young lady, I muſt ...ve orders from the old one. You'll excuſe me; ...t you're not your own miſtreſs, you know, my ...ear.

Alb. No. But I'm yours, you know, my dear.

Real. You're not. The Governeſs is my miſtreſs. Pooh! You've no will of your own.

Alb. No. But I've a will of my grandfather's; ...nd if you don't inſtantly releaſe this Gentleman, I'll ...iſcharge you from being my Steward—my Steward! Do you hear that, Sir?—What does he owe?

Real. Why, he owes me and Sir Solomon above ...ourteen hundred pounds; and do you think either

of us will be content with the ſecurity of a minor? No, no—we'll have the money down.

Alb. So you ſhall. Take it.

Real. Take it! Where?

Alb. Out of my grandfather's money.

Real. Pſha! He didn't leave ſo much caſh behind him.

Alb. Didn't he? Then he left houſes, lands, and woods. So go, Sir! Go cut down a wood directly.

Real. Cut down a wood!

Alb. Ay, Sir. And if that won't raiſe the ſum, cut down another, and another. It will improve the proſpect, and gratify Albina with the fineſt view in the world—that of ſeeing an unfortunate man made happy. *(Turning to Mandeville, and taking his hand.)*

Will, A. 4. Sc.

BENEVOLENCE AND AVARICE CONTRASTED.

BARLEYCORN, WHIMMY, AND OLD FRANKS.

Barleycorn. Sir, Parſon Jack be making collections for the poor ſufferers that was burnt out there at Minehead. He has ſent the paper here, to put down your worſhip's name for a trifle.

Whimmy. I wiſh Parſon Jack would mind the buſineſs of his own pariſh; what have we to do with the poor of another county?

Old Franks. Hark ye, Dick Whimmy, in the hour

of calamity, the unhappy of every country are our fellow-citizens! *(gives money.)* Put that down.

Barleycorn. Your name, Sir?

Old Pranks. Never mind my name.—If I can do any good, I don't want to blow a trumpet about it.

Whimmy. Eh! well, as it's a charity, I'll give—

Barleycorn. How much?

Whimmy. I'll give them—As I love to be modeſt, put down plain Dick Whimmy, one pound one.

Barleycorn. I'll give it myſelf, and dang me if your ſhabby name ſhall diſgrace our pariſh paper.

Old Pranks. That fellow has a ſoul.

Whimmy. There's a ſaucy villain.

Old Pranks. Yes; but Dick, a ſordid mind ſinks a man into contempt, though maſter of millions.

London Hermit, A. 1. Sc. 1.

SIR STEPHEN AND SHEVA.

Sir S. One conſolation is, that you have loſt your money.

Sheva. If my monies are loſt, my motives are not.

Sir S. I'll never pay one farthing of his debts; he has offended me for life; refus'd a lady with ten thouſand pounds, and married a poor miſs without a doit.

Sheva. Yes, I do underſtand your ſon is married.

Sir S. Do you ſo? By the ſame token I underſtand you to be a villain.

Sheva. Aha! that is a very bad word—villain! I did never think to hear that word from one, who ſays he knows me. I pray you now permit me to ſpeak to you a word or two in my own defence. I have done great deal of buſineſs for you, Sir Stephen; have put a pretty deal of monies in your pocket by my pains and labors: I did never wron you of one ſixpence in my life: I was content wit my lawful commiſſion.—How can I be a villain?

Sir S. Do you not uphold the ſon againſt the father?

Sheva. I do uphold the ſon, but not againſt the fader; it is not natural to ſuppoſe the oppreſſor and the fader one and the ſame perſon. I did ſee your ſon ſtruck down to the ground with ſorrow, cut to the heart: I did not ſtop to aſk whoſe hand had laid him low; I gave him mine, and rais'd him up.

Sir S. You! you to talk of charity!

Sheva. I do not talk of it: I feel it.

Sir S. What claim have you to generoſity, humanity, or any manly virtue? Which of your money making tribe ever had ſenſe of pity? Shew me the terms, on which you have lent this money, if you dare? Exhibit the dark deed, by which you have meſh'd your victim in the ſnares of uſury; but b aſſur'd I'll drag you to the light, and publiſh you baſe dealings in the world. *(Catches him by the ſleeve.)*

Sheva. Take your hand from my coat—my coa and I are very old, and pretty well worn out together—There, there! be patient—moderate your paſ-

ſions and you ſhall ſee my terms: they are in little compaſs: fair dealings may be compriſed in few words.

Sir S. If they are fair, produce them.

Sheva. Let me ſee, let me ſee!—Ah, poor Sheva!—I do ſo tremble, I can hardly hold my papers—So, ſo! Now I am right—Aha! here it is.

Sir S. Let me ſee it.

Sheva. Take it—Do you not ſee it now? Have you caſt your eye over it? Is it not right? I am no more than broker, look you: If there is a miſtake, point it out, and I will correct it.

Sir S. Ten thouſand pounds inveſted in the three per cents. money of Eliza, late Ratcliffe, now Bertram!

Sheva. Even ſo! a pretty tolerable fortune for a poor diſinherited ſon not worth one penny.

Sir S. I'm thunderſtruck!

Sheva. Are you ſo? I was ſtruck too, but not by thunder. And what has Sheva done to be call'd villain?—I am a Jew, what then? Is that a reaſon none of my tribe ſhou'd have a ſenſe of pity? You have no great deal of pity yourſelf, but I do know many, many noble Britiſh merchants that abound in pity, therefore I do not abuſe your tribe.

Sir S. I am confounded and aſham'd; I ſee my fault, and moſt ſincerely aſk your pardon.

Sheva. Goot lack, goot lack! that is too much. I pray you, goot Sir Stephen, ſay no more; you'll bring the bluſh upon my cheek, if you demean your-

ſelf ſo far to a poor Jew, who is your very humble ſervant to command.

Sir S. Did my ſon know Miſs Ratcliffe had this fortune?

Sheva. When ladies are ſo handſome, and ſo goot, no generous man will aſk about their fortune.

Sir S. 'Tis plain I was not that generous man.

Sheva. No, no, you did aſk about nothing elſe

Sir S. But how, in the name of wonder, did ſhe come by it?

Sheva. If you did give me money to buy ſtock, would you not be much offended were I to aſk you how you came by it!

Sir S. Her brother was my clerk. I did not think he had a ſhilling in the world.

Sheva. And yet you turn'd him upon the world, where he has found a great many ſhillings: The world, you ſee, was the better maſter of the two. Well, Sir Stephen, I humbly take my leave. You wiſh'd your ſon to marry a lady with ten thouſand pounds, he has exactly fulfilled your wiſhes; I do preſume you will not think it neceſſary to turn him out of doors, and diſinherit him for that.

Sir S. Go on, I merit your reproof. I ſhall henceforward be aſham'd to look you or my ſon in t face.

Sheva. To look me in the face is to ſee nothing my heart; to look upon your ſon, and not to love him, I ſhould have thought had been impoſſible.

Jew, A. 5. Sc. 2

BENIGNITY.

ADELAIDE TO JAQUELINE.

Find if my gold, my gems, can ranſom him.
Had I the world, it ſhould be his as freely.
I would go kirtled like a village maid,
Plain all my life, in nature's ſimpleſt dreſs,
Rather than deck'd with proud ſuperfluous wealth,
While one more worthy, wanting life's poor means,
Upbraids the inſulting ſplendour of abundance.

Count of Narbonne, A. 2. Sc. 2.

BELCOUR AND FULMER.

Bel. Pray, Sir, what ſorrows and diſtreſſes have befallen this old gentleman you ſpeak of?

Ful. Poverty, diſappointment, and all the diſtreſſes attendant thereupon: ſorrow enough of all conſcience: I ſoon found how it was with him by his way of living, low enough of all reaſon; but what I overheard this morning put it out of all doubt.

Bel. What did you overhear this morning?

Ful. Why, it ſeems he wants to join his regiment, and has been beating the town over to raiſe a little money for that purpoſe upon his pay; but the climate, I find, where he is going, is ſo unhealthy, that nobody can be found to lend him any.

Bel. Why then your town is a damn'd good for-nothing town; and I wiſh I had never come into it.

Ful. That's what I ſay, Sir; the hard-heartedneſs of ſome folks is unaccountable. There's an old Lady Rufport, a near relation of this gentleman's; ſhe lives hard by here, oppoſite to Stockwell's, the great merchant; he ſent to her a begging, but to no purpoſe; though ſhe is as rich as a Jew, ſhe would not furniſh him with a farthing.

Bel. Is the Captain at home?

Ful. He is up ſtairs, Sir.

Bel. Will you take the trouble to deſire him to ſtep hither? I want to ſpeak to him.

Ful. I'll ſend him to you directly. I don't know what to make of this young man; but, if I live, I will find him out, or know the reaſon why. [*Exit.*

Bel. I've loſt the girl it ſeems; that's clear: ſhe was the firſt object of my purſuit; but the caſe of this poor officer touches me; and, after all, there may be as much true delight in reſcuing a fellow creature from diſtreſs, as there would be in plunging one into it——But let me ſee; it's a point that muſt be managed with ſome delicacy—Apropos! there's pen and ink—I've ſtruck upon a method that will do (*writes.*) Ay, ay, this is the very thing: 'twas deviliſh lucky I happen'd to have theſe bills about me. There, there, fare you well; I'm glad to be rid of you; you ſtood a chance of being worſe applied, I can tell you (*encloſes and ſeals the paper.*)

FULMER *brings in* DUDLEY.

Ful. That's the gentleman, Sir. I ſhall make bold, however, to lend an ear.

Dud. Have you any commands for me, Sir?

Bel. Your name is Dudley, Sir——!

Dud. It is.

Bel. You command a company, I think, Captain Dudley?

Dud. I did: I am now upon half pay.

Bel. You've ſerv'd ſome time?

Dud. A pretty many years; long enough to ſee ſome people of more merit and better intereſt than myſelf, made general officers.

Bel. Their merit I may have ſome doubt of; their intereſt I can readily give credit to; there is little promotion to be looked for, in your profeſſion, I believe, without friends, Captain?

Dud. I believe ſo too: have you any other buſineſs with me, may I aſk?

Bel. Your patience for a moment. I was informed you were about to join your regiment in diſtant quarters abroad.

Dud. I have been ſoliciting an exchange to a company on full-pay, quarter'd at James's-Fort, in Senegambia; but, I'm afraid, I muſt drop the undertaking.

Bel. Why ſo, pray?

Dud. Why ſo, Sir? 'Tis a home-queſtion for a perfect ſtranger to put; there is ſomething very particular in this.

Bel. If it is not impertinent, Sir, allow me to aſk you what reaſon you have for deſpairing of ſucceſs.

Dud. Why really, Sir, mine is an obvious reaſon for a ſoldier to have—Want of money; ſimply that

Bel. May I beg to know the ſum you have occaſion for?

Dud. Truly, Sir, I cannot exactly tell you on a ſudden; nor is it, I ſuppoſe, of any great conſequence to you to be informed; but I ſhould gueſs, in the groſs, that two hundred pounds would ſerve.

Bel. And do you find a difficulty in raiſing that ſum upon your pay? 'Tis done every day.

Dud. The nature of the climate makes it difficult: I can get no one to inſure my life.

Bel. Oh! that's a circumſtance may make for you, as well as againſt; in ſhort, Captain Dudley, it happens, that I can command the ſum of two hundred pounds: ſeek no farther; I'll accommodate you with it upon eaſy terms.

Dud. Sir! do I underſtand you rightly?—I beg your pardon; but am I to believe that you are in earneſt?

Bel. What is your ſurprize? Is it an uncommon thing for a gentleman to ſpeak truth? Or is it incredible that one fellow creature ſhould aſſiſt another?

Dud. I aſk your pardon—May I beg to know to whom? Do you propoſe this in the way of buſineſs?

Bel. Entirely: I have no other buſineſs on earth.

Dud. Indeed! you are not a broker I'm perſuaded.

Bel. I am not.

Dud. Nor an army agent I think?

Bel. I hope you will not think the worſe of me for being neither; in ſhort, Sir, if you will peruſe this paper, it will explain to you who I am, and upon

what terms I act; while you read it, I will step home, and fetch the money: and we will conclude the bargain without loss of time. In the mean while, good day to you. *[Exit hastily.*

Dud. Humph! there's something very odd in all this—let me see what we've got here—This paper is to tell me who he is, and what are his terms: in the name of wonder, why has he sealed it? Hey dey! what's here? Two Bank notes, of a hundred each! I can't comprehend what this means. Hold; here's a writing; perhaps that will show me. "Accept "this trifle; pursue your fortune, and prosper." Am I in a dream? Is this a reality?

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BELCOUR AND CHARLOTTE *(Servant gives her a letter.)*

Char. From Charles Dudley, I see—have I your permission? Good Heaven, what do I read! Mr. Belcour, you are concern'd in this——"Dear Char-"lotte, in the midst of our distress, Providence has "cast a benefactor in our way, after the most unex-"pected manner: a young West Indian, rich, and "with a warmth of heart peculiar to his climate, "has rescued my father from his troubles, satisfied "his wants, and enabled him to accomplish his ex-"change: when I relate to you the manner in which "this was done, you will be charmed; I can only "now add, that it was by chance we found out that "his name is Belcour, and that he is a friend of Mr. "Stockwell's. I lose not a moment's time, in mak-"ing you acquainted with this fortunate event, for

"reasons which delicacy obliges me to suppress;
"but, perhaps, if you have not received the money
"on your jewels, you will not think it necessary
"now to do it. I have the honour to be,

"Dear Madam,

"most faithfully, yours,

"CHARLES DUDLEY."

Is this your doing, Sir? Never was generosity so worthily exerted.

Bel. Or so greatly overpaid!

Char. After what you have now done for this noble, but indigent family, let me not scruple to unfold the whole situation of my heart to you. Know then, Sir, (and don't think the worse of me for the frankness of my declaration) that such is my attachment to the son of that worthy officer, whom you relieved, that the moment I am of age, and in possession of my fortune, I should hold myself the happiest of women to share it with young Dudley.

Bel. Say you so, Madam! then let me perish if I don't love and reverence you above all woman kind; and, if such is your generous resolution, never wait till you're of age; life is too short, pleasure too fugitive; the soul grows narrower every hour; I'll equip you for your escape; I'll convey you to the man of your heart, and away with you then to the first hospitable parson that will take you in.

Char. O blessed be the torrid zone for ever, whose rapid vegetation quickens nature into such benignity! *West Indian*, A. 2, Sc. 7. A. 3 Sc. 1.

BIRTH.

WINGROVE AND MISS HERBERT.

Miſs Herbert. Well, in all this wide world of caprice and uncertainty there is but one thing infallible.

Wingrove. What is that?

Miſs Herbert. That!—Why that a man of rank never violates his plighted honour, and that birth involves in it every human virtue.

Wingrove. Perfidious ſcoundrel—I'll tear him piecemeal.

Miſs Herbert. Tear your own prejudices from your heart, Mr. Wingrove.

Wingrove. They are gone, madam; and I have no other proof that they ever had an exiſtence in my boſom, but the mortified ſenſibility which they have left behind them.

Miſs Herbert. Come, ſir, keep up your ſpirits; you will do charmingly, I am convinc'd.

Wingrove. Nay: I am not now a convert to your opinion, my Harriet.

Miſs Herbert. What a relapſe.

Wingrove. No. I only mean to ſay, this is not the firſt time of my life in which I have thought as you do. Reaſon has had many ineffectual ſtruggles with prejudice in my mind upon this ſubject before. But, henceforth, I diſclaim all reverence for ſuch idle ſuperſtitions—I deſpiſe birth, and all the vanities which attend it.

Miss Herbert. Now, Mr. Wingrove, I do not think ſo well of your caſe as I did. I am, myſelf, no peeviſh, moroſe caviller at birth. It is always graceful, and often uſeful; when it operates as a motive to a kind and honourable emulation with the illuſtrious dead; but when thoſe who poſſeſs the advantage, endeavour to make it a ſubſtitute for every other excellence, then indeed I think the offender is entitled to no gentler ſentiment than my contempt, or my pity. *Fugitive*, A. 5. Sc. 3.

PERCY AND MOTLEY.

Motl. Yet ſurely the baſeneſs of her origin—

Percy. Can be to me no objection: in giving her my hand I raiſe her to my ſtation, not debaſe myſelf to hers; nor ever, while gazing on the beauty of a roſe, did I think it leſs fair becauſe planted by a peaſant.

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OSMOND AND ANGELA.

Oſm. Hear me, Angela: An Engliſh baron loves you, a nobleman than whom our iſland boaſts few more potent. 'Tis to him that your hand is deſtined, 'tis on him that your heart muſt be beſtowed.

Ang. I cannot diſpoſe of that which has long been another's—My heart is Edwy's.

Oſm. Edwy's? A peaſant's?

Ang. For the obſcurity of his birth chance muſt be

blamed; the merit of his virtues belong wholly to himself.

Osm. By heaven you seem to think that poverty is a virtue!

Ang. Sir, I think 'tis a misfortune, not a crime: and when in spite of nature's injustice, and the frowns of a prejudiced and illiberal world, I see some low-born but industrious spirit prove itself superior to the station which it fills, I hail it with pleasure, with admiration, with respect! Such a spirit I found in Edwy, and, finding, loved!

Castle Spectre, A. 1. Sc. 1. A. 2. Sc. 1.

CANDOR.

BELCOUR *(Solus.)*

In the name of all that's mischievous, why did Stockwell drive me hither in such haste? A pretty figure, truly, I shall make: an ambassador without credentials. Blockhead that I was to charge myself with her diamonds; officious, meddling puppy! Now they are irretrievably gone: that suspicious jade Fulmer wouldn't part even with a sight of them, tho' I would have ransom'd 'em at twice their value. Now must I trust to my poor wits to bring me off; a lamentable dependance. Fortune be my helper: Here comes the girl—If she is noble minded, as she is said to be, she will forgive me; if not, 'tis a lost

cause; for I have not thought of one word in my excuse.

CHARLOTTE *enters.*

Char. Mr. Belcour, I'm proud to see you: your friend, Mr. Stockwell, prepared me to expect th honour; and I am happy in the opportunity of b ing known to you.

Bel. A fine girl, by my soul! Now what a curse hang-dog do I look like! (*aside.*)

Char. You are newly arrived in this country, Sir

Bel. Just landed, Madam; just set a shore, with large cargo of Muscavado sugars, rum-puncheon mahogany-slabs, wet sweet-meats, and green par quets.

Char. May I ask you how you like London, Sir

Bel. To admiration: I think the town and th town's folk are exactly suited; 'tis a great, ric overgrown, noisy, tumultuous place: the who morning is a bustle to get money, and the who afternoon is a hurry to spend it.

Char. Are these all the observations you hav made?

Bel. No, Madam; I have observed the wom are very captivating, and the men very soon caugh

Char. Ay, indeed! Whence do you draw th conclusion?

Bel. From infallible guides; the first remark I co lect from what I now see, the second from what I now feel.

Char. Oh, the deuce take you! But to wave this

ſubject; I believe, Sir, this was a viſit of buſineſs, not compliment; was it not?

Bel. Ay; now comes on my execution.

Char. You have ſome fooliſh trinkets of mine, Mr. Belcour; hav'nt you?

Bel. No, in truth; they are gone in ſearch of a trinket, ſtill more fooliſh than themſelves. *(aſide.)*

Char. Some diamonds I mean, Sir; Mr. Stockwell inform'd me you were charg'd with 'em.

Bel. Oh, yes, Madam; but I have the moſt treacherous memory in life—Here they are! Pray put 'em up; they're all right; you need not examine 'em. *(gives a box.)*

Char. Hey-day! right, Sir! Why theſe are not my diamonds; theſe are quite different; and, as it ſhould ſeem, of much greater value.

Bel. Upon my life I'm glad on't; for then I hope you value 'em more than your own.

Char. As a purchaſer I ſhould, but not as an owner; you miſtake; theſe belong to ſomebody elſe.

Bel. 'Tis yours, I'm afraid, that belong to ſomebody elſe.

Char. What is it you mean? I muſt inſiſt upon your taking 'em back again.

Bel. Pray, Madam, don't do that; I ſhall infallibly loſe them; I have the worſt luck with diamonds of any man living.

Char. That you might well ſay, were you to give me theſe in the place of mine; but pray, Sir, what

is the reason of all this? Why have you changed the jewels? And where have you disposed of mine?

Bel. Miss Rusport, I cannot invent a lie for my life; and, if it was to save it, I couldn't tell one: I am an idle, dissipated, unthinking fellow, not worth your notice: in short, I am a West Indian, and you must try me according to the charter of my colony, not by a jury of English spinsters: the truth is, I've given away your jewels; caught with a pair sparkling eyes, whose lustre blinded theirs, I ser your property as I should my own, and lavish'd away; let me not totally despair of your forgiv ness: I frequently do wrong, but never with imp nity; if your displeasure is added to my own; m punishment will be too severe. When I parted fr the jewels, I had not the honour of knowing th owner.

Char. Mr. Belcour, your sincerity charms me: enter at once into your character, and I make all allowances for it you can desire. I take your jew for the present, because I know there is no other w of reconciling you to yourself; but, if I give wa your spirit in one point, you must yield to min another: remember I will not keep more than t value of my own jewels; there is no need to pillaged by more than one woman at a time, Sir.

West Indian, A. 3. Sc.

CAPTIOUSNESS.

FAUKLAND *solus, looking after* JULIA.

Fauk. In tears! stay, Julia! stay but for a moment.——The door is fastened!—Julia;—my soul—it for one moment: I hear her sobbing!—'Sdeath! what a brute am I to use her thus! Yet stay—Aye—e is coming now:—how little resolution there is woman!—how a few soft words can turn them!—No, faith!—she is *not* coming either——Why, Ju-a—my love—say but that you forgive me—come ut to tell me that—now this is being *too* resentful: ! she is coming too—I thought she would—no *liness* in any thing! her going away must have en a mere trick then—she sha'n't see that I was t by it.——I'll affect indifference—*(hums a tune: listens)*——No—Z——ds! she's *not* coming!— don't intend it, I suppose.—This is not *steadiness obstinacy!* Yet I deserve it.—What, after so long absence to quarrel with her tenderness!—'twas arous and unmanly!—I should be ashamed to r now.—I'll wait till her just resentment is ted—and when I distress her so again, may I lose for ever! and be linked instead to some antique irago, whose knawing passions, and long hoarded pleen, shall make me curse my folly half the day d all the night. *Rivals*, A. 3. Sc. 2.

CASTLE-BUILDING.

SIR BAMBER, AP-HAZARD, *with a bust in his ha[nd]*, AND MISS UNION.

Ap-Haz. Ay : here's old Geoffery ;—here's the fa[-]ther of English Poets !—look, sir—does'nt this re[-]mind you of Palamon and Arcite ?—the Flow'r [of] Curtesye ?—the Assembly of Fools ?

Sir Bam. Knyghts Tale, and the Canterbury Tales, and the money I shall make by my new edition ?—oh ! that for Charles !—*(snapping his finger)*——you're my heir ! the possession of it will make m[e] the envy of the Literati ! the wonder of the Cogn[o]centi !—the delight of the Dillettanti ! the——I [am] in an ecstacy !—let me—let me touch it.

Miss Union. Don't, for Heaven's sake—consid[er] its antiquity !—the least touch will crumble it [to] atoms——the day's our own ! *(aside to Ap-Hazard.)*

Ap-Haz. *(the bust still in his hand.)* I defy Fortu[ne] now—*(aside to Miss)*—What poetry flowed from t[his] mouth !—What genius flash'd from these eyes !—What fancy revel'd in this brain !—Ay : ay : th[is is] none of your modern paper skull'd authors —— [Old] Geoffery's head is sound—found as—*(here he lets [his] hand fall on the head, and part of it breaks to pieces)*—damnation !——what's to pay ?

Fortune's Fool, A. 2. Sc[ene] ...

PROJECT AND LADY PROJECT.

Lady Pro. Sir, 'tis your ſpeculations that have ndone us—haven't they all fail'd?—didn't the firſt viſe bubble burſt into air?

Proj. The firſt, madam!

Lady Proj. Yes: didn't you give two thouſand unds for a picture gallery? think the pictures all ginals? call it the Aſiatic Aſiphuſicon, and ſay ſhould make a fortune by its exhibition?—very ell, ſir, and didn't the famous picture that you adertis'd, as "the celebrated champion of England, Rembrandt," turn out to be nothing more than old ſign of St. George and the Dragon, blown wn from an alehouſe in Leaden-hall Market? sn't the boaſted beech tree, by Claude Lorraine, ıb'd out a week before, by a glazier's boy in eapſide?——— *Speculation*, A. 1. Sc. 1.

CHARACTERS.

VAPID, NEVILLE, AND ENNUI.

Nev. Tell me, Vapid, have you got any new naracters ſince you came to Bath?

Vap. Faith!——only two——and thoſe are not ery new either.

Ennui. In fact, may we aſk what they are?

Vapid. If you don't write.

New. No, we certainly do not.

Vapid. Then I'll tell you—the firft is a charitable divine, who in the weighty confideration how he fhall beft lavifh his generofity, never beftows it at all—and the other, a cautious apothecary, who, in determining which of two medicines is better for his patient, let's him die for want of affiftance—you understand me,—I think the laft will do somethin heh!

Ennui. I have an idea—the apothecary wo cut a good figure in a comedy.

Vapid. A comedy! pfhaw! I mean him for a tragedy.

Ennui. In fact—I don't comprehend, nor poffi the town.

Vapid. I know it—that's the very thing—hark'y I've found out a fecret——what every body un derftands, nobody approves, and people always a plaud moft, where they leaft comprehend.—There a refinement, fir, in appearing to underftand thin incomprehenfible—elfe whence arifes the pleafure an opera, a private play, or a fpeech in parliame why 'tis the myftery in all thefe things—'tis the d to find out, what nobody elfe can—to be thou wifer than others—therefore—you take me—the ap thecary is the hero of my tragedy.

Dramatift, A. 1. Sc.

FREDERIC, SIR MATTHEW, AND LADY MAXIM.

Fred. Sir Solomon I fancy is an oddity in his way.

Lady Max. The very epitome of oppofition to the reft of the world, and fo proud of his reputation that way, that he fleeps when others wake, rifes when they fleep, goes booted to the Pit at the Opera, full drefs'd to the Upper Gallery at the Play-houfe, and once for a mere fingularity went to a Mafquerade in the character of a Mileftone, nay he even boafts that his acquaintance are all fingular, and profeffes to know a Poet without poverty, an honeft Attorney, and a Phyfician who isn't afraid to fwallow his own prefcriptions.

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Sir Mat. But, my Lady, you have been rather hart upon Sir Solomon Single—What have you to fay againft my friend Quibble?

Lady Max. He! an eternal Punfter, nothing can poffibly efcape him. He affronted one friend who had fent him a leveret,—by afking him if that was his own *hare*, or a wig; frightened another out of his garden, by faying there was a Sheriff's Officer behind him—when all the while he meant nothing but a *bay leaf*;—told a Painter that drawing pheasants was only *making game*—fent old Lady Dimly, when fhe wanted a pair of fpectacles, to fee *two monopolizers put in the pillory*: and actually has *calf's* head

at his table, three times a-week, purely for the ſake of ſaying he is obliged to provide *brains* for the reſt of the Family. *Five Thouſand a Year*, A. 1. Sc. 1.

MISS UNION AND ORVILLE.

Miſs Union. The welchman's a lucky creature.

Orv. He lucky! why he's Fortune's Fool!—when I knew him in Wales, one continued ſeries of ill luck purſued him—if he touch'd china, it broke—if he went a ſhooting, his gun burſt—if hunting there was no game—if he play'd at whiſt, his partner could neither trump nor follow ſuit—if he fell in love, his miſtreſs married ſomebody elſe, and he told me himſelf, if he'd been a phyſician, as his father wiſh'd him, every body would have enjoy'd high health, and he been the only ſick man in Wales. *Fortune's Fool*, A. 1. Sc.

CLAIMS.

DORVILLE AND ROSA.

Mr. Dor. Have you no friends, no family connections?

Roſa. None. An orphan! a ſtranger! alas! there's not a human being on whom I have any claim of protection. Mr. Torrid withholds the letter, and—

Mr. Dor. An orphan and ſtranger! theſe are your

claims, that your protection—trust yourself with me—my doors are open to you, my house shall be your asylum; Lady Esther shall receive you; come, let me conduct you to her; nay, nay, cheer up, cheer up, think not of the letter. *Secret*, A. 4. Sc. 4.

COMPASSION.

BEAUCHAMP TO MRS. ORMOND.

Beau. Oh, Mrs. Ormond! did all your sex think like you—would Chastity stretch forth her hand to assist the penitent, not raise it to plunge her deeper—many a poor victim of imprudence now struggling with the billows might easily regain the shore!—But when some unhappy girl has made the first false step branded with shame, abandoned by her former friends, courted by vice, and shunned by virtue, no wonder that she flies from remorse to the arms of luxury, and purchases a momentary oblivion of her sorrows by a repetition of the fault which caused them. *East Indian*, A. 2. Sc. .

CONFESSION.

DORVILLE AND ROSA.

Mr. Dor. Listen to me, Rosa, listen to me; it was my fortune when at college, to be received into the

family of a neighbouring clergyman; he had a daughter, gay, lovely, high-ſpirited, young as myſelf—the unſuſpecting confidence of her family put her in my power; I betray'd it! ! ! Nay do not ſtart, reſerve yourſelf for further horror; after what had paſs'd, I felt that ſhe had additional claims on my hand; I made known my paſſion to my father—I knew him vain, haughty, ambitious, but he found me reſolute; and, in appearance, acquieſced—

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Yes! this ſeeming acquieſcence lull'd me to a falſe ſecurity! our marriage was delay'd; that delay was all he aſked—he knew the irritable weakneſs o my character, and on that he built his hopes; h prevailed on a wretched confidant of my attachme to enter into his views—my Eloiſa was ſudden taken ill, and became a mother.

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The early birth of my child was made the foun dation of a charge, baſe and unnatural—letters fa bricated for the purpoſe were put into my hands —when I flew to its embrace, an incident wa contriv'd for my deſtruction. I found this wretc careſſing the little infant; when I would have ad dreſſed him, he affected to avoid me; a horrible ide faſten'd on my fancy; I caught the infant to m arms; it ſmil'd—methought it ſmil'd like the wretc who had juſt fled; I would have daſh'd it to th ground! you ſtretch'd forth your little arms, th

charm of innocence preserv'd me! yes, Rosa, you, you were that infant!

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I gave you to the nurse, and rushed from the house—my feeble senses sunk under the conflict—after an interval I awoke from my delirium—awoke to hear that she renounced her claims upon my hand; tha she had fled to an uncle in India; that she had a companion in her flight; I was desperate. My fa-her claim'd that acquiescence to his views of marriage, which he had lent to mine; I yielded and became the husband, of Lady Esther.

Rosa, 'Twas false, 'twas a new artifice; I, and I only was the companion of her flight; eighteen ears of solitude attest her innocence; I—I attest it That even in exile you were still the object of her affections; your conduct to your tenants, to your amily, the constant theme of her admiration. I now ee through the veil which she had thrown around ne: the secret of my birth was locked in her bosom at she might raise for you an interest in mine; very action of your life was known to her; every nstance of your generosity she hailed as a token of our penitence, as a tribute of affection to her memory: on these would she expatiate, these would he imprint on my young heart, while she concealed from me the name of father, till in the knowledge of his virtues, I could forget her wrongs. Yes, they are forgotten! *(kneels)* her wishes are accomplished,

your daughter throws herself on your protection, on your love, with confidence, respect, and gratitude.

Secret, A. 5. Sc. 13.

CONFUSION.

CHEVERIL AND JOANNA.

Chev. Mrs. Enfield!—She is gone!—I should have felt bolder, had she been present.

Joan. It is very strange!

Chev. What does she say?

Joan. First one man, and then another!

Chev. (*Listening.*) Hay? Hem!

Joan. Her friends too are all men!

Chev. Where the devil now is all my impudence flown?

Joan. But she is so kind, so winning, that I have not the power to deny.

Chev. If I could but turn round—One plunge an[d] it would be over! (*Turns by degrees.*) Ma—! Heavens! [*Stands astonishe[d].*

Joan. (*Aside*) Mercy! It is he!

Chev. (*Aside*) The very beauty of the Green Park!

Joan. (*Sighs*) I had almost hoped never to have seen him more!

Chev. (*Aside*) This is the luckiest—Lucky? To find her here?

Joan. (*Aside*) I have thought of him much too often!

Chev. (*Aside*) A creature fo divine! Looks of fuch confcious modefty! And in this place!

Joan. Sir.——

Chev. Madam—(*Aside*) O that I might but touch her lips!

Joan. Mrs. Enfield informs me you are one of her beft friends.

Chev. Me, madam?

Joan. Yes, fir.

Chev. Why—That is—(*Aside*) No: I'll not deceive her! (*Aloud*) I—I never faw Mrs. Enfield before in my life.

Joan. Never—?

Chev. Never. And I don't care if I never fee her gain.

Joan. Blefs me!

Chev. Very true, madam. And I—

Joan. (*Calling*) Mrs. Enfield!

Chev. Stop! madam!—Pardon my prefumption, but—I--you—you have fo much beauty and modefty—and merit—and—I am fuch a faltering—bafhful booby—that, if you leave me—I fhall run mad!

Joan. Mad, fir?

Chev. Upon my foul I fhall, madam! I can't help it! I never was fo enchanted, enraptured, and ravifhed in all my life! And I am very forry to find you—

Joan. Sorry to find me?

Chev. No, no, no, madam! Glad to find you! Infinitely glad! but not in this houfe!

Joan. And why, ſir!

Chev. I was frantic to think I had loſt you!

Joan. How ſo, ſir? We are not acquainted?

Chev. I am ſorry for it, madam!—B—b—but I hope we ſhall be. I have been a very bedlamite! I could neither eat, drink, nor ſleep!—I have dreamed of you every night! You have been in my head, in my heart, in my arms—

Joan. Your arms, ſir?

Chev. Oh lord, no, madam! No, no!—I—I am talking in my ſleep now. I mean—That is—I would not offend you, madam, no, not for ten thouſand thrones! Though to find you here is the greateſt torment—!

Joan. Torment!

Chev. B—b—bliſs! I—I—I would ſay bliſs, madam! Bliſs ineffable! And if——you would but leave this wicked place—

Joan. I do not underſtand you, ſir!

Chev. Purity of heart is the characteriſtic of your countenance: I am ſure you are innocent; or if not, I would give worlds that you were!

Joan. This, ſir, is the firſt time we ever ſpoke together: what have you heard or ſeen of me that ſhould authorize you to doubt?

Chev. Nothing, madam! on my ſoul nothing! Every motion, word and look, ſpeak virtue void of blemiſh! I would lay down my life to prove it, and to reſcue you from this bad woman!

Joan. From Mrs. Enfield?

Chev. An odious, vile—!

Joan. You make me half suspect you are as frantic as you describe yourself! She is the most benevolent of women!

Chev. Forgive me if I appear intruding; indeed my intention is good; but how long have you been in this house?

Joan. Not four hours.

Chev. And how long acquainted with this woman?

Joan. To-day was the first time I ever saw her.

Chev. (In raptures) She's innocent! She's innocent!

Deserted Daughter, A. 3. Sc. 8.

CONSCIENCE.

SIR EDWARD MORTIMER AND HELEN.

Hel. ——Poor wretch!
He carries that away within his breast,
Which will embitter all his life to come,
And make him curse the knowledge on't.

Mort. The knowledge!———
Has he then breathed———Carries within his breast!
What does he know?

Hel. His own ingratitude.

Mort. O, very true.

Hel. Then leave him to his conscience.

It is a ſcorpion, ſent by Heaven itſelf,
To fix on hidden crimes; a ſlow, ſtill ſtream,
Of moulten lead, kept dropping on the heart,
To ſcald and weigh it down. Believe me, love,
There is no earthly puniſhment ſo great,
To ſcourge an evil act, as man's own conſcience,
To tell him he is guilty.

Mort. 'Tis a hell!
I pray you talk no more on't.——

* * * *

MORTIMER, *(Solus.)*

Dear, ſimple innocence! thy words of comfort
Pour oil upon my fires. Methought her eye,
When firſt ſhe ſpake of conſcience, ſhot a glance
Like her dead uncle on me.——

Iron Cheſt, A. 3. Sc. 2.

ABDALLAH, *(Solus.)*

Wherefore ſhould man invent a hell *hereafter*?
Alas! guilt makes one *here!* and he who ſins,
Tho' never mortal eye, or voice reprove him,
Finds in his boſom every fiend that peoples
The dark profound.

Almeyda, A. 2. Sc. 1.

CONSCIENCE. (GOOD)

FLORENZI, LEALTO, &c.

Flor. Hold!—I will not be the inftrument of your punifhment—Be that the tafk of your own confcience.

Leal. My Lord, if you wifh me punifhed, I warn you not to truft to my confcience for it—that is ftill my friend: and, wretched as I am at this moment, an object of refentment and abhorrence, where I moft wifhed for efteem; I would not forfeit the confolation I receive here, for the riches of the world and the applaufe of all mankind.

Flor. Leave me, and never let me again behold you! *(Offers a purfe.)*—Take that; and to your neceffities I'll ever be a friend.

Leal. No, no, my Lord!—When I had your good opinion, I was proud of your rewards; but knowing myfelf an honeft man, I will never be difhonoured by receiving the alms which pity prompts you to offer the neceffities of an imputed affaffin.

Falfe and True, A. 2, Sc. 6.

CONSIDERATION.

ARMSTRONG TO ORSON.

Arm. He is no object for plunder. I have watch'd him, at midnight, ftealing from his lodge to wander

like one crazed. He is good, too, to the poor; and ſhould walk unmoleſted by Charity's charter. 'Twere a pity that he who adminiſters to neceſſity, all day, ſhould be rifled by neceſſity at night.

Iron Cheſt. A. 2. Sc. 1.

CONSOLATION (IRONICAL.)

OLD MANLY AND ADMIRAL CLEVELAND.

Admiral. Come, Manly, you have too many of the ſubſtantial afflictions of life to contend with at preſent to be ruffled by little breezes of this ſort—But I am your friend, and I thought it my duty, as ſuch to call upon you, and to do what a friend ought, to comfort you.

Old Manly. Why that was very kind my old neighbour, very kind indeed—be ſeated I beſeech you—Yes, indeed, 'tis very true, as you ſay Admiral, I am a wretched, miſerable, unhappy man, oppreſs'd with ſorrows, laden with affliction—overtaken before my time, by many cares. Yet 'tis ſomething, my worthy neighbour, to have a truſty friend, to take a kind intereſt in one's misfortunes—to ſhare as it were, the ſad load of life—to ride and tye with one in the weary pilgrimage—O 'tis a charming thing to have a friend!

Admiral. I think ſo indeed, and hope to prove as much—I have no other object but to comfort you—None, none.—You are indeed very unhappy.

Old Manly. Very, very!

Admiral. Why there's your wife, now.

Old Manly. Aye—my wife—Oh! Oh! [*A long sigh.*

Admiral. Nay be comforted, my friend—be comforted—Why she is of herself a sufficient load of misery for any one poor pair of mortal shoulders. Always fretful, her suspicions never sleep—and her tongue always awake—constantly making her observations, like a vessel sent out upon discovery—ever on the watch, like an armed cutter, to cut off any little contraband toy, and to intercept any harmless piece of smuggled amusement.

Old Manly. Oh! 'tis dreadful, neighbour, quite dreadful indeed.

Admiral. Take comfort, my friend—What did I come here for? take comfort, I say—There is your son too.

Old Manly. Yes, my son too, an abandoned profligate.

Admiral. Nay, if that were all, there might be hopes—the early little irregularities that grow out of the honest passions of our nature are sometimes an advantage to the ripened man; they carry their own remedy along with them, and when remedied, they generally leave the person wiser and better than they found him—wiser for his experience, and better for the indulgence which they gave him towards the infirmities of others—but a canting, whining, preaching, profligate—a sermon-maker at twenty—a fellow that becomes a saint, before he's a man—a

beardless hypocrite—a scoundrel that cannot be content with common homely sinning, but must give it a relish by joining a prayer with it in his mouth—of such a fellow there can be no hopes—no hopes indeed.

Old Manly. None, none. Oh miserable that I am, where will my affliction end? Where shall I find consolation.

Admiral. Consolation! —In me to be sure!—What else was the purpose of my visit? I forbear to say any thing of your daughter, poor unhappy girl.

Old Manly. Conceal nothing from me. What has happened to my poor child—what has happened to her? She was my favourite. Miserable man! O miserable man!

Admiral. Nay, if it will give you any comfort, I will tell you. It is my duty to do so—why, she, you know, was desperately in love with Charles Welford. He has turned her off, I find—discharged her the service, and has fallen in with somebody else; so that I suppose by to-morrow morning we may look for her birth, poor girl, in the ambush of a willow, or the retirement of a fish-pond.

Old Manly. Now the sum of my calamities is complete [*Weeps*]. Now, indeed, the cup is full—poor undone man—miserable husband—wretched father!

Admiral. Aye, and all to come upon you at your time of life too—Had your misfortunes reached you when you were in the vigour of your days—[*Old Manly dries his eyes, and looks resentfully*] when you re

tained enough of bodily ſtrength and force of mind to cope with them—but—at your time of day, when the timbers are approaching faſt towards decay, when the lights of the underſtanding are upon the glimmer, and the reckoning of life is pretty nearly out—Oh! 'tis too horrible. Faith, after all, I don't know how to comfort you.

Old Manly. [*In a rage*]. [*Both riſing.*] I believe not, indeed; you fuſty, muſty, old, foul-mouthed, weather-beaten, coxcomb——timbers approaching faſt to decay. Whoſe timbers do you mean, old jury-maſt? look at your own crazy hulk---do---and don't keep quoting your damn'd log-book criticiſms upon your juniors and your betters.

Admiral. Nay, my good friend.

Old Manly. Damn your friendſhip and your goodneſs too. I don't like friendſhip that only wants me to hate myſelf—and goodneſs that only goes to prove every thing bad about me. So good Mr. Yellow Admiral, ſheer off—do—and till you can ſtuff your old veſſel with a cargo of more commoditable merchandize, don't let me ſee you in my latitude again.

Admiral. Sir, let me tell you, you may repent of this language; and were it not for pity of your age and your misfortunes ——

Old Manly. O curſe your pity; and as for misfortunes, I know of none equal to your conſolation.

Fugitive, A. 4. Sc. 2.

CONTRITION.

ZORINSKI AND CASIMIR.

Cas. Zorinski—but oh, is't possible—can thy soul be reconcil'd to treason?

Zo. (aside) How that shot thro' me.

Cas. Art thou content, the future ages shall use thy great name to curse with.

Zo. My hair bristles, and my teeth chatter—peace I charge thee.

Cas. Those convulsive throbs speak virtue in thee—oh, obey it's sacred impulse—behold thyself thy King's deliverer—see hands and hearts hail thee thy country's saviour—think how the good will pray for thee, and ages bless thy name.

Zo. Oh let me with repentant—ha! is not the deadly oath sworn—hell, I'm faithful to thee—who is it that holds my arm?—*(a bugle is heard at a distance)* Ha! again—now—*(raising his arm)*.

Cas. A moment's pause——Oh God, shield with thy arm omnipotent my dear, ill-fated Poland; receive my parting spirit, and, oh! forgive this man. Now, traitor, strike.

Zo. (After a struggle) Oh, impossible! *(falls at the King's feet, then recovers himself on his knee)* Oh, Casimer—Oh my King—how shall I look upon that injured face.

Cas. Zorinski, the fiery trial past gives thee to my heart more pure—*(a whistle)* Hark, thy comrades.

Zo. (Starts up and recovers his sword) Let them come on; this weight of guilt taken from this arm, I will protect thee, King—Virtue's electric fire so springs each nerve, that did nature loose her ravenous kind—did hell oppose its ministers of blood, I seem as with one blow I could sweep them to destruction.

Zerinski, A. 3, Sc. 3.

CONTRIVANCE.

GOSSAMER AND MISS MORTIMER.

Gossamer. Is he gone, ma'am?

Mrs. Mortimer. He is: and will soon bring you assistance; and you won't, you won't die, sir.

Gossamer. Yes: I shall---I shall die, ma'am; but—*(changing his voice and countenance)*——it will be with laughing---ha! ha!---there I had you, Mr. Delville.

Mrs. Mortimer. What! don't you bleed, sir?

Gossamer. Yes, freely of claret; but not a drop of blood! and I can afford it, for I've won a whole hogshead by the frolic!---but we are losing time---go to that door---Sambo, who told me of your situation, is waiting to conduct you to your husband---go, and for the fright I've occasioned you, pray pardon me: I wish to laugh, but never at the expence of distress like yours.

Mrs. Mortimer. Sir, I'm all gratitude.

Gossamer. Nay, nay: I'm amply paid, and——

Zounds! here's the butt again—here's Delville!—I must let the red sea flow on—(*sits in the chair as before*)—mum! look out for Sambo.

Re-enter DELVILLE *with a phial and lint.*

Delville. So now I think on't this may be one of his tricks—Come, shew me your wound, George?

Gossamer. Softly—kneel down, and you'll have a better view.—(Delville *kneels*)—Now's your time—(*aside to Mrs.* Mortimer.—*Here* Gossamer *covers* Delville's *face with his waistcoat:* Sambo *appears at a door in back scene beckoning to Mrs.* Mortimer, *and she walks tremblingly towards him*)—Do you see any thing now? (*still covering his face, and Mrs.* Mortimer *getting nearer the door.*)

Delville. No; nothing, sir.

(*Here Mrs.* Mortimer *exit with* Sambo, *clasping her hands, all gratitude to* Gossamer; *who, seeing she is gone, jumps up, puts his handkerchief in his pocket, and buttons his waistcoat.*)

Gossamer. Then, do you see any thing now?—huzza!—there's a hoax for you!

Delville. Confusion! where's Mrs. Mortimer?

Gossamer. Where's my hogshead of claret?—why, Ned! this beats the attorney!

Delville. S'death and shame! I'll pursue her—I'll overtake, and bring her back again.

Gossamer (*holding him*). What! and trouble me to make you a butt again?—She is by this time safe with her husband! and now, Ned—now isn't mine

a moral ſyſtem?—a ſentimental fellow would have ſhot you for your bad conduct—but I laugh you out of it: I let you live and reform! and if you will but copy the example of your honeſt negro, you'll enjoy that cheerfulneſs a good conſcience can alone ſecure you.

Laugh When You Can, A. 2. Sc. 2.

CONVICTION.

DUKE, MENTEVOLE, DURAZZO, JULIA, FULVIA, &c.

Duke. —— As you regard your honour, and your
 life,
Touch'd by ſuſpicion to the quick, this inſtant
Account for your poſſeſſion of that picture.
That lady there, dead Claudio's mother, ſwears,
It was her ſon's, and worn around his neck
The day he diſappear'd. Behold, do you know it!
Do you allow you dropp'd it?

Ment. Yes; but not
That it was Claudio's. Yet, I cannot wonder,
Two objects ſo alike, ſhould ſeem the ſame.

* * * * *

I ſay, ſhould *ſeem*; for it is barely ſeeming.
From that which Claudio own'd, (the artiſt's boaſt,)
Myſelf, not meanly in the ſcience ſkill'd,
Painted this picture; love, my pencil's guide;
And, from the image in my heart engrav'd,
Aſſiſted by the model, ſuch I made it,
That not the moſt diſcerning, niceſt eye

From thefirst beauteous draught couldknow that copy.

Ful. And had you skill to paint those jewels too,
Those jewels in the round? their hue and lustre
So singular, and bright? By every power,
These were my son's.

Ment. No. Give me hearing, madam.
Those too I purchas'd from the very merchant
Who furnish'd Claudio. All who hear me, know
The name of Manoa; his services
To this ungrateful state; his flight, his death;
Which I lament, since living, he could witness,
And strike you dumb, that by my special order
He chose these precious gems, in form and colour
So like to Claudio's, none could mark distinction.
To pay their value, my estate was strain'd;
But had their estimation been twice doubled,
A crown imperial deem'd the mighty price,
Rather than yield him preference in aught
Might seem a test of my extravagant love,
I would have grasp'd at it; and so remain'd
The ruin'd, happy lord of that sole treasure.
Now learn from hence, how wisdom should demur
To found a sentence on appearances.
Your grace is satisfied. [*Here* Durazzo *whispers* Camillo, *who goes out.*

Duke. I own, to me,
(No proof appearing to the contrary,)
If this be so, your honour seems acquitted.

* * * * *

Dur. Soft you a while; for lo you, who comes here,
Even to your wish, to make all clear for you.

Re enter CAMILLO, *leading in* MANOA.

Ment. (ftarting) Swallow me, earth! he lives. But I muft brave it.

Duke. (rifing) Ha! can I truft my fenfes? Manoa!

Dur. The fame, my lord, and by no miracle.

Duke. Yet things fo ftrange are next to miracles,
And his appearance fuch. We thought him dead.—
This is beyond your hopes. [*to Mentvole.*

Ment. O, much beyond them.—
All curfes of his nation light upon him! [*Afide.*

* * * * *

Duke. ———Come nearer ftill;
[*Gives* Manoa *the picture.*
Take this, examine it. Do you remember
(Obferve them well) the jewels round that picture?

Manoa. Moft fure, my lord; they are by no means common;
But all, indeed, moft rare and fingular.

Duke. They once were yours. Who was their purchafer?

Manoa. A noble youth, by whofe untimely death
Genoa has loft her brighteft ornament.
Even in the depth of my own mifery,
My heart dropp'd blood to hear the fate of Claudio.

Duke. Did you at any time, (think, ere you anfwer,)
Procure for any other purchafer
Jewels like thefe?

Manoa. Never, my lord.

Ment. Out, dotard!
Thy miferies have craz'd thy memory.
To me thefe gems were fold; look on me well,
I was the friend of Claudio: think, old man,
A noble perfon's life, and reputation,
(More dear than life,) hang on the words you utter

Manoa. I've faid, what I have faid: were m foul's fate
Link'd to the teftimony, thus I ftake it:
As I do hope forgivenefs of my fins,
And peace in death, I never fold thefe gems,
Nor any like them, fave to noble Claudio.

Duke. Hear you, my lord?

Ment. I hear a faithlefs Jew,
A flave fuborn'd, a traitor to the ftate,
A bankrupt, fugitive, and outcaft Hebrew,
Aver—he knows not what;—and ftill more ftrange
I fee the credulous duke of Genoa,
The firft in eftimation as in place,
Gaping to fwallow monftrous perjuries.

* * * * *

Manoa. Mighty fignor,
I have an atteftation of my truth,
Beyond all oaths, or facred form of words.
If I am not a liar, and fuborn'd,
There refts within this frame a fpring conceal'd
With niceft art, and known to me alone,
And its firft mafter. Touch'd, it will difcover
The noble Claudio's image.—Ay, 'tis here.—

Ill-fated youth!—Is this to be a liar?

[*He touches a spring, and shews a picture of* Claudio *beneath that of* Julia.

* * * * *

Ment. Dæmons seize thee! [*to* Manoa.
Cramps and cold palsies wither thy curs'd hand!
Thou hast undone me.

Duke. (*rising*) Sir, you are our prisoner;
And in our palace you must hear your sentence.—
Bear him away this instant.

[*Two of the Guards attempt to seize him.*

Ment. Stand aloof!
Nor raise a hand in violence against me;
Or with one stroke I'll frustrate all your forms,
And the dark tale dies with me.

Duke. Hold;—let's hear him.

Ment. I did kill Claudio. On the morn you miss'd him,
We took together our accustom'd walk;
When this too certain arm achiev'd the deed,
Which long lay brooding in my jealousy.

* * * * *

Ment. He talk'd with rapture of the approaching bless,
Till passion drown'd his sight; with eyes upcast,
Then drew that picture, hanging round his neck,
From underneath his garment; glew'd his lips
With transport, to the beauteous, lifeless form.
My smother'd fury rose at once to madness;
With one hand, from his grasp I tore the picture,
And with the other smote him to the heart.

Julia, A. 5. Sc. 4.

COWARDICE.

SIR LUCIUS AND ACRES.

Sir Luc. But tell me now, Mr. Acres, in cafe of an accident, is there any little will or commiffion I could execute for you?

Acres. I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius—but I don't underftand——

Sir Luc. Why, you may think there's no being fho at without a little rifk—and if an unlucky bulle fhould carry a Quietus with it—I fay it will be nc time then to be bothering you about family matters.

Acres. A Quietus!

Sir Luc. For inftance, now—if that fhould be th cafe—would you choofe to be pickled and fen home?—or would it be the fame to you to lie here in the Abbey?—I'm told there is very fnug lying in the Abbey.

Acres. Pickled!—Snug lying in the Abbey!—Odds tremors! Sir Lucius, don't talk fo!

Sir Luc. I fuppofe, Mr. Acres, you never were en gaged in an affair of this kind before?

Acres. No, Sir Lucius, never before.

Sir Luc. Ah! that's a pity!—there's nothing like being ufed to a thing—Pray now, how would you receive the gentleman's fhot?

Acres. Odds files!—I've practifed that—there, Sir Lucius—there. [*Puts himfelf in an attitude.*]—a fide

CURIOSITY.

FATIMA AND IRENE.

Ire. So, Sister! The Bashaw is going, I hear, 'till the evening. What are those keys in your hand?

Fati. They open every door within the walls. Abomelique has left them with me, that we may wander through the castle.

Ire. Well, now, that is very kind of him.

Fati. I have no joy, now, Irene, in observing the idle glitter, and luxury of wealth.

Ire. Haven't you? But I have. We'll have a rare rummage! I won't leave a single nook nor corner, unexamined.

Fati. That must not be. There is one room we are forbidden to enter.

Ire. A forbidden room! Dear, now, I had rather see that room than any other in the Castle! Did the Bashaw forbid us?

Fati. He did; and with an emphasis so earnest, a manner so impressive, that he has taught me a fatal consequence would wait on disobedience.

Ire. Mercy! How I do long to see that room! Do let me just look at the key.

Fati. Beware, Irene! *(shewing the key.)*

Ire. Dear, there can be no harm in looking at a key. What, is this it? Well, it is a monstrous fine one, I declare! Dear Fatima! how pretty it would be just to take one peep!

Fati. Tempt me not to a breach of faith, Iren When we betray the confidence repofed in us, to gratify our curiofity, a crime is coupled to a failing and we employ a vice to feed a weaknefs. The door within the Blue Apartment muft remain untouch'd.

Ire. Well, I have done: but we may fee the reft of the rooms, I fuppofe?

Fati. If that can pleafe you, Sifter, I will accompany you.

Ire. That's my good, kind Fatima! If I could but get her by degrees to this Blue Apartment—(*afide*)—Come; we'll go, and look over the Caftle.

* * * * *

Fati. I am tired, already, with the fearch we hav made, Irene.

Ire. O, I could never be tired with fuch fine things as we have feen! Do, now, juft come down the ftair, and walk through this wing of the building.

Fati. Well, I——

Ire. Aye, now, that's a fweet, good-natured Sifter! (*they defcend the ftair.*) Now here's a pretty room! All furnifhed with Blue, I fee.

Fati. With Blue!—'tis the very chamber we were cautioned to avoid. Imprudent girl!—Whither have you led me? Hafte, hafte, Irene, and let us leave it inftantly.

Ire. Dear! where's the hurry? I'm fure 'tis a very pretty room: Befides, 'tis only the *door* in this room

which leads to another, you know, that you were bid not to touch.

Fati. No matter; 'Tis raſh to tarry. Our being here may excite ſuſpicion.

Ire. Suſpicion! Why, we have no bad purpoſe:—And, even, if we were to open the door—and there it ſtands as if it ſeemed to invite the very key in yo r hand to come and unlock it—why I ſee no ſuch great crime in the action.

Fati. The Baſhaw's charge, Irene—

Ire. Is a very ill-natured one: And ſhould you iſobey him, we could keep our own counſel.—hen if nobody knows we have found out his ſecret, hat have we to fear, while we continue mute as)eath?

A voice within. Death!—*(the women look at each her, and tremble.)*

Fati. Did you hear nothing, Irene?

*I*re. Yes.—I—I—— thought I heard ſomething at—Stay—— O, it muſt be an echo.—Theſe large d buildings are full of them.

Fati. It had an awful ſound! A tone li— that, ey ſay, will fail upon the flagged wing of mid-ght, croſſing the fear-ſtruck traveller upon the de-rt, to give him token of a foul murder.

(A deep groan is heard from the interior apartment.)

Fati. O, Heaven have mercy!—What can this nean?

Ire. I know not! It ſeems the accent of diſtreſs. If

fo, it were humanity to fuccour the wretc'ed foul who breathes it.

Fati. Humanity alone, my fifter, could induce me to penetrate the myftery this Portál, here, inclofes.

Ire. No eye can fee us!

Fatima *puts the key in the door, which finks, and difcovers the interior apartment.——The infcription over the Skeleton's head, is,*

"THE PUNISHMENT OF CURIOSITY."

The Women *fhriek, and run to each other, and hide their heads in each other's bofom.*

Blue Beard, A. 2. Sc. 2. and 4.

FREDERICK, LADY RUBY, AND SABINA.

Lady R. So young an orphan! How my hear bleeds for you!

Sabina. How good, to feel for the diftreft an ftranger! Ah, had you known my parents:—The perifh'd at Marfeilles; I fled to Padua, but forrow overtook me; I had great fufferings there.

* * * * *

Fred. Sabina, you fhall fpare yourfelf the painfi recital: Lady Ruby, if I rightly know her, is no curious to inquire into the private hiftories of the unfortunate.

Lady R. In point of idle curiofity, I hope you do me no more than juftice; but to know misfortunes for the purpofe of relieving them, permit me to fay that I am curious.

Firft Love, A. 3. Sc. 1.

CUSTOM.

LADY MARY, LADY PRIORY, MISS DORRILLON, &c.

Lady Mary. Permit me, Lady Priory, to take you to the next room: we are going to have tea immediately.

Lady Priory. I have drank tea, Madam.

Miſs Dorrillon. Already! It is only nine o'clock.

Lady Priory. Then it is near my hour of going to bed.

[*Lord* Priory, *Sir* William, *and Mr.* Norberry, *retire to the back of the ſtage, and talk apart.*]

Lady Mary. Go to bed already! In the name of wonder, what time did you riſe this morning?

Lady Priory. Why, I do think it was almoſt ſix o'clock.

Lady Mary (in amaze) And were you up at ſix this morning?

Lady Priory. Yes.

Miſs Dorrillon. At ſix in the month of January!

Lady Mary. It is not light till eight; and what good, now, could you poſſibly be doing for two hours by candlelight?

Lady Priory. Pray, Lady Mary, at what time did you go to bed?

Lady Mary. About three this morning.

Lady Priory. And what good could you poſſibly be doing for eleven hours by candle-light?

Lady Mary. Good! It's as much as can be expected from a woman of fashion, if she does no harm.

Lady Priory. But I should fear you would do a great deal of harm to your health, your spirits, and the tranquillity of your mind.

Wives as they Were, A. 2. Sc. 1.

DECEPTION.

FRACTIOSO, JULIA, &c.

Fractioso. ———Anthonio! *(to a servant.)* Conduct her on board—give me my sailing cloak and ha —I'll but wait for the Captain, and follow—take those diamonds, Julia—there I knew you would no be disobedient. *[Gives her a casket*

Julia. Disobedient! Alas! an implicit submission to your will, has brought on your unhappy Julia every misfortune of her life. *(Gives her hand to the servant, who leads her to the quay.)*

Fractioso. I think there is nothing else but misfortunes when we have to deal with women—loss of property, as well as loss of time, *(looking about)* where can this sea captain be gone to? Centinel! *(to Hilario.)*

Hilario. Your honor!

Fractioso. (trying to put on his cloak.) Have you observed any body waiting here about?

Hilario. (helping him.) I have.—Give me leave to affift your honor.

Fractiofo. Thank you friend—who have you obferved?

Hilario. Two or three ftern-looking fellows.

Fractiofo. Two or three!—you alarm me—who were they?—what did they fay?

Hilario. They enquired if I had feen a little decrepid old gentleman embark on board a veffel.

Fractiofo. The devil they did!—I'm all over in a tremble—I dare fay that devil Hilario was one of the party—nobody elfe wou'd have afk'd fuch a queftion.

Hilario. Yes, he was one—I know him—he is now one of us—he's made a foldier.—

Fractiofo. That's too good for him—what company is he in?

Hilario. (ftops putting on his cloak.) Very indifferent at prefent—hufh!

Fractiofo. Why, what the devil are you about?

Hilario. (Putting his hand in the cloak, and bears it up to Fractiofo's eyes.) It can't be—yet it is—there they are again—coming this way—don't you fee them?

Fractiofo. See whom? why you won't let me fee any thing.

Hilario. Who!—the fame ftern-looking fellows that were in fearch of the little decrepid old gentleman—and there—there's that fiend you talk'd of—that imp of the devil, Hilario—too, they're all with their fwords drawn.

Fractioso. (frightened.) I'm murder'd—I'm a dead man. *(music is heard.)* Why, they have got music!

Hilario. Yes, to drown your cries—don't let them see you—don't look at them—get into my box directly, and I'll protect you.

Fractioso. Look at them—I'm so terrified, I can scarce see my own way—open your door—quick, quick—*(goes to the box.)*

Hilario. (shoving him in.) There—get in—quick—and don't stir 'till I call you—nor don't be surpriz'd at any thing I may do—or say—but think it a scheme of mine, to get them away.

Fractioso. (in box.) Thank ye—thank ye—good centinel—get them away as fast as you can.

Hilario. (locking him in, and putting the key in his pocket.) I will—I will—huzza! what soldier ever did his duty better—I've reliev'd the garrison—imprison'd the enemy—promoted myself—and now all that's left is to march off with the stores and baggage—ha! here's the Captain of the vessel—now to manœuvre him too. *(Puts on Fractioso's cloak and hat, and throws his own away.)* Let me dress as becomes a grandee—that is to be.

Enter CAPTAIN *and* SAILORS.

Captain. All health! Signor Fractioso—the lady stays for you on board.

Hilario. Captain, it is our pleasure to embark—farewell grandee—I'm off with the moveables. *(aside,*

then goes up to the box.) You ſee I have got on your cloak—to get them away.

Fractioſo. (from the box.) That's right.

Hilario. If ever you ſee that dog Hilario again, depend upon it, I'll be cloſe at his heels.

Myſteries of the Caſtle, A. 3. Sc. 1.

PERCY *(in confinement.)* MULEY *and* SAIB.

Percy. Might not theſe fellows—I can but try,—Now ſtand my friend, thou maſter-key to human hearts!—Aid me, thou potent devil, gold!—Hear me, my worthy friends!—Come nearer!

Saib. His worthy friends!—Are we ſuch, Muley?

Muley. Yes, truly are we—for friends in need are friends indeed:—Marry, if he were not in need, he would call us his mortal foes.

Percy. My good fellows, you are charged with a diſagreeable office, and to obey a tyrant's mandates cannot be pleaſant to you; there is ſomething in your looks which has prejudiced me too much in your favour to believe it poſſible.

Saib. Nay, there certainly is ſomething in our appearance highly prepoſſeſſing.

Muley. And I knew that you muſt admire the delicacy of our complexions!

Percy. The tincture of your ſkin, my good fellow, is of little conſequence: Many a worthy heart beats within a duſky boſom, and I am convinced that ſuch

an heart inhabits yours; for your looks tell me that you feel for, and are anxious to relieve my sufferings.—See you this purse, my friends?

Muley. It's too far off, and I am short-sighted.—If you'll put it a little nearer——

Percy. Restore me to liberty!—and not this purse alone, but ten times its value shall be yours.

Saib. To liberty?

Muley. That purse?

Saib. Muley!

Muley. Saib!

Percy. (*aside.*) By all my hopes they hesitate!—You well know, that my wealth and power are equal, not to say superior, to Earl Osmond's: release me from my dungeon, and share that power and wealth!—On the events of to-day depends my life's future happiness, nay perhaps my life itself: Judge then, if you assist me, how great will be the service rendered me, and believe that your reward shall equal my obligation.

Saib. I know not what to answer.

Muley. In truth, my Lord, your offers are so generous, and that purse is so tempting——Saib, what say you?—(*winking to him.*)

Saib. The Earl speaks so well, and promises so largely, that I own I'm strangely tempted—

Muley. Look you, Saib; will you stand by me?

Saib. (*after a moment's thought.*) I will!

Muley. There's my hand then!—My Lord, we are your servants!

Percy. This is beyond my hopes!—A thousand thanks, my worthy fellows!—Be assured that the performances of *my* promises shall soon follow the execution of yours."

Saib. Of that we make no doubt.

Percy. You agree then to release me?

Muley. 'Tis impossible to do otherwise; for I feel that pity, generosity, and every moral feeling, command me to trouble your Lordship for that purse.

Percy. There it is!——And now unlock the door!

Muley. (chinking the purse.) Here it is!—And now I'm obliged to you. As for your promises, my Lord, pray don't trouble yourself to remember them, as I sha'n't trouble myself to remember mine.

Percy. (starting.) Ha!—What mean you?

Saib. (firmly.) Earl, that we are faithful!

Muley. I wonder you did not read that too in our amiable looks!

Percy. What! Will you not keep your word?

Muley. In good truth, No; we mean to keep nothing—except the purse.

Percy. Perfidious villains!

Saib. You mistake us, Sir;—we cannot be villains, for I, you know, am your Lordship's "worthy friend!"

Muley. And I your Lordship's unworthy pensioner!

Percy. Confusion!—To be made the jest of such rascals!

Saib. Earl Percy, we are none!—but we should

have been, could your gold have bribed us to betray our master. We have but done our duty—you have but gained your just reward; for they who seek to deceive others, should ever be deceived themselves.

Castle Spectre, A. 2. Sc. 3.

DECLAMATION.

ROLLA *to the* SOLDIERY.

My brave associates—partners of my toil, my feelings and my fame!—can Rolla's words add vigour to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts?——No—YOU have judged as I have, the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude you—Your generous spirit has compared as mine has, the motives, which, in a war like this, can animate their minds, and OURS.—THEY, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule—WE, for our country, our altars, and our homes.—THEY follow an Adventurer whom they fear—and obey a power which they hate—WE serve a Monarch whom we love—a God whom we adore.—Whene'er they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress!—Where'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship!—They boast, they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error!—Yes—THEY will give enlightened

freedom to *our* minds, who are themſelves the ſlaves of paſſion, avarice, and pride.—They offer us their protection—Yes, ſuch protection as vultures give to lambs—covering and devouring them!—They call on us to barter all of good we have inherited and proved, for the deſperate chance of ſomething better which they promiſe.—Be our plain anſwer this: The throne WE honour is the PEOPLE'S CHOICE—the laws we reverence are our brave Fathers' legacy—the faith e follow teaches us to live in bonds of charity with ll mankind, and die with hope of bliſs beyond the grave.—Tell your invaders this, and tell them too, ve ſeek no change; and, leaſt of all, ſuch change s they would bring us. *Pizarro*, A. 2. Sc. 2.

PACHA *to the* MOORS.

Moors and ſoldiers! under the renown'd Mahoet, Boabdili, Chiquito, King of Granada! 'Tis e regard of your commander now cautions you at you relax not from your charge. My tenderſs bids you be vigilant, through the night; that may 'ſcape the bow-ſtring to which I ſhould, herwiſe, ſentence you, in the morning. The true ldier thinks his duty a pleaſure; and none of you, y honeſt fellows, on pain of death, ſhall forego e pleaſure of your duty. The Spaniards, who beſiege us, are Chriſtians. You are Moors. Remember, then, you fight in the cauſe of your Reli-

gion: maintain its amiable doctrines to the last, and shew your enemies no mercy!—Now to your watch.—Where, out of kindness, I forbid you to fortify your stomachs against the raw air of the night;—for he who lifts wine to his mouth, my worthy friends, fr[illegible]ily loses his head. *Mountaineers*, A. 1. Sc. 3.

DEFAMATION.

SIR OLIVER, ALGERNON, EARLING, SIMON, LADY CYPRESS, AND EMILY.

Lady Cyp. How now! who's this? Henry!

Sir Oliv. I claim your promise to give him hearing

Earl. I protest against him; that fellow's an impostor: we shall not listen to his evidence.

Lady Cyp. He first came here humbly to ask for service, pleaded decay, and said he was a gentleman by birth; I pitied him, and offer'd him relief. He now has chang'd his dress, shifted his character, and claims to be an advocate for Algernon. These are suspicious circumstances, and I should have some better reasons for believing him than I am yet possess'd of. Do you know any such, Sir Oliver?

Earl. Aye, sir, do you know who this champion is

Sir Oliv. Sir, give me leave to ask—Do you?

Earl. Not I; I know him not.

Sir Oliv. Yet you know Algernon, are intimate with all his habits, frailties, faults, offences—have look'd into his heart, and kindly told the secrets you

discover'd.—Oh thou slanderer! Now look him in the face, and prove your charge.—Well may you start—Mark his confusion, Madam!—This is your nephew, this is Algernon.

Emily. Yes, on my honour, and my brave preserver.

Lady Cyp. I am confounded.—Where is that defamer?

Sergt. Madam, he has stept aside to mend a flaw in his indictment.—How do you do, Mr. Attorney? Come forward, if you please, and get acquainted with this gentleman's face. You knew him well enough behind his back.

Lady Cyp. Peace! let me hear what Algernon will say in his own cause.

Sir Oliv. Speak for yourself, brave Algernon.

Alg. I am that exil'd man, whom, on the word of this defamer, tho' unknown to him even by sight, it seems, you have proscrib'd. Despairing of admission to your presence, and driven in self-defence on this resource, I took a counterfeited character, and saw what I had never been allow'd to approach—your person. Much I wish'd to speak in mitigation of your prejudice, and give a plain recital of my wrongs; but you had then no ear for such discourse, and I was told to wait your better leisure.

Lady Cyp. All this is true—proceed.

Alg. A friend here present told me I was accus'd to you of various crimes and gross enormities. I plead to failings, to the common errors and indif-

cretions youth is ſubject to, but, I truſt, I have never degraded my character or debas'd my principle; I am no gameſter, as he makes me to be; no diſſipater of my paternal fortune, as he inſinuates; no libertine, as he aſſerts; and, let me add, in the hearing of Sir Oliver Montrath, I am no aſſaſſin.

Sir Oliv. It is now my duty, and a painful one I feel it, to bring to light, in vindication of an injured character, the guilty perſon, for whoſe ſhameful act no better palliation can be found than temporary madneſs and intoxication. The monſter, from whoſe brutal violence the pureſt of heaven's creatures was preſerv'd by Algernon, how ſhall I ſpeak it without ſhame and horror! was Lionel Montrath.

Lady Cyp. I am confounded and amaz'd! Montrath!—This, if not told by you, Sir Oliver, wou'd mock belief.

Sir Oliv. Your nephew was too noble to diſcloſe it, tho' he has in his hands a written paper ſign'd by the offender for his vindication. This, I believe, he never has diſcover'd, even to that lady, tho' a party in it.

Emily. Never, but conſtantly evaded my enquiries.

Sir Oliv. To this when I ſhall add, that my raſh nephew forc'd the duel on him in conſequence of blows exchang'd between them, I truſt I may with ſafety reſt his cauſe upon the facts adduc'd—un-

leſs indeed this gentleman has any other charge, which in his modeſty he will prefer.

Earl. You'll not draw any thing from me, Sir Oliver; you may talk on; I prefer ſilence.

Sir Oliv. You are right; 'tis time your tongue had ſome repoſe.

Lady Cyp. Pray do not keep him longer in my ſight. My nephew does not ſeem to hold him worthy of a retort.

Alg. No, madam, I have nothing to return him for his malicious ſlander, but my contempt.

Lady Cyp. If he can feel; 'tis puniſhment enough.

Falſe Impreſſions, A. 5. Sc. 2.

DEGRADATION.

O'CURRAGH *to the Slaves who proſtrate themſelves before him.*

Thank you, thank you! oh! low enough in conſcience—what are you at? what are you at heels?—keep your fore paws off the ground, and don't make bulls of yourſelves—ſtand up I ſay—heaven never meant its own image ſhould be ſo degraded!

Zorinſki, A. 1. Sc. 2.

DELUSION.

PROJECT TO LADY PROJECT.

Oh, Eliza! this is the age for ſpeculation—People love deluſion—ay, ſo much that the more you dupe them, the better they like you, and while a rich citizen ſhall propoſe a fair ſcheme which nobody adopts, a daſhing weſt-end of the town gentleman ſhall ſtart a viſionary one, and, hey! preſt—every body meets him in full cry

Speculation, A. 1. Sc. 1.

PUFF, SNEER AND DANGLE.

Puff. Sir, I ſupported myſelf two years entirely by my misfortunes.

Sneer. By your misfortunes?

Puff. Yes, Sir, aſſiſted by long ſickneſs and other occaſional diſorders; and a very comfortable living I had of it.

Sneer. From ſickneſs and misfortunes!—You practiced as a Doctor, and an Attorney at once?

Puff. No, egad; both maladies and miſeries were my own.

Sneer. Hey!—what the plague!

Dangle. 'Tis true, efaith.

Puff. Harkee!—By advertiſement—"To the charitable and humane!" and "to thoſe whom Providence hath bleſt with affluence!"

Sneer. Oh,—I underſtand you.

Puff. And, in truth, I deserved what I got; for I suppose never man went through such a series of calamities in the same space of time!—Sir, I was five times made a bankrupt, and reduced from a state of affluence, by a train of unavoidable misfortunes! then, Sir, though a very industrious tradesman, I was twice burnt out, and lost my little all, both times! I lived upon those fires a month.—I soon after was confined by a most excruciating disorder, and lost the use of my limbs! That told very well; for I had the case strongly attested, and went about to collect the subscriptions myself.

Dangle. Egad, I believe that was when you first called on me——

Puff. —In November last?—O no! I was at that time a close prisoner in the Marshalsea, for a debt benevolently contracted to serve a friend!—I was afterwards twice tapped for a dropsy, which declined into a very profitable consumption;—I was then reduced to—O no—then, I became a widow with six helpless children,——after having had eleven husbands pressed, and being left every time eight months gone with child, and without money to get me into an hospital!

Critic, A. 1. Sc. 2.

DESPAIR.

OCTAVIAN TO SADI, &c.

Octavian. ———I know what 'tis
When worldly knaves step in with silver beards,

To poison bliss, and pluck young souls asunder.—
O! wander, boundless love, across the wild!
Give thy free passion scope, and range the wilderness
Crib not thyself in cities—for 'tis there
The thrifty, grey philosopher inhabits,
To check thy glowing impulse in his child.
Gain is the old man's god; he offers up
His issue to't—and mercenary wedlock
Murders his offspring's peace—they murdered mine—
They tore it from my bosom by the roots,
And with it pluck'd out hope! Well, well, n
matter——
Despair burns high within me, and its fire
Serves me for heart, to keep my clay in motion.—

Mountaineers, A. 2. Sc.

LAMOTTE TO MADAME.

Lamotte. There is a state of mind, when angui
keen
For vices past, works on the heart of man,
And wrings it sore, till rising desperation
Remonsters quite his nature—then, he spurns
The ties of blood, cancels all obligation
In which his Maker bound him to his kind,
And is the image of the fiend that tempts him.

Fontainville Forest, A. 1. Sc.

DETECTION.

SIR EDWARD, OLD WOODLAND AND SPUNGE.

Spunge. [*without.*] Follow me—I am quite at home, Sir Edward. [Spunge *and* Sir Edward *enter.*]

Old Wood. Heh!—who have we now?

Spunge. Here I am, Squ re—better than my word, you fee—not only come myfelf, but brought a friend along with me—Sir Edward, the fquire—Squire, Sir Edward—mum!—afk him to fupper—he'll ftay [*afide to Old* Woodland]. You'll ftay fupper—won't you, Sir Edward?

Edw. With the greateft pleafure, Sir—I came to give you a few leffons—I am told you know nothing of the world—and, as I know a great deal—*Experientia docet*, Sir.

Spunge. [*at the table, pouring out a glafs of phyfic*] With all my heart.—*Experientia docet.* [*Drinks and fpits it out again.*]—ha! ha! damnation!——your wine's worfe than your butter!

Old Wood. That's juftice—that will be a leffon to u; and I wifh it had been poifon inftead of phyfic —ut look ye—hear me, you two marauders—inftantly account for your coming to my houfe at this hour of night, or ——

Edw. None of the angry boy, old gentleman—none of the angry boy, I befeech you—in the firft place, I underftand you have deferted your fon, and adopted a female faro banker.

Old Wood. What! reflect on my shepherdess!

Edw. Shepherdess!—oh—aye—true—sheep have always rooks about them! Come, that's very well

Spunge. Bless you! he knows all about it—he goes halves.

Old Wood. [*aside.*] I will. I'll go make out a warrant, and commit them both directly.—Gentlemen—I must keep them in the dark, lest they escape—Gentlemen, I've considered what you've said, and I'll go consult with a friend.

Edw. Aye, I thought I should correct you.

Old Wood You have—and now I'll correct you [*aside*] I'll soon return—in the mean time, as there are no cards in the house, will you amuse yourselves with a game of backgammon?—your servant, Gentlemen.—They're two housebreakers—father and son—and I'll have them both snug in the county goal. [*Exit*

Spunge. Bravo! he's gone to order supper—and now what say you? Shall we take his advice? play at backgammon?

Edw. No; don't degrade the box: if you must play, throw a generous main [*sits down and takes of the dice-box.*] Come, where's your stake?

Spunge. [*in a melancholy tone.*] My stake!

Edw. What! you have no cash?—well, never mind; we play on trust.

Spunge. Don't—I hate trust—lend me those five guineas [*Takes them from Sir* Edward.] There—there's my guinea.

Edw. Seven's the main!—seven!—ha, ha! I win. Come,—your stake.

Spunge. Well, there—I'll be desperate: there's another guinea.

Edw. Seven!—ha, ha!—nick. Come,—again.

Spunge. No—never lose more than two guineas at a time. Pocket the other three. [*aside.*]

Enter Mrs. SCATTER.

Mrs. Scat. Mercy on me! that wretch here again! you, too, Sir Edward! and gaming so near my uncle's chamber!

Edw. [*holding up the dice-box, and rattling it.*] I say, Mrs. Scatter, don't you hear the glorious sound?—on't the music thrill through every vein?—seven! *browing, and looking, and laughing at Mrs.* Scatter.]

Mrs. Scat. For shame! you'll wake my uncle.

Edw. Come, you know you can't resist; you ay as well play at once.—-Seven! you never lose, u say [*still shaking the box at her.*]

Mrs. Scat. I should like to pigeon the young reobate; my fingers itch for it; and if I thought my cle wouldn't wake——

Edw. Spunge, I'll bet you five she plays.

Spunge. Done.—I'll bet you five she don't.

Mrs. Scat. Then I will play, on purpose that you lose. Come, give me the box; and, that we ay make no noise, let us throw on a doily. Oh, is charming!—delicious!—there—there's all I ve---ten guineas.

Edw. Very well. Seven! nick; ha, ha! I win.

[*Enter, from the Door in the flat,* Old Woodland, *an* *two servants.*]

Old Wood. Softly, tread softly. We'll steal upo them by surprise. Hallo! what's there! [*He pauses and observes behind.*]

Mrs. Scat. Was there ever such luck?---I've no more cash.

Edw. Hav'n't you?---Well----you've what's as good---as mistress of this house, you are in posse sion of jewels, plate------[*Looks at the side board*]----- there now--that silver cup---I'll set you twenty against that silver cup.

Mrs. Scat. Will you?----Oh, that's very kind o you.---[*Goes to side-board and brings away the silver cu*

Old Wood. Very kind, upon my soul. [*Asi*

Mrs. Scat. Now for it------here it is------

[*Putting the cup on the tab*

Edw. I say---if the 'squire was to see us playing hazard for his own plate!

Mrs. Scat. Never mind---now I've once begun, I sooner lose all the furniture in the house than lea off:---here---I'll throw this time---[*Takes the box*]-- Five's the main, and at all in the ring. [*As she ra her arm to throw,* Old Woodland *lays of it.---She lets the box fall.*

Edw. Ha, ha! look at the shepherdess now!

Spunge. Ha! ha!---natural enough.

Edw. [*Picking up the dice-box.*] Look at her Ar dian crook.---Oh! I said the young one would be match for the old ones.

Spunge. Why, 'Squire, you juſt came in time.

Old Wood. So it ſeems—If I had ſtaid ten minutes longer, I ſhould have loſt the coat off my back.—Oh, I ſee it all—I've been a credulous old fool, and you, Madam——

Mrs. Scat. Nay, uncle, it was no fault of mine—I was decoyed by that young hypocrite.——

Old Wood. Decoyed by a boy!—more ſhame for you; and if you have no better excuſe, prepare to quit my houſe directly—and your huſband—take your fond ſhepherd along with you.—I've been too long a dupe to your arts; but henceforth I'll behave as a father ought to do—I'll be a friend to my ſon, and an enemy to all Burgundy drinkers and faro-bankers. *Cheap Living*, A. 4. Sc. 2.

DISCOVERY. (THE)

BERNARDO AND ANNETTE, FRACTIOSO, *locked up in a Centry Box.*

Enter BERNARDO.

Ber. Ungrateful, treacherous villain! after having hazarded my life in his ſervice, to make an attempt upon it himſelf.

Annette. Who made ſuch an attempt, good Bernardo? who could be baſe enough to attack ſo precious a life as yours?

Bernardo. Who? that monſter, the Count Montoni.

Annette. What, your friend and patron?

Bernardo. The ſame—finding me reſolv'd no longer to aſſiſt his criminal deſigns againſt the lady Julia, and her father, and dreading my diſcovery of the paſt, he would have ſecured my ſilence by the dagger's point.

Annette. That's one way indeed, of making one hold one's tongue.

Bernardo. I luckily averted the blow, and wou'd have aveng'd it, but the diſappointed aſſaſſin took refuge in a boat, that was waiting for him on the beach, and has, I ſuppoſe, fled his country for ever.

Annette. In my mind his country is very much obliged to him. It would be lucky if all countries could get rid of their ſecret enemies in the ſame way.

Bernardo. I am determined now, to make every atonement in my power.

Annette. Indeed, I think it's high time—So then, my friend, your aſſertion reſpecting the guilt of Carlos, was a *miſtake*, and the buſineſs at that old caſtle, was———

Bernardo. O! name it not—horror and remorſe o'erwhelm me—wou'd I cou'd ſee Signor Fractioſo! he knows not that Carlos, whom he deſpiſed and rejected, has been the saviour of his daughter's life.

(Fractioſo peeps thro' a hole in the centry box.)

Annette. None but ſuch an obſtinate ſimpleton as my maſter, could have been ſo impoſed upon.

Bernardo. He has been deceived—grosſly deceived.

Annette. Oh, he's always made a fool of—he ought to be locked up in some place for life. (*Fractioso peeps again.*) *Enter* CLODDY, *laughing.*

Cloddy. Ha! ha! ha!—sister—sister—help me to laugh a little—ha! ha! ha!

Annette. (*mocking.*) Ha! ha! ha!—you don't seem to want any help—what's the matter wiseacre?

Cloddy. I'll tell you—you see that ship—old Fractioso hired it to carry his daughter and the rest of his goods and chattels, to the Black Mountains, and intended to go with them himself—well, the lady and the things are on board, the wind fills the main-mast, huzza! there goes a farewell gun (*gun fires*) but instead of the old gentleman, who the devil do you think has taken his place?

Fractioso. Why, the devil himself.

Cloddy. No, but a near relation of his—Hilario. (*Fractioso gives him a blow on the back with his fist, thro' the hole, then roars out with his head thro' it, and kicks against the door furiously, till he bursts it open.*)

Fractioso. You villain—holloa! stop the ship—save my property, that's all I care for.

Mysteries of the Castle, A. 3. Sc. 1.

SIR GEORGE GINGHAM, AND MRS. DARNLEY.

Sir George. Madam, I insist—(*Crossing Mrs. D. and taking her by the hand.*)—retire this instant, Sir—retire——

Gingham. Oh, I perceive—he detains her for base purposes! Oh fie, fie!—fie for shame, Sir George—is this your good breeding—your hand, ma'am—*(Trying to pass* Sir George.)

Sir George. 'Sdeath—obey me, or this sword, with which I've so often fought——

Gingham. Often fought! what, in earnest?

* * * * *

Sir George. Coward!—come on—*(Drawing his sword.)*

Gingham. Come on!—Well! why shouldn't I? I may be alarm'd at masculine women, but I don't care that—*(snapping his fingers)*—for effeminate men!

* * * * *

Sir George *and* Gingham *make two or three passes, when loud knocking at the door interrupts them.*

Sir George. Zounds!—if this should be Darnley—*(looks out.)*—it is! I'm ruin'd—undone! * * * * * Hark'ye, Sir—*(aside to* Gingham.) that lady's husband is now on the stairs, and your present wound is only a slight one; but if you hint or speak one word against my honour——

Gingham. You'll run me through the body, I suppose—well! as I can't fence—mum!

Sir George. I shall not leave the room—I shall be conceal'd, and on the slightest insinuation, by heaven! I'll come forth and cut you into atoms: promise—or you know my way——

Gingham. I do—I'll live and fight another day. *(Sir*

George goes behind the Library unperceiv'd by Gingham *or by Mrs.* Darnley.)

* * * * *

Mrs. Darnley. Let me bind your hand, with my handkerchief. (Darnley *enters behind.*) Indeed—indeed, I owe you much.

Darnley (still behind.) 'Tis now beyond a doubt—Oh woman! woman!

Gingham. (to Mrs. Darnley.) You havn't got the rage—no, you are what a woman ought to be; mild, gentle, affectionate—an angel, by all that's sacred.

Darnley. How! make love before my face!—*(advances.)* So, Mrs. Darnley——

Mrs. Darnley. Oh, my dear!—I'm so glad you're come—this gallant, generous young man——

Darnley. Generous young man!

Mrs. Darnley. Has been wounded in my cause, and——

Darnley. And you bound up his arm, with your handkerchief!—nay, don't deny it, madam—with my own eyes, I saw it—well, sir! what have you to say, sir? to that handkerchief, sir?

Gingham. Say, sir!—why, I say, the handkerchief is as fine cambric as ever was sold—twelve shillings a yard, sir!—at least I used to sell such for a guinea—a guinea, Mr. Bluff—as to any thing else, if you are the lady's husband——

Darnley. I am her husband, sir!—who has long

lov'd—long ador'd her!—and now comes here to witness her falsehood and his own dishonour!

Mrs. Darnley. What does he say;—dishonour!

Darnley. Yes, madam—with him! with this gallant, generous young man! did he not last night accompany you from the play, and now do I not find you praising each other to my very face? observe me, Maria—as you have found me tender in my affections, so you shall find me severe in my resentment.

Mrs. Darnley. I know not what he means, but I thought they'd make him hate me—I guilty of falsehood! dishonour to my husband! Oh, Harry! if you believe me so debas'd, take up that weapon, and pierce me to the heart!—in pity do!—I cannot live and know that you condemn me.

Darnley. *(taking her hand.)* Do you not love him?

Mrs. Darnley. Whom?

Darnley. *(pointing to* Gingham.*)* Him.

Gingham. Me!—love me!—I wish she did, for if I didn't use her better than you do, I'd cut my jealous head off!—look'ye, great lord and master:—she is more faithful to you, than you deserve—I know it, because just before you enter'd the room, Sir George Gauntlet, like a vile seducer as he is, was attempting to—— *(here a book falls from the library.)* cruu—au—au! *(checking himself.)* I shall be a dead man before I know it.

Darnley. Sir George Gauntlet!—paltry evasions!

—he is out of town, and has so often prov'd himself a friend ——

Mrs. Darnley. Friend!—Oh, Mr. Darnley! at last I am compell'd to tell you, he is your enemy and mine.

* * * * *

Gingham. It's true—I'll swear it!—I'll——*(another book falls.)* crau—au—au!

Darnley. I'll not believe it—he is above such arts, and I would have you, madam, not increase your guilt, by daring to abuse my best of friends.

Gingham. Best of friends!—upon my soul, you've a rare set of acquaintance then.—Sir! I always had a knack at speaking what comes uppermost, and I say, Sir George wanted to turn me out, in order to lock her in—I say, he gave me this wound, in trying to defend her from his insolence—I say he is now conceal'd in this room! *(Books fall from the Library, and leave an open space.* Gingham *looks round, and sees* Sir George's *face frowning at him through the aperture.)* —No—I don't say he's in the room—I don't because —because—*(looking round again)* it's better to be choak'd than kill'd.

Darnley. See how he prevaricates: and therefore, that my friend may be slander'd and I deceiv'd no longer, 'tis time I should decide—Maria!—It almost kills me to pronounce it——*(aside.)* we meet no more—— *(going.)*

Mrs. Darnley. (holding him.) Stay—spare me but a

moment—I cannot—will not lose him; Harry, think of our love—our children.——

Gingham. Sir! sir!—let me ask you two questions —(*Another book falls, and Sir* George *frowns at him.*) Ay, grin away you——Sir, can you fence, and will you fight?

Darnley. Perhaps, you'll find, I can, sir.

Gingham. And if I prove that Sir George hid himself to avoid you, will you stand by, and see a poor fellow cut to atoms?

Darnley. No—on the contrary, I shall be so convinc'd of the truth of your story——

Gingham. Say you so? then come out you black infernal seducer! (*Runs up to the Library—forces open the front door, and amidst the falling of all the books, Sir* George Gauntlet *is discovered!*)—There—there he is! and now come on, if you dare—here's a pair of the best fencers in Europe? (*Snatching up a sword and placing himself by Darnley.*)

Darnley. 'Tis all unravel'd—detested hypocrite!

Rage, A. 5. Sc. 2.

DISCRIMINATION.

MISS GLOOMLY AND MORTIMER.

Miss Gloomly. So—I thought this would be the case:—like other fond easy husbands, you'll forgive the pretty penitent, and take her home again.

Mortimer. Forgive her!—never:—think me not ſo loſt to every delicate and manly feeling!—a daughter or a ſiſter, after long penitence, may for an indiſcretion be forgiven:—but a wife!—a mother! ſhall ſhe be pardon'd, and partake a huſband's bleſſing and a child's embrace?—no; the virtuous wife can have no more: and if all good and evil is confounded thus, how can we hope for innocence?

Laugh When You Can, A. 4. Sc. 1.

DISINTERESTEDNESS.

SHARPSET AND GANGICA.

Sharp. I had better have done with talking, and appeal to the rhetoric of all times, and all nations. *(taking out a purſe)* you muſt know, my dear, that this gentleman is very generous—and I am ſure he will be highly pleaſed at my making you a preſent from him of this little purſe. *(gives her the purſe.)*

Gang. But what for you give me dis?

Sharp. Why, that—that you may ſpeak well of this young gentleman.

Gang. How I ſpeak well of him I not know?

Sharp. Um—But when you do know him.

Gang. Den, if he good man, I ſpeak well of him widout dis—if he bad man, I not ſpeak well of him for whole ſhip-full of money. *(returns the purſe.)*

Votary of Wealth, A. 2. Sc. 1.

DIVORCEMENT.

MAJOR CYPRUS, COL. DOWNRIGHT, AND MR. A. EUSTON.

Major Cyprus. Sir George is not dead, Sir.

Mr. Anthony. What do you mean?—Did you not tell me you were married to his wife?

Major Cyprus. Very true, Sir—but you know that is no reaſon, now-a-days, why the Lady's firſt huſband ſhould be dead.

Colonel Downright. Why, my brother meſſmate, you are juſt like me—I had forgot that a man in England might marry his neighbour's wife, and his neighbour living in the next ſtreet.—And 'tis not the wives of their neighbours, only, theſe generous gentlemen aſſail, but more eſpecially the wives of their *friends.*

Mr. Anthony. Shame on ſuch friendſhip! Shame on ſuch neighbourhood!—Let every tender huſband and virtuous wife deſert it!—*(to the Major.)* Sir, I wiſh you joy; and, though I know not who are the parties to be cenſured in this buſineſs, I wiſh her Ladyſhip joy—But more, in particular, I wiſh *myſelf* joy, with the ſincereſt congratulation, that, amidſt the depravity of the times, I have followed a beloved wife to her peaceful grave, (mournful as the day was) without ſeeing her wreſted from my arms by the inſinuations of a villain; or being myſelf that

villain to force her to seek a refuge from my perjuries, in the protection of another!

I'll Tell You What, A. 2. Sc. 2.

DUELLING.

BELCOUR AND STOCKWELL.

Bel. To the lady the most penitent submission I can make is justly due, but in the execution of an act of justice it never shall be said my soul was swayed by the least particle of fear: I have received a challenge from her brother; now, tho' I wou'd give my fortune, almost my life itself, to purchase her happiness, yet I cannot abate her one scruple of my honour; I have been branded with the name of villain.

Stock. Ay, Sir, you mistook her character, and he mistook yours; error begets error.

Bel. Villain, Mr. Stockwell, is a harsh word.

Stock. It is a harsh word, and should be unsaid.

Bel. Come, come, it shall be unsaid.

Stock. Or else what follows? Why the sword is drawn, and to heal the wrongs you have done to the reputation of the sister, you make an honourable amends by murdering the brother.

Bel. Murdering!

Stock. 'Tis thus religion writes and speaks the word; in the vocabulary of modern honour there is no such term.

West Indian, A. 4. Sc. 10.

FREDERICK AND CHARLES.

Fred. You may well conceive, Mr. Ratcliffe, with what repugnance I oppose myself to you on this occasion. Whether the event be fatal to you or to myself, small consolation will be left for the survivor. The course you take is warranted by every rule of honor, and you act no otherwise than as I expected: but as my expression justifies your challenge, so did your provocation justify my expression; and your language being addressed to a lady, whom I have the honor to protect, it is not in my power to retract one tittle of what I said; for, were you to repeat the same insult, I should follow it with the same retort.

Ch. If you hold to the words, I know not how we can adjust it amicably.

Fred. There is a way: you must find it out.

Ch. Suppose, then, that my language had been addressed to any other person than Eliza, wou'd you in that case have apologiz'd for your expression?

Fred. I will speak plainly to you, and the rather as I am now perhaps speaking to you for the last time. —Admitted by your sister's favour into a family, whose representative resents her conduct, I will not so disgrace her choice in your eyes, who have opposed it, as to submit in the first instance to the most distant hint at an apology.

Ch. I understand you now—You would have it spring from me—Impossible!

Fred. Then no more is to be said.

Ch. No more—defend yourſelf. *(They fight.)*

Fred. What's that? I've wounded you.

Ch. No.

Fred. Yes; I'm ſure of it. 'Tis in your arm; you cannot poiſe your ſword.

[Charles *drops his ſword.*

Ch. It is too true: your point has hit me thro' the guard: I'm at your mercy.

Fred. I am at your's, dear Charles, for pardon and forgiveneſs; now I retract my words, and bluſh for having uſed them.

* * * * *

SHEVA *enters.*

Sheva. Dear me! dear me! what have you been about? Do you come into a public tavern, and lock yourſelves up to be private?

Ch. Perhaps we did not wiſh the world to know the ſilly buſineſs we have been engag'd in.

Sheva. Gootneſs defend me! is it come to this? Have I been ſtudying how to make you happy, whilſt you were ſtriving how to make me wretched? What a ſtrange world is this! Are you not friends? Are you not brothers? Is that a reaſon you ſhou'd quarrel? And if you differ, muſt you fight? Can your ſwords argue better than their maſters? You call that an affair of honour, I ſuppoſe; under your favor I do not think it a very honourable affair; 'tis only giving a fine name to a foul deed.

Fred. Cuſtom has gloſs'd it over, and we are ſlaves to cuſtom.

Sheva. I aſk your pardon; I am only a poor Jew, a ſtranger in your country, and have not yet been taught to reverence all your cuſtoms. Goot lack, goot lack! what is the matter with your wriſt?

Ch. Nothing to ſignify; a trifling ſcratch.

Sheva. A ſcratch you call it; that is a wound in common language: I pray you come to my poor houſe, and let that ſcratch be heal'd; you had great care for me, let me have ſome for you: that is my ſenſe of an affair of honor; to pay the debt that I do owe to you, and to your fader, who preſerv'd my life in Spain, that is my point of honor.

Jew, A. 5. Sc. 1.

MONROSE AND OLIVER.

Mon. Either comply, or one of us ſhall never depart alive.

Ol. Your threats are impotent.

Mon. Then my deeds ſhall be deciſive. (*Produces piſtols.*) Take this.

Ol. For what purpoſe?

Mon. A gentleman need not aſk.

Ol. Pſhaw! Jargon!

Mon. No delay! Aurelia is yours or mine.

Ol. Are you an aſſaſſin?

Mon. Do aſſaſſins furniſh their enemy with weapons?

Ol. If murder muſt be committed, the glory muſt

be all your own; for never ſhall this arm be levelled at the life of man.

Mon. Damnation! Coward! Fire!

Ol. Fire you, madman!

Mon. Hell!

Ol. Think you I am to be bullied into what you call courage? If you are ſo wound up to murder, begin! Here is your mark! Take your level! A ſhot through the heart, or a bullet through the brain. Then vaunt of your dexterity; and again reiterate your epithet, gentleman.

Knave or Not, A. 5. Sc. 4.

DUELLISTS (MODERN) RIDICULED.

SAUNTER AND NOMINAL *(behind.)*

Saun. Poor fellow! if he ſhould be killed, or even wounded.

Nom. Wounded! Why, here I am, George; as ſound and as merry—Wounded!—Oh, you dull dog!

Saun. Dull! Why, from your ſervant's account I might ſuppoſe you were dead.

Nom. Dead! Pſhoo! Do you think I don't know better? Hark ye, ſince we're alone, I'll let you into a ſecret.—Lord Jargon wanted to challenge me, but cou'dn't ſum up courage; ſo, ſooner than loſe the

glory of a combat with so great a man, I consented to *(whispering him)* you understand me, we fought to satisfy the town, not ourselves.

Saun. Satisfy the town! how do you mean?

Nom. How do I mean? Why, do you think we fought to please ourselves? Nonsense! That's been gone by long ago—No, no; the case was this—He was compelled to fight to save his reputation, and I chose to fight, to get a name! So we kept up appearance, measured ground, exchanged shots, seconds interfered—applauded our spirit, signed the report—And now we're both men of honour as long as we live!—There, you rogue—shot ourselves into notice.

Notoriety, A. 5. Sc. 1.

DUPLICITY.

LADY RUBY AND SABINA.

Lady R. A villain shou'd be dragg'd to light, and punish'd by the world's contempt.

Sabina. Let his own conscience be his punishment! Tho' he has ruin'd me, basely betray'd me by a pretended marriage, and then cruelly abandon'd me; what can I say or do? Shall a poor alien like me contend with power like his?—Your laws will not redress me; my religion is not his religion; I know not who is that Italian monk that married us; I know not where to find him; or, if I cou'd, what then? My Lord would little care for that.

Lady R. My Lord ſhall care; doubt not but there are means to make him care, and feel and tremble for his character, which public fame ſhall blaſt thro' all the world, unleſs he does you right.

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Lord SENSITIVE *and Lady* RUBY.

Lord S. If I am too bold in approaching you without ſpecial permiſſion, your ſervants are in the fault, who ſaid they had orders to admit me without reſerve.

Lady R. They told you truth; you may remember I ſaid my doors were open to all perſons of honor; and who fulfils that character more completely than Lord Senſitive?

Ld. S. But might I not have interrupted a converſation more agreeable than Lord Senſitive's?—Frederick Mowbray is come home.

Lady R. Well, if he is?

Ld. S. Then there is one more votary (and no mean one, I confeſs) to offer incenſe at the ſhrine of that divinity whom all men worſhip, and all women envy.

Lady R. I cou'd give you a reaſon, my Lord, which I am ſure you wou'd admit to be concluſive, againſt Mr. Mowbray's addreſſing me.

Ld. S. May I aſk what ſhould prevent him from paying his addreſſes to your Ladyſhip?

Lady R. Simply this—becauſe he has pledg'd them elſewhere, and is too much of a man of honor to violate his engagements.

Ld. S. Oh!—if he is engaged elſewhere—that is if—if he is abſolutely bound—that alters the caſe.

Lady R. To be ſure it does: I knew you wou'd allow the reaſon to be good; I knew you wou'd feel the force of it.

Ld. S. So I do indeed—I feel the force of it very thoroughly.

Lady R. I am ſatisfied you do, and I hope you will credit me when I declare to you upon the word of truth, that if Frederick Mowbray was the one man whom I preferr'd before all men living, and I knew him guilty of having pledg'd his faith to another woman, whom he afterwards abandoned, I would as ſoon join hands with infamy, and be the outcaſt of ſociety, as with ſuch a traitor.

Ld. S. That—that is very ſtrong, Lady Ruby, and beſpeaks your utter abhorrence of double dealing; but will you permit me to obſerve that much would depend upon who and what the woman was.

Lady R. I would not hear of ſuch a plea, and you, my Lord, would be the laſt man living to allow of it; 'twould be a mere evaſion, not a mitigation of his guilt—Every mean wretch can blaſt the reputation of the fond believing victim, whom his unmanly cunning has ſeduced, and his unprincipled inconſtancy deſerted.

Ld. S. That is quite unanſwerable, Lady Ruby; that brings it home to a man's conſcience, I confeſs: I have nothing to offer in defence of ſuch a proceeding.

Lady R. No, no, there is no ſophiſtry can palliate ſeduction—What then would you ſay, if, in aggravation of his wickedneſs, he had abus'd her credulity by a pretended marriage?

Ld. S. Madam!—Madam!—Who told you this?

Lady R. Who told me? What is it you mean? I am ſuppoſing a caſe, and did you underſtand I was ſtating a fact? I hope there is no one (of my acquaintance at leaſt) whoſe conſcience can plead guilty to a charge like this; if there is, I am ſure Frederick Mowbray is not the man.—So now your Lordſhip ſees I have ſet you perfectly at your eaſe about him.

Ld. S. I cannot ſay, madam, I am juſt now perfectly at my eaſe.

Lady R. Why how now, my good Lord! I think I have been tolerably explicit.

Ld. S. Yes, yes, I don't complain of that; I perfectly underſtand you. *Firſt Love*, A. 5. Sc. 1.

ECLAIRCISSEMENT.

MORDENT AND JOANNA, *in men's clothes.*

Mor. Who is it here that knows Joanna?

Joan. *(appearing.)* I do.

Mor. Sir! Do you! Well, and what? Where?—Is ſhe ſafe?

Joan. I hope ſo.

Mor. But where, Sir, where?

Joan. (*Aside*) 'Tis Mr. Mordent! (*Aloud.*) Why do you enquire;

Mor. For heaven's ſake, Sir, do not torment me by delay, but tell me where ſhe is.

Joan. I muſt not.

Mor. (*Seizing her arm*) But, Sir, I ſay you muſt, and ſhall!

Joan. (*Firmly*) Sir, you miſtake, if you ſuppoſe menaces can prevail.

Mor. Excuſe me! I would give my right hand to know what it appears you can tell.

Joan. I can tell nothing, 'till I am firſt made acquainted with your true motives.

Mor. And will you inform me then?

Joan. Provided I am certain of their purity.

Mor. Know then, that I pant for a ſight of her once more, to do her the little juſtice that is yet in my power. Know, the wrongs ſhe has received from me are irreparable, vile, ſuch as could not have happened but in this worſt of worlds! Know, that I, her natural guardian, have been her perſecutor; that I drove her to the abode of infamy; that I became the agent of her ruin, the plotter againſt her chaſtity; and that, when I had ſet the engines of darkneſs and hell at work to enſure her everlaſting wretchedneſs, I then diſcovered (*with horror*) ſhe was my daughter!

Joan. Sir!—Your daughter!—You? You my father?

Mor. How!

Joan. *(Falling at his feet, and snatching his hand)* Oh!

Mor. Can it be—My child?—My Joanna? *(Eagerly raising and regarding her again)* It is! It is! *(Falling on her neck)*

Joan. My father!

Mor. My child! And innocent?

Joan. As your own wishes: or the word father should never have escaped my lips! This dress was the disguise conveyed to me, by which I effected my escape. I can suffer any thing but dishonour.

Mor. A father? Oh!—I do not deserve thee; I do not deserve thee! *(gazing rapturously)* Once again let me fold thee to my heart!

Deserted Daughter, A. 5. Sc. 4.

EDUCATION.

LADY SARAH AND MRS. DARNLEY.

Lady S. ——Don't be uneasy, my dear,—these fashionable intrigues are very harmless, I'll assure you, and if you had had my free and liberal education—but poor thing! I suppose you were sent to school for instruction.

Mrs. Darn. To school! as certainly, ma'am—

Lady S. There it is then: For what could you learn! only to sing well enough to spoil conversation—to play on the harpsicord, so as to give papa,

mama, and the whole family an afternoon's nap—to dance so aukwardly as to be always out of tune and place, and to speak just French enough, to make you forget English: this is a boarding school education—But I my dear——

Mrs. Darn. Hear me, madam! when I first saw you, I was the happiest of women—I had a husband who lov'd and honour'd me—who doated on his children, and knew no pleasure but in his family! and how how severe is the reverse! you have robb'd me of that treasure, seduc'd it from my heart, and I return to a melancholy home, without a friend for my own distresses, or a father for my children!

Lady S. And how can I help it?—didn't I mean to do you both a service by introducing you to the great world?

Mrs. Darn. Great world!—there again, madam! —when I enter'd this house, I expected from the exalted rank of its owner, to have been surrounded with kindness, elegance, and hospitality!—but I find that high birth does not create high breeding, nor am I, because humbly born, less likely to set a polished example than yourself. *Rage*, A 2. Sc. 2.

LIZARD, LADY ESTHER, SUSAN, &c.

Liz. Will your ladyship give me leave to introduce my daughter—a clever girl, though I say it, head teacher at Mrs. Monsoon's:—You have heard

of Mrs. Monſoon, that parent of ſcience and needle-work, who fits out the young ladies for India, keeps the firſt ſchool in town. A fine ſituation!—not a girl there, but coſts her parents a fortune in dreſs and accompliſhments; and, as my ſon Jack ſays, they know more of life at ſixteen than their grand-mothers do at ſixty.

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Lady E. Head teacher at Mrs. Monſoon's—a deſirable companion *(aſide)*—If Mrs. Monſoon's ſchool is ſo expenſive, I ſuppoſe your ſcholars are more ſelect than numerous.

Suſan. Pardon me, my lady, the more expenſive the ſchool, the more numerous the ſcholars.—Let me ſee—we have about thirty in the Indian department alone.

Lady E. Indian department!——what can you mean?

Suſan. How ignorant people are in the country! *(aſide.)* Why, Mem, ſome of our young ladies are deſtin'd on a matrimonial ſpeculation for India, that we call the India department! they are kept quite diſtinct, and are got up in a particular way—they are to be creatures all fancy and faſcination—to be ſure one ought to have the eyes of Argus for ſuch an undertaking; no longer ago than laſt ſeaſon we ſent out a young lady to Bengal, actually beſpoke, and freighted out at the expence of the richeſt man in India, and, would you believe it, ſhe threw herſelf away upon a beggarly cadet, the chance com-

panion of her voyage, instead of flying to the arms of a man worth half a million. *Secret*, A. 1. Sc. 4.

EFFECT.

MIST (*with a Manuscript Play in his hand*) AND WORRY.

Mist. Oh, it won't do—'twill be damn'd.

Worry. Now pray take pity—pray give your assistance, sir:—there's the sweetest young lady just lock'd into that room, and if you would but help to release her——

Mist. How! what! young lady lock'd up! and I help to release her!—pooh—nonsense!—what's her case!—And me—why apply to me?

Worry. Because I'm sure you will befriend us—and if you did but know how well she had conducted herself!—how charmingly she had acted her part——

Mist. What! acted her part!

Worry. Ay! no woman ever acted better:—such sense! such feeling sir!—and now, when she is so ready to engage herself—

Mist. Ready to engage!—oh, ho—comprehend now—lock'd up to keep her from the stage, and apply to me 'cause I'm Manager—he! he!—Hark ye; how's her voice?

Worry. Delightful.

Mist. And her action?

Worry. Graceful.

Mist. And her figure?

Worry. Beautiful.

Mist. Damme she'll do my business till Harlequin comes! say no more—my house is open—I'll give her an appearance.

Worry. What! you'll get her out!

Mist. To be sure I will—in what part she likes best—tragedy, comedy, opera, farce, pantomime!——And you!—want a clown—you shall play clown—also if you're married!—don't reply—see it by your chin—give you and your wife freedom—perpetual free admission—But now for it—now to plan plot——Hem!—Here is the author.

Enter (from folding doors) MRS. DAZZLE.

Mrs. Daz. *(locking the doors, and putting the key in her pocket.)* So now Juliana's safe, and I get my husband's estate—Oh, Worry, have you seen Mr. Alltrade?

Worry. *(confused.)* Hey! yes——I've seen Mr. Alltrade, and he'll be here with the chaise directly.

Mist. *(reading play)* "Burleigh carries off Mary."

Mrs. Daz. What! no further, Mr. Mist?—I suppose you're thinking of the effect, Mr. Manager?

Worry. Mr. Manager!—Oh! I understand now—

Mist. Yes! but can't tell without rehearsal—cannot judge unless I saw it on the boards——Let me see—there's the prison gate—*(pointing to the folding doors)*——you are Jockey Norfolk—no, I'm jockey——I'll tell you what—suppose we give it a trial!

Mrs. Daz. A trial! what a rehearsal now in this room?—Delightful!—I should like it of all things.

Mist. So should I—then listen—I'll play Norfolk —you Queen Elizabeth——

Mrs. Daz. He, Burleigh—(*pointing to* Worry.)

Worry. Who the devil's Burleigh—

Mrs. Daz. And for Mary——dear! dear! where shall we get a Mary?

Mist. Tell you—all in way of rehearsal—young lady you just lock'd in—she's in same situation you know.

Mrs. Daz. So she is—here Worry!—here's an excellent opportunity to take her to Mr. Alltrade. (*Aside to* Worry *who nods to her significantly*)—I declare I can't help laughing.

Mist. No more can I—Oh damme, I see it will produce an effect now!—give me the key (Mrs. Dazzle *gives it him*)—All to our separate places, and let rehearsal begin—Enter Duke of Norfolk. (*Puts himself in a mock tragic attitude, and speaks bombastically.*) "Now! by my holy dame, with this same key, "Jockey of Norfolk, thou'lt unlock the gate of "Scottish Mary's prison. (*Unlocks folding doors, and* "*leads out* Juliana.)—Beshrew me, but you're safe, "and so good morrow, good Queen Elizabeth!"

Mrs. Daz. "(*also speaking bombastically.*) Go to— "we'll nip 'em in the bud—Why, how now, re- "bels?—For this treacherous Queen— (*seizing* Ju- "liana, *and delivering her to* Worry; *who puts him-* "*self in a tragic attitude*)—convey her to the tower!

"——and there good Burleigh—You take the hint!—
"Away!"

Mist. Ay:—You take the hint!—Away!

Worry. Oh yes:—I take the hint—Away! *(Exit with* Juliana.)

Mrs. Daz. Bravo!—will it meet with diſapprobation now?——

Mist. No—it muſt be a very illnatured audience, indeed, that don't applaud ſo ingenious an exit.—

Mrs. Daz. Ay, there's authorſhip for you!

Mist. Egad, and there's management for you!

Mrs. Daz. Remember, ſir, but for me theſe characters wouldn't have been brought on the ſtage.

Mist. No; and but for you they wouldn't have been got off the ſtage; but now to get Norfolk off——Muſt follow new actreſs— *(Aside.)*

Mrs. Daz. Stop! I'll tell you; Elizabeth firſt turns her back upon him—then Norfolk makes a long harangue—then——

Mist. Pſha! hang long harangues,—touch and go,—that's the plan for effect; I'll ſhew you how to do Norfolk's exit—firſt turn your back on me, P. S. (Mrs. Dazzle *turns her back on him.*)—So then I ſtrut off O. P.—Gently—don't turn round till I'm gone; then work yourſelf into a furious paſſion—Mary, I fly!—I follow thee! and ſo, good morrow, good Queen Elizabeth!——Hem,—there's another good exit! [*Exit.*

Mrs. Daz. Oh, the old fool! how I ſhall wheedle him!

Enter SIR HERVEY *and* ALLTRADE.

Sir Her. Madam!

Mrs. Daz. Is he gone! now then to work myself into a furious passion—*(turning round.)*—Base wretch! Thou traitor!—How! Sir Hervey!—Mr. ——— Heavens! have you seen nothing of Miss Sutherland?—*(to* Alltrade.)

Alltrade. No; and Sir Hervey has brought the bond on purpose for me to present to her, and now to our astonishment, we find she and Worry have gone out of the castle together:—what can it mean?

Mrs. Daz. Mean! *(bursts into tears)*—that I am wheedled myself—Oh that brute of a manager! Sir Hervey, 'tis too plain—she has elop'd.——

Management, A. 2. Sc. 3.

EGOTISM.

CHEERLY, *(Solus.)*

Cheer. Oh, confound it! here's Captain Vain. Now will this conceited fellow bother me for an hour or two about himself. *(Going.)*

Enter VAIN.

Vain. I see you, Cheerly. You can't hide yourself from *me.* I'm one who sees every thing in a moment. You have heard what has happened to *me* since *I* went?

Cheer. No, faith, I have not.

Vain. The moſt extraordinary thing. Always ſomething ſurprizing wherever *I* go. For my part *I* really think as to *myſelf*, that——But what are you at, Cheerly? What! attempting to ſpy into your neighbour's cabin! Juſt like *me*, egad! I've done that often in my time, tho' it's hardly fair play between you and *I*.

Cheer. Vain, you know a ſeaman cannot act unfairly; here is a little frigate in this harbour, of which I wou'd fain take the command honorably; but her old uncle thinks me too poor to hold the commiſſion.

Vain. Exactly *me* again. Egad! I had beſt give a little thought to your caſe *myſelf*.

Cheer. I have told you where my anchor lies. Can you lend me a hand to purchaſe it?

Vain. Can I? I don't like to praiſe myſelf; but I am ſuch a deviliſh clever fellow; it is quite aſtoniſhing—I never turn my head to a project but it ſucceeds——Any thing, every thing—never miſs—I'm ſo clever.

Lock and Key, A. 1. Sc. 1.

EMOTION.

MORDENT AND LENNOX.

Mor. Mr. Lennox, I am at this moment a determined and deſperate man, and muſt be anſwered ——Where is ſhe?

Len. Sir, I am as determined and as deſperate as

yourſelf, and I ſay, where is ſhe? For you alone can tell?

Mor. 'Tis falſe!

Len. Falſe?

Mor. Ay, falſe!

Len. *(Going up to him)* He is the falſeſt of the falſe, that dares whiſper ſuch a word!

Mor. Hark you, ſir, I underſtand your meaning, and came purpoſely provided. *(Draws a pair of piſtols)* Take your choice. They are loaded.

Len. Oh, with all my heart! *(Preſents at ſome paces diſtant.)* Come, ſir.

Mor. *(Approaching ſternly)* Nigher!

Len. *(Approaching deſperately)* As nigh as you pleaſe!

Mor. *(Placing himſelf)* Foot to foot!

Len. *(Franticly—both preſenting)* Muzzle to muzzle!

Mor. *(Short pauſe)* Why don't you fire?

Len. Why don't you unlock your piſtol?

Mor. *(After unlocking)* There!

Len. Why do you turn it out of the line?—*(Drops his arm. Pauſe.)* I ſee your intention, Mordent! you are tired of life, and want me to murder you!—Damn it, man, that is not treating your friend like a friend!—Kill me if you will, but don't make me your aſſaſſin!

(Pauſe—both greatly affected)

Mor. *(Tenderly)* Nay, kill me, or tell me where you have lodged the wretched girl.

Len. *(With great energy)* Fiends ſeize me, if I have

lodged her any where, or know what is become of her.

Mor. Your behaviour tells me you are ſincere, and to convince you at once I am no leſs ſo, know—ſhe is my daughter!

Len. (*Seized*) Your daughter?

Mor. The honeſt indefatigable Donald diſcovered her at Enfield's!

Len. Murder my friend, and debauch his daughter!

Mor. (*Deeply affected*) We are ſad fellows—(*They pauſe & gradually recover from the deep paſſion with which they were mutually ſeized.*) Again and again, 'tis a vile world.

Len. (*Eagerly*) I'll ſeek it through with you to find her.—Forgive me!

Mor. (*Takes his hand*) Would I could forgive myſelf! *Deſerted Daughter*, A. 5. Sc. 1.

ENVY.

DANGLE, SIR FRETFUL PLAGIARY, SNEER, &c.

Dan. But, Sir Fretful, have you ſent your play to the managers yet?—or can I be of any ſervice to you?

Sir Fret. No, no, I thank you; I believe the piece had ſufficient recommendation with it.—I thank you tho'—I ſent it to the manager of COVENT-GARDEN THEATER this morning.

Sneer. I ſhould have thought now, that it might have been caſt (as the actors call it) better at DRURY LANE.

Sir Fret. O lud! no—never ſend a play there while I live—harkee! (*Whiſpers* Sneer)

Sneer. Writes himſelf!—I know he does—

Sir Fret. I ſay nothing—I take away from no man's merit—am hurt at no man's good fortune—I ſay nothing—But this I will ſay—through all my knowledge of life, I have obſerved—that there is not a paſſion ſo ſtrongly rooted in the human heart as envy!

Sneer. I believe you have reaſon for what you ſay, indeed.

Sir Fret. Beſides—I can tell you it is not always ſo ſafe to leave a play in the hand of thoſe who write themſelves.

Sneer. What, they may ſteal from them, hey, my dear Plagiary?

Sir Fret. Steal!—to be ſure they may; and egad, ſerve your beſt thoughts as gypſies do ſtolen children, disfigure them to make 'em paſs for their own.

Sneer. But your preſent work is a ſacrifice to Melpomene, and HE you know never———

Sir Fret. That's no ſecurity—A dext'rous plagiariſt may do any thing.—Why, Sir, for ought I know, he might take out ſome of the beſt things in my tragedy, and put them into his own comedy.

Sneer. That might be done, I dare be ſworn.

Sir Fret. And then if ſuch a perſon gives you the

least hint, or assistance, he is devilish apt to take the merit of the whole.——

Dang. If it succeeds.

Sir Fret. Aye,—but with regard to this piece, I think I can hit that gentleman, for I can safely swear he never read it. *Critic*, A. 1. Sc. 1.

EQUIVOQUE.

VAPID AND LADY WAITFOR'T.

Lady. Sir, your most obedient.

Vap. Ma'am. (*bowing*)

Lady. Pray keep your seat, sir—I beg I mayn't disturb you.

Vapid. By no means, ma'am—give me leave—(*both sit*) who the devil have we here? [*Aside.*

Lady. I am told, sir, you have business for Lady Waitfor't.

Vapid. Yes, ma'am—being my first appearance in that character, but I could wait whole hours for so beautiful a woman.

Lady. Oh, sir!

Vap. Yes—I am no stranger to her charms,—sweet young creature!

Lady. Nay, dear sir, not so *very* young.

Vap. Your pardon, ma'am, and her youth enhances her other merits—but oh! she has one charm that surpasses all.

Lady. Has she, sir? what may it be?

Vap. Her paſſion for the ſtage.

Lady. Sir!

Vap. Yes, her paſſion for the ſtage! that in my mind makes her the firſt of her ...

Lady. Sir, ſhe has no paſſion for the ſtage.

Vap. Yes, yes, ſhe has.

Lady. But I proteſt ſhe has not.

Vap. But I declare and affirm it as a fact, ſhe has a ſtrong paſſion for the ſtage, and a violent attachment for all the people that belong to it.

Lady. Sir, I don't underſtand you—explain.

Vap. Hark'ye,—we are alone—I promiſe it ſhall go no further, and I'll let you into a ſecret——I know ————

Lady. Well!—what do you know?

Vap. I know a certain dramatic author with whom ſhe——he had a letter from her this morning.

Lady. What!

Vap. Yes,—an aſſignation—don't be alarmed—the man may be depended on—he is ſafe—very ſafe!—long in the habit of intrigue—a good perſon too!—a very good perſon indeed.

Lady. Amazement!

Vap. (*Whiſpering her*) Hark'ye, he means to make her happy in leſs than half an hour.

Lady (*Riſing*) Sir,— do you know whom you are talking to?—do you know who I am?

Vap. No,—how the devil ſhould I!

Lady. Then know, I am Lady Waitfor't.

Vap. You, Lady Waitfor't?

Lady. Yes, ſir—the only Lady Waitſor't!

Vap. Mercy on me!—here's incident!

Lady. Yes,——and I am convinced you were ſent here by that traitor, Neville—ſpeak, is he not your friend?

Vap. Yes, ma'am:—I know Mr. Neville—here's equivoque!

Lady. This is ſome trick, ſome ſtratagem of his—he gave you the letter to perplex and embarraſs me.

Vap. Gave the letter! gad that's great—pray ma'am give me leave to aſk you one queſtion—Did you write to Mr. Neville?

Lady. Yes, ſir—to confeſs the truth I did—but from motives—

Vap. Stop, my dear ma'am, ſtop——I have it—now let me be clear—firſt you ſend him a letter; is it not ſo? yes—then he gives it to me—very well: then I come, (ſuppoſing you only twenty) mighty well! then you turn out ninety—charming!—then comes the embaraſſment: then the eclairciſſement! Oh its glorious!—Give me your hand—you have atoned for every thing.

Lady. Oh! I owe all this to that villain, Neville—I am not revengeful—but 'tis a weakneſs to endure ſuch repeated provocations, and I'm convinced the mind, that too frequently forgives bad actions, will at laſt forget good ones.

Vap. Bravo! encore, encore——it is the very beſt ſentiment I ever heard————ſay it again! pray ſay it again,————take it down, and

blend it with the incident, and you ſhall be gratified one day or other with ſeeing the whole on the ſtage. —" The mind that too frequently forgives bad actions, will at laſt forget goo[illegible]." (*Taking it down in his common place book.*)

Lady. This madman's f[illegible] [illegible] my Lord too ſhould diſcover him (*Vapid [illegible] takes notes*) here, the conſequences might be dread[illegible], and the ſcheme of Ennui's play all undone.—— Sir, I deſire you'll quit my houſe immediately—Oh! I'll be reveng'd, I'm determined. [*Exit.*

VAPID, (*ſolus.*)

What a great exit! very well!——I've got an incident however—Faith! I have noble talents—to extract gold from lead has been the toil of numberleſs philoſophers: but I extract it from a baſer metal, human frailty——Oh! it's a great thing to be a dramatic genius!——a very great thing indeed!

Dramatiſt, A. 2. Sc. 1.

SIR CHRISTOPHER CURRY AND SERVANT.

Serv. A ſtrange gentleman, Sir, come[illegible] the quay, deſires to ſee you.

Sir Chr. From the quay? Od's my life!—[illegible] —'Tis Inkle! Show him up, directly. [*Exit Ser*[illegible] The rogue *is* expeditious after all.—I'm ſo happy.

Enter CAMPLEY.

My dear Fellow! *(embracing him—shakes hands.)* I'm rejoic'd to see you. Welcome! welcome here, with all my soul!

Camp. This reception, Sir Christopher, is beyond my [illegible] wishes—Unknown to you——

Sir Chr. Aye, aye; we shall be better acquainted by and by. Well, and how, eh! Tell me!—But old Medium and I have talk'd over your affair a hundred times a day, ever since Narcissa arriv'd.

Camp. You surprise me! Are you then really acquainted with the whole affair?

Sir Chr. Every tittle.

Camp. And, can you, Sir, pardon what is past?—

Sir Chr. Pooh! how could you help it?

Camp. Very true—sailing in the same ship—and—

Sir Chr. Aye, aye; but we have had a hundred conjectures about you. Your despair and distress, and all that—Your's must have been a damn'd situation, to say the truth.

Camp. Cruel indeed, Sir Christopher! and I flatter myself will move your compassion. I have been almost inclin'd to despair, indeed, as you say, but when you consider the past state of my mind——the black prospect before me.—

Sir Chr. Ha! ha! Black enough, I dare say.

Camp. The difficulty I have felt in bringing myself face to face to you.

Sir Chr. That I am convinc'd of—but I knew you wou'd come the first opportunity.

Camp. Very true: yet the distance between the Governor of Barbadoes and myself——(*Bowing.*)

Sir Chr. Yes—a devilish way asunder.

Camp. Granted, Sir: which has distress'd me with the cruelest doubts as to our meeting.

Sir Chr. It was a toss up.

Camp. The old Gentleman seems devilish kind.—Now to soften him. (*Aside*) Perhaps, Sir, in your younger days, you may have been in the same situation yourself.

Sir Chr. Who? I! sblood! no, never in my life.

Camp. I wish you had, with all my soul, Sir Christopher.

Sir Chr. Upon my soul, Sir, I am very much obliged to you. (*Bowing*)

Camp. As what I now mention might have greater weight with you.

Sir Chr. Pooh! prithee! I tell you I pitied you from the bottom of my heart.

Camp. Indeed! * * * * * *

If, with your leave, I may still venture to mention, Miss Narcissa——

Sir Chr. An impatient, sensible young dog! like me to a hair! Set your heart at rest, my boy. She's your's; your's before to-morrow morning.

Camp. Amazement! I can scarce believe my senses

Sir Chr. Zounds! you ought to be out of your

senses: but dispatch—make short work of it, ever while you live, my boy.

Inkle and Yarico, A. 2. Sc. 2.

MONFORD AND WHIMSEY.

Monf. Between you and me, Mr. Whimsey, it won't do for younger brothers, to fall in love.

Whim. Certainly not. It may well be call'd *falling* in love. 'Tis in truth a false step, and many a man, who has once met with the accident, has found the ill effects of it ever afterwards.

Monf. Right, Sir; suppose now you were to recommend me to a wife—a rich widow, for instance.

Whim. Eh! why what say you to the lady of this mansion, Mrs. Pattypan?—My son Jack tells me, in his letters, she is worth a round sum.

Monf. A good thought, Sir; with your permission, I'll step to Miss Whimsey, and tell her my resolution of courting the old lady directly.

Whim. Don't trouble yourself—I'll step to Miss Whimsey myself; and return immediately, to have a little more talk with you on the subject.

* * * *

Monf. If I can make him believe this absurdity but for a few hours, all may yet be well—I think I can easily find means to convey my dear girl out of the reach of her father's power this evening.

* * * * *

Enter Mrs. PATTYPAN.

Mrs. Patt. Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant. * * * * I hope, Sir, you like the lodgings, and don't think them dear at three guineas a week.

Monf. Certainly not.

Enter WHIMSEY.

Mrs. Patt. Aye; I knew we ſhould agree, Sir, Ha! ha! ha!

Whim. Egad, he has put the queſtion to her.—*(Aſide)* Monford, I perceive you have begun the attack.

Monf. And have conquer'd too—only don't interrupt me in my victory.

* * * * *

Mrs. Patt. (to Whim.) Your ſervant, Sir, we had come to terms before you came in.

Whim. Then I am ſure I wont interrupt you; and ſo good bye.—*(Aſide)* I'll take the liberty of liſtening to their converſation, however—nothing but the evidence of my own ears can remove my ſuſpicions. [*Exit.*

Monf. Don't mind my father, Mrs. Pattypan, old folks have their peculiarities.

Mrs. Patt. True, Sir—I dare ſay it will be the ſame with you and me, when we grow old.—[*Enter Whimſey, and retires to the back ſcene*] But, however, to

return to business—right reckoning makes long friends, as I us'd to tell my first husband—

Monf. Aye, I dare say we shall be very happy togeth[illegible]

Wh[illegible] (*Aside.*) Happy together!

Mrs. Patt. I presume, Sir, you generally dine out.

Monf. C[illegible]ntly.

Whim. (*As[illegible]*) Zounds, that's odd enough; not to dine at h[illegible], during the honey-moon at least.

Mrs. Patt. [illegible]nd you keep good hours, I hope, Sir.

Monf. Oh, yes, you'll always find me in bed by twelve o'clock.

Whim. (*Aside*) That's a material article.

Monf. I think you have no family, Mrs. Pattypan?

Mrs. Patt. No, Sir, I never had any yet—but as I think of altering my situation, it may happen that—

Monf. I understand you—but that will make no sort of difference to me.

Mrs. Patt. Indeed! I am very happy to hear it—for you know, Sir, some gentlemen have an objection to children.

Whim. (*Aside*) Egad! there can be no deceit in all this—it will be a match, I see that—(*coming forward*) (*aloud*) I wish you both joy with all my soul—don't be confus'd, Mrs. Pattypan—you know this isn't the first bargain of the sort you have struck.

Mrs. Patt. Oh dear, no, Sir; nor I hope it will not be the last.

Whim. (*Aside*) D——d good encouragement for a

man to venture on her. I ſuppoſe ſhe expects to bury two or three huſbands yet. * * * *

Come, as it is a bargain, take hands on it—take hands—nay, ſalute her—come, kiſs her, boy. ——— *(joining their bands)* May you live together, and may no domeſtic quarrels obtrude on your happineſs.

* * * * *

WHIMSEY AND MRS. PATTYPAN.

Whim. Egad, tho', I'll aſk the old woman ſome queſtions about him; there can be no harm in that. ——Pray, Mrs. Pattypan, if I don't hurt your delicacy by the queſtion, how long may you have been acquainted with this young man whom you are going to marry?

Mrs. Patt. (*Aſide*) Young man whom I am going to marry! how the deuce cou'd he hear of my intending to marry Tim Tartlett?

Whim. You'll excuſe my curioſity—but pray is not he rather wild?

Mrs. Patt. (*Aſide*) Yes, yes—he means Tim.—(*to him*) Why, Sir, I fear he is rather flighty—he has his little gallantries.

Whim. Look ye, Mrs. Pattypan—as to his little gallantries, as you call them, perhaps I know more of the matter than you do.

Mrs. Patt. Dear Sir, you awaken my curioſity.

Whim. In a word, your intended huſband has made love to my daughter.

Mrs. Patt. What do I hear! I shall certainly faint.

Whim. (*Attempting to support her*) For Heaven's sake [illegible] faint yet, for I can't support you, upon my

[illegible]*tt.* An ungrateful fellow!—who owes all [illegible] the world to me!

* * * * *

[illegible]r, how did you first discover this affair? [illegible]ll the particulars—

Whi[illegible] if I had thought of it a little sooner but for aught I know, at this moment your scapegrace may be explaining to my daughter some particulars of which I shou'd wish her at present to remain ignorant—so it behoves me to look about me.

[*Exit.*

Mrs. Patt. (*Sola*)—Why, here they come!—yes, to be sure!—Madam ogles, and simpers; how ugly she looks when she smiles!— [*Retreats.*

Enter CHARLOTTE *and* TIM.

Char. And what time is the chaise to be ready?

Tim. At twelve o'clock, Miss—that was the time Squire Monford fix'd.——

Char. Oh! Mr. Timothy, I own to you my courage fails me, now I come to the point.

Mrs. Patt. (*Aside*) I think your Ladyship seems to have a pretty good share of courage, to come to the point so soon.

Tim. As to the matter of that, Miss, as I told you before, I am as much in love as you are—

Mrs. Patt. (*Aſide*) A mutual declaration of love!

Tim. Never mind—by this time to-morrow you'll be out of your father's reach.

Mrs. Patt. (*Aſide*) Gracious me! he [illegible] elope with her!

Tim. How the old gentleman will [illegible]torm!

Char. You know, as people grow [illegible] their ſentiments of love affairs naturally c[illegible]

Tim. E'cod tho'—that is not th[illegible]ith old Miſtreſs.

Mrs. Patt. (*Aſide*) Old Miſtreſs, indeed!

Tim. By all accounts ſhe is juſt as loving now as ſhe was thirty years ago.

Mrs. Patt. (*Aſide*) His ears ſhall pay for this.

Tim. If the old girl was to hear me, now—what wou'd ſhe ſay to it! Ha! ha! ha!—Well, Miſs, I'll take my leave of you till twelve o'clock. I'm juſt a going to make merry with a few friends for an hour or two—I'll take care that you ſhall have an excellent chaiſe, and as good a pair of horſes as ever paſs'd Hyde Park Corner.

Char. Many thanks to you, kind Mr. Timothy.

Tim. Courage, Miſs—true love endures to the end, as the ſong ſays. And ſo a fig for your father and old Mother Pattypan. [*Exeunt Charlotte and Tim.*

Mrs. Patt. (*Coming forward.*) Old Mother Pattypan! Old!—I ſhall run mad! What a plot!—'Tis lucky, however, I have diſcover'd it—I'll take care there ſhall be no elopement. *Firſt Floor*, A. 1. Sc. 3.

EVASION.

JACK LIZARD AND SIR HARRY.

it possible, Sir Harry, that you can refu

Sir ve-a-care, Jack, have-a-care—you are grow , and that you know I can't endure.

Jac — leath, would not any man be chatty with a pack of bailiffs at his heels?

Sir H. It has been the fate of many a great man, Jack.

Jack Liz. A great man can afford it; when a great man is arrested, people only say that he is gone to his villa; it is not the arrest I care for, but the sum, a paltry five hundred.

Sir Har. Five hundred, paltry! why it is the price of my horse Dancer.

Jack Liz. As you sold him yesterday, you must have the cash about you.

Sir H. That money is sacred, you know it is—hat, would you have me defraud my stud of its nplement.—You see, Jack, you see—the moment n begin to talk, you are irrational. Why you are bad as a wit, your wits are always poor and chat- but however, I'll tell you what, though I can't ive you the money, I'll do as well, I'll give you a ce of advice—there's no caption yet—eh! they ve not dubb'd you (*tapping him over the shoulder.*)

Jack Liz. No, but they are in full cry.

Sir H. Change your county then directly, that's the way—change your county, and you are ſafe—the writ won't run into the next.—Why ther[illegible] Splaſh has a hunting-box for the purp[illegible] two counties, and he only tells his [illegible] the ſheriff of Middleſex calls, ſhew him [illegible] if the ſheriff of Surry calls, ſhew him i[illegible] teles[illegible]; or, if you like it better, ſpeak to Mr. [illegible] lend-ing is his paſſion—he has no other uſe [illegible] his money.

Jack Liz. Mr. Dorville is a ſtranger to me; how can I expect a ſtranger to lend me money, when my friend refuſes me?

Sir H. Becauſe he is a ſtranger Jack! upon my ſoul you muſt hold your tongue, or elſe you'll loſe your character; you may lend money to a ſtranger, but never to a friend; the odds are, that a ſtranger pays, or elſe you lay him by the heels; but againſt a friend a man has no remedy, and your friend never pays you a ſixpence—if you were a ſtranger Jack! I would lend you the money myſelf, but as you are my friend, the thing's impoſſible, quite out of queſtion.

Secret, A. 4. Sc.

EXPOSITION.

[illegible] ALBINA *disguised as a Navy Officer,* CICELY, *[illegible]* SOLOMON CYNIC, *concealed in a recess by a [illegible] ported by his sword cane.*

[illegible] Sir. *(Pulls out his sword).*

[illegible] Hold! I intreat you—What is the cause—

[illegible] His love for you is the cause. Sir Solo- [illegible] of his falshood, and now—

Cic. Sir Solomon told you?—Oh! base, slanderous man!—Love never brought Mr. Howard to our cottage. No: he came from a far better motive—to bring money to my father—to relieve the distresses of his family: and, with gratitude I speak it, he has already saved us from ruin.

Alb. ——— *(Smiling)* Oh! did you say this, Mr. Howard?

How. You have heard my determination. I will not be teased with interrogatories.

Alb. *(Going up to him)* Nay: don't be so hasty, Mr. Howard. Consider, if Sir Solomon has deceiv'd me—

How. 'Tis now too late, Sir.—Your visit; her partiality for her perfidious governess; and her neglect of a too liberal parent, are all—all so disgraceful, that, if ever I love again, depend on't Albina won't be the object.

Alb. *(Sharply)* She won't!—Who will then, Sir?

How. Who, Sir?

Alb. Ay: who, Sir?—Will this little, coarse, insensible peasant?——

How. Insensible! Look him in the face, Cicely, (*taking her hand.*) tell him you would die to serve your father; and ask him if Albina would to save hers.

Alb. He presses her hand!—Let it go, Sir! If you value your life, take away your hand, Sir!

How. Why? She deserves it as much as your cousin!

Alb. I can't bear it! Take it away! Then say your prayers, for you hav'n't a moment to live!—(*Poking at him with her sword.*)

How. Keep off, Sir—You see I've no arms.

Alb. No arms! That's a poor evasion, coward!

How. Coward! Oh! that I could find a weapon!—Is there no poker—no knife—no—Ha!—what do I see?—A sword! Now, villain!——

Cic. Hear me, Sir—Don't touch it, for Heaven's sake!

Alb. Hear her, Sir—Don't touch it, for Heaven's sake!

How. Thus I expose folly and deception! (*Pulls out the sword that supports the curtain; it falls, and Sir Solomon is discovered sitting on one truss of straw, with others around him.*)

How. Expose folly and deception, indeed!

Alb. He's innocent! he's innocent!—Oh! Howard!

Will, A. 3. Sc. 3.

[illegible]EXTRAVAGANCE.

[illegible] OAKLAND AND M'SCRAPE.

[illegible] is a very ſtrange man;—I have [illegible]ed with him for the purchaſe of the [illegible] to improve my grounds, and he al- [illegible] to be paid.

[illegible]he unreaſonable Nagar! It's enough [illegible]men paying their debts—if rich one's [illegible]'t to be [illegible]ed, who the devil are?

Oak. Right! he can't be paid yet—I muſt be a little the worſe for it, while I go on improving. Very great expence has been incurred in digging for a ſpring at the Naiad's Bath.

M'Scrape. But the devil a drop of water have they been able to diſcover there, except what has been brought in buckets; ſo that the poor Naiad, at this moment, is not wet up to the inſtep.

Oak. Let him look at the Greek edifice where the rookery ſtood, and in the place of the dove-houſe have I not built the ruins of a nunnery?

M'Scrape. To be ſure you have; and it muſt coſt your worſhip a great deal to keep thoſe ruins in a continual ſtate of decay.

Oak. No doubt—and then the other new works, the mauſoleum.

M'Scrape. The mauſoleum? O, I have ſeen it—that's the place you are to live in after you are dead

—it makes a comfortable ſnug companion to the ice-houſe.

Oak. Good me, you make quite a chill creep over me, by talking thus—yes, they are both pretty well ſheltered from the ſun.

M'Scrape. Old Rapine, then, your honor, muſt wait?

Oak. To be ſure he muſt; I make every body wait; and there muſt not be a difference on his account. *Netley Abbey*, A. 1. Sc. 3.

FAME.

SIR EDWARD MORTIMER, (*ſolus*)

——Oh! that mind
That mind of man! that god-like ſpring of action!
That ſource, whence Learning, Virtue, Honour, flow!—
Which lifts us to the ſtars; which carries us
O'er the ſwol'n waters of the angry deep,
As ſwallows ſkim the air.—That Fame's ſole fountain!
That doth tranſmit a fair, and ſpotleſs name,
When the vile trunk is rotten:—Give me that!
Oh! give me but to live, in after-age,
Remember'd and unſullied!—Heaven and earth!
Let my pure flame of Honour ſhine in ſtory,
When I am cold in death—and the ſlow fire,

That wears my vitals now, will no more move me
Than 'twould a corpse within a monument.

Iron Chest, A. 1. Sc. 3.

FASHION.

HONORIA TO LADY ACID.

Hon Fashion, contemptible! I'm weary of the very word! What has it ever done, that there should be such magic in the sound? 'Tis true, it has thrown a veil over vice, exalted the undeserving, and given a sanction to dissipation; but has it ever relieved poverty, lessened oppression, or wiped away the tear of suffering virtue! *Notoriety*, A. 5. Sc. 2.

CELIA AND FORTIS.

Cel. I perceive, Sir, you are not satisfied with my brother.

For. No, Madam; and but for a particular reason that restrains me, I should resent his conduct as it deserves.

Cel. And what new subject of complaint have you?

For. Every one, Madam, that ought to hurt a friend like me. I followed him to the concert, and having made my way up to him through the crowd, he seem'd disconcerted at my presence; when I

ſpoke to him, he ſcarce anſwered. In ſhort, I found he had the impertinent pride to be aſhamed of his friend, to treat him as a country acquaintance—out of his element, and a diſgrace to his brilliant ſociety.

Cel. I ſhould be happy if I could defend my brother—but he ſeems too much to blame.

For. His folly was ſoon puniſhed, and ſeverely. Firſt, their divine ſcraper, the idol of all Paris, diſappointed them; diſconcerted the grand concert, and threw all the ſociety into deſpair. Half the company were put to flight; the reſt turned their devotion towards a new divinity. Twenty altars were erected in a minute, and all the inſtruments of ſacrifice diſplay'd, cards, dice, lotos, pharos; and the victims bled freely, I aſſure you. The poor Baron, in ſpite of all my efforts, was carried away by the torrent. One fatal *vatout* overthrew him, and he loſt above five thouſand louis in credit, beſides the money he had about him.

Cel. I bluſh for his folly.

For. He then left the field with the calmneſs of a hero, and the ſublime glory of a genteel player. That is, of loſing with indifference, at a ſitting, more than would make ten poor families happy for life.

Cel. He pays a little dear for that fine title.

For. What I now tell you, he imagines I am ignorant of; his misfortune, however, makes me forget my reſentment, and at this moment affects me more than my own affair. I expect him every minute to come home, in order to ſee what money he

can get—as this debt muſt be paid, I believe this [illegible]y day.

[illegible]. So ſoon?

[illegible] Oh, yes, Madam: theſe are their *debts of honour*, as they call them, and muſt be paid on the [illegible]; though the tradeſmen may ſtarve.——

Falſe Appearances, A. 4. Sc. 1.

FIDELITY.

BARON AND VARBEL.

Bar. You ſerve Floreſki?—Why do you tremble?—You have nothing to fear.

Var. No, I know, ſir;—But I've had a damp lodging, and I think it's rather chilly this morning.

Bar. In one word, your maſter is to die,——now, inſtantly.

Var. I'm very ſorry for it.

Bar. I have obſerved your fidelity, your affection to him—I'll take you into my ſervice; I love your virtue, and would reward it.

Var. I'm afraid I ſhould make but a bad ſervant to you; you had better turn me out o'doors at once, I think—I had rather—Do, ſir;—and let my virtue be its own reward.

Bar. No fooling.—Your romantic lord ſeems ambitious of dying in this cauſe, that he may live la-

mented in the history of faithful and unfortunate lovers; you, perhaps, aspire to imitate him.

Var. I can't say, that I do.—Ambition's a g[illegible] thing with great folks, I believe; but for my [illegible] poor part, I solemnly assure you, I ha[illegible] rather live three days in this world, bad as it is, tha[illegible] a thousand years in the best history that will ever be written.

Bar. I take you at your word;—there's a poor earnest of my future bounty.

Var. A purse!—What's this for?

Bar. Follow, and, as we go, I will instruct you in a short tale, that at once rids me of Floreski, and gives you life and fortune.

Var. My lord, I'm in peril, and poor;—and I value life and fortune as much as another man; but I hope, I shall never think 'em worth buying at the price of false witness against my master. *(Throws down the purse)* *Lodoiska*, A. 3. Sc. 1.

FOLLIES. (FASHIONABLE)

FLUSH AND GINGHAM.

Flush. Fool,——can't you tell a woman of fashion from a———?

Ging. No—there it is, sir,—if women of fashion will talk and dress like women of another description, who the devil can tell one from the other? and if, likewise, they will hunt, shoot, and fence, and pre-

fer masculine assurance to feminine diffidence, is it amazing that a gentleman should confound the sexes? *Rage*, A. 4. Sc. 1.

FOLLY.

CAUSTIC AND TANGENT.

Cast. The world says you're a coxcomb.

Tang. Damn the world then for making me one. How the devil can I help being a coxcomb, when I see a flattering fool like myself idolized, and modest worth despised? Uncle, the temple of Folly would soon be without votaries, had it not the world for its worshippers. *Way to Get Married*, A. 3. Sc. 2.

FORGIVENESS.

LORD NORLAND, LADY ELEANOR, *moving timidly to her Father, leading* EDWARD, *by the hand.*

Lady E. I come to offer you this child, this affectionate child; who, in the midst of our caresses, droops his head, and pines for your forgiveness.

Ld. N. Ah! there is a corner of my heart left to receive him. *(Embraces him.)*

Edw. Then, pray, my Lord, suffer the corner to be large enough to hold my mother.

Ld. N. My heart is soften'd, and receives you all.
[*Embraces Lady* Eleanor.

Every One has his Fault, A. 5. Sc. [illegible]

TANGENT, CAUSTIC, &c.

Tang. And will you, sir, forgive my follies?

Caust. Heartily, my boy. Frank, I can pardon the head for wandering, when I find the heart's at home. *Way to Get Married*, A. 5. Sc. 2.

FREEDOM:

RADZANO, ROSOLIA, AMALEKITE, AND SLAVES.

Rad. Amalekite, give me the roll, and bid the slaves approach.

Ama. *(Presenting the roll)* I am much afraid he mean to favour dem; I no like his looks—oh, he has a damned benevolent countenance. *(aside)*

Roso. Poor wretches! how they tremble.

Rad. Approach, and fear not; in this you and your children are registered my slaves and live but in my will; acknowledge ye your vassalage? *(the slaves prostrate themselves)* Rise, then, and mark: By this you are recorded slaves, but by this *(tearing the roll)* you are no longer slaves, but men. *(The most extravagant signs of joy were displayed)* The world's before you—who will remain with me?

Peasants. All, all.

Rad. The brighteſt page of nature's bounteous charter is freedom to her children; that I poſſeſs you o[illegible]; but, oh, contemn not juſt reſtraint, elſe 'twill prove a curſe more galling than the moſt abject ſlavery tyranny e'er compaſſed; ſee, therefore, you abuſe it not.

Roſo. Oh, impoſſible; while e'en the ſpade they toil with was their lord's, vice and ſloth poſſeſſed them, for what incitement had they to induſtry? but when they find their labour will cheer their children, and throw content around their humble cots—ah, dear lord, theſe bleſſings ſtrike too ſweetly on the heart to fear abuſe.

Zorinſki, A. 2. Sc. 2.

FRIEND. (THE)

JUDITH, STAVE, &c.

Judith. You ſee, Stave, I'm not on my laſt legs—therefore ſay, will you marry me to-morrow——ay, or no.

Stave. Ay, on the word of a Clerk—for a friend here, [*laying his hand on his breaſt,*] tells me, that when a woman through love has placed her honour in the keeping of a man——he muſt be unworthy of leading a pſalm, if he does not take her to his boſom, for better and for worſe. *Juſt in Time*, A. 3. Sc. 3.

FRIENDSHIP.

BARON AND FORLIS.

Baron. ——— You come, I fear Sir, to reproach me.

Forlis. No, don't have any apprehenſions—the moment would be ill choſen—When my friends are unhappy, I always ſpare them.

Baron. I don't underſtand.

Forlis. You need not be myſterious with me: I am acquainted with your misfortune, and it's in vain.

Baron. Who can have told you?

Forlis. I was preſent myſelf, and ſaw you loſe a thouſand at a ſtroke.

Baron. Since you know it, I muſt confeſs—Yes, 'twas an unheard-of trick that Fortune play'd me.

Forlis. Have you got the money?

Baron. No; I have but two thouſand louis, and have made ſeveral fruitleſs attempts to get it.

Forlis. But you have ſo many friends!

Baron. Vain reſource! Thoſe whom I have applied to, had not ten guineas in their purſe;—they all want money.

Forlis. Or friendſhip for thee.——There, take that—there are three thouſand louis I happened to have by me.

Baron. Oh, Sir! your goodneſs——

Forlis. No compliments. My money is profitably

laid out, when it ferves my friend; and his relief overpays me.

Baron. Sir, you not only forerun my applications, but prevent my acknowledgements.

Forlis. I save you a trouble then, and am the happier for it. I think I have fome reafon to complain, however, that you did not give me the preference, and went to others, when you might have applied to a friend, who has a pleafure in ferving you; and far from refenting your faults, has a double fatisfaction in forgiving them. *Falfe Appearances*, A. 4. Sc. 1.

SIR HERVEY TO ALLTRADE.

Time was, when friendfhip wore a bold and open afpect, and as it fpoke it acted: but now 'tis mafked; and underneath it lurks all modern villainy. Who betrayed my wife? a friend!—who belied my child? a friend!—who immured her in a goal, and if fhe does not proftitute her hand and heart, will fee her perifh there—who, but my friend!—Can my enemy thus injure me?—No; in him I place no confidence or truft; and henceforth let me rather meet a thoufand foes than the defigning arts of one falfe friend. *Management*, A. 5. Sc. 1.

MANDEVILLE AND HOWARD.

Mand. Then all's confirmed; and I've no hope—no friend!—What's to be done?—Whither fhall I

go?—where fly?—Who will receive so lost a wretch as I am?—Pursued by enemies—abandoned by a father—forsaken by my child!—who will—who dare befriend me?

Howard. I will.

Mand. You!

Howard. You have forgot me, Mr. Mandeville—I see you have—You don't recollect George Howard, whom when a boy you used to take so much notice of—I'm strangely altered since you went to India—that is, in person only, I hope, for in mind and disposition I am still the same.

Mand. Are you?

Howard. Oh Mr. Mandeville! I don't know why—whether it is from the joy at seeing you, or from the grief I feel at the cruel treatment you've received—I don't know which it is—but I'm going to be the same blubbering boy you left me.

Mand. Indeed!—'Sdeath! this generosity afflicts me more than all their cruelty—Let me go—I heard your uncle's orders—"You must not associate with a man of his character."—Let me be gone. I will not involve you?

Howard. Not involve me! Didn't my father involve you? And if I've not the fortune to repay the obligation, I'll prove I have the gratitude to remember it. From this hour I am devoted to your service: and if the friendship of the son can atone for the injuries of the parent, I shall be far happier in partak-

ing your diſtreſſes than in ſharing my unfeeling [illegible] riches. *Will*, A. 1. Sc. 2.

ANSALDO TO SOLERNO.

That I departed from Caſtile's proud court
Muſt have been common to the ears of men.
I left it, with my ſon and Leonardo,
In evil hour, and fatal to my friend.
Journeying reached a ſpot, where the ſlope road
Seeks paſſage, 'twixt the mountains and the ſea,
Along the margin of a placid bay,
Where, below ſhelt'ring rocks, a bark was moor'd
Which ſeem'd to play upon the heaving waters,
Mocking the clamours of the far-off wave.
My friend and I out-rode our ling'ring train;
When, at the entrance of a rude defile,
At once a fierce banditti ruſh'd upon us.

* * * *

——— Death yawn'd for me,
But Fate forbade, and pointed Leonardo.
An arrow pierc'd him, as he drew his ſword,
And ſtretch'd him panting on the duſty way.
The rocks re-echo'd now with "Kill Anſaldo;"
"So he be ſlain, it matters not who lives."
One ruffian felt my weapon; but, o'erpower'd,
And wounded grievouſly, I alſo fell,
Near my companion, who expiring lay;
Yet, even then, on life's extremeſt verge,
He was reſolving in his dauntleſs ſoul

How, with his lateſt breath, to ſerve his friend.
" Anſaldo"—thus he ſpake, and reach'd his hand
To let it reſt in mine,—" my end is come,
" Inevitably come; then, be it thought,
" Since 'tis the duke they aim at, I am he;
" So may you live, and I not die forgotten."
Scarce had he ended, when the lawleſs band
Return'd from ſlaughtering our few attendants,
And, as I then ſuppos'd, my helpleſs Carlos.
As they ſtood gazing on their bloody work,
The dying man, compos'd as at a feaſt,
Thus faintly utter'd, " You're now ſatisfied;
" Anſaldo's death you would—lo! here I lie."—
Then, feebly floating his dim eyes towards me,
Murmur'd " Farewell!"—and ſunk, to riſe no more.

Regent, A. 2. Sc. 1.

FRIENDSHIP. (MODERN)

SNARE AND YOUNG TESTY.

Snare. I'll thank you for the 20*l.* I lent you.

* * * * *

Young Teſty. Is this your friendſhip? Why, did not you force it on me? Did not you tell me you only liv'd in obliging your friends?

Snare. You make a ſmall miſtake; I told you, I only liv'd *by* obliging my friends.

Abroad and At Home, A. 2. Sc. 4.

LORD LAROON, CONSOL, &c.

L. L. I am your friend.

Con. I know you are. But I am aware of you. When a man professes himself my friend, he always intends only to insult or to trick me. I know the world: I always suspect my friends. Good morrow. I know the world.

Man of Ten Thousand, A. 2. Sc. 6.

FRIENDSHIP. (REAL)

SIR SIMON, CAPT. O'NEIL, HARCOURT, &c.

Sir Simon Flourish. What, is this the gentleman you redeem'd out of prison, to have the pleasure of fighting?

Harcourt. Is it to you, then, I owe my liberty? Generous man!

Captain O'Neil. Oh, it was very generous, to be sure, to release you out of prison, that I might have the satisfaction of sending you out of the world. But, Sir Simon, this gentleman, in fortune, is equal to the Lady he has wedded.

Harcourt. Captain O'Neil, I am not conscious of what you are asserting.

Captain O'Neil. But I am, or I wou'd not assert it. Understanding that your Uncle had taken it into his head to be angry with you for nothing at all, I called on the old gentleman to talk with him a little about

it—" If your nephew had been guilty of a dishonour-
" able action," said I, " devil a word would [illegible]
" offer in his behalf; but as he has been a dupe to
" the villainy of others, restore him to your favour,
" and launch him into the world again with experi-
" ence for his Pilot."—So the old gentleman shook hands with me, and swore he was ready to do the same with you as soon as you pleased.

Harcourt. Thanks are too poor for such nobleness of soul!

Captain O'Neil. Nobleness of soul! for walking a few steps out of my common road, for the pleasure of reconciling a discarded Nephew to a rich old Uncle. Oh! if people would but just lengthen their morning's walk to do a few good natur'd actions, they can scarcely conceive what health and spirits such exercise wou'd give them, and how much sweeter they wou'd rest for it at night!

Abroad and At Home, A. 3. Sc. 4.

FRIENDSHIP. (THE TEST OF)

MODISH, RIVERS, LADY CLARA, AND COMPANY.

Mod. Mr. Rivers, I will not aggravate my fault by attempting to excuse it: I am heartily ashamed of my behaviour this morning, and see it myself in such offensive colours, that I cannot hope by any present submissions to obtain your pardon.

Riv. Give me your hand, fir; the beft thing is certainly not to commit a fault, but the next beft is to be forry for it when committed.—And yet, when you reflect on Lady Clara's very flattering reception of me this morning, you cannot poffibly found any expectations on my affiftance, though, Heaven knows, at this very moment you ftand wofully in need of it.

Lady Clara. At this moment?

Riv. Certainly; for in the firft place there is an execution in the houfe.

Trifle. Good night, Modifh. [*Exit.*

Riv. There goes one! (*afide.*)—Then, Modifh, Squeez'em the ufurer has taken out a writ againft you.

Mrs. Blab. Your fervant, Lady Clara. [*Exit.*

Riv. (*afide.*) There go two!——So that you will certainly go to prifon to-morrow, unlefs you can borrow a confiderable fum among your acquaintance—

Lady Hub. Call Lady Hubbub's fervants, if you pleafe, fir. [*Exit.*

Riv. (*afide.*) There goes a third!—And can get two of your friends to ftand bail for you.

All. Mr. Modifh, we wifh you a very good night! [*Exeunt.*

Riv. Bravo, bravo! There goes the whole covey!

Mod. Narrow-hearted rafcals!

Lady Clara. What, all gone!—Lord blefs me!—What, all!—

Riv. Aye, aye, Lady Clara, the coaſt is clear; and what otherwiſe could you expect? what elſe than——

Mrs. Orm. Huſh! huſh! my dear ſ[illegible] they are already ſufficiently mortified, and to [illegible] them farther would be both cruel and unneceſſary.—Suffer me then to plead for my brother—and—

Mod. Emily, you muſt plead in vain: Lady Clara's imprudence has been too groſs, my ingratitude too culpable to—

Riv. May be ſo, George; but you may as well confine your reproaches to your own breaſt, ſince your ſiſter has already carried the point for you, and I have promiſed to diſcharge your debts.

Mod. and Lady Clara. Dear ſir, in what manner—

Riv. Nay, no thanks, or, if you needs muſt pay them, offer them to Emily; they are her due.

Eaſt Indian, A. 4. Sc. 4.

DORINGTON, HUDSON, AND COMPANY.

Dor. Welcome to England, Mr. Hudſon! But what brings you ſo unexpectedly? My affairs, or your own?——Why are you ſilent? How left you Barbadoes?

Hud. A deſolate and barren wilderneſs!

Dor. Deſolate? * * * * * Your news I perceive is bad: ſpeak out. * * * * * The moment to be explicit is favourable. I am ſurrounded by my friends.

Hud. Are these good Ladies and Gentlemen all your friends?

Dor. All! All!

Lady T. Oh, yes; we are all his friends.

Sir P. His dear, his feeling, his affectionate friends.

Lord L. And are come to dine with him.

Cur. With submission, you may speak out.

* * * * *

Hud. Nurtured in splendour, encouraged in waste, accustomed to scatter with a prodigal munificence. You are now the most desolate, the most helpless of men.

Dor. *(With dignity)* Ha, ha, ha!

Lady T. What will become of him!

Sir P. My heart bleeds!

Maj. *(Sorrow)* A thundering fall! Damme! Humph!

Dor. Spare your comments and your regret, Sir, and to the point——Go on——There has been a hurricane?

Hud. A wreck of nature, rather! Sweeping destruction, and prodigies unheard! The misery is general; though on that side the Island where late your fruitful lands were situate most complete. Your ponderous vessels, mills, stores, and buildings, were wrested from their distracted beds, and swept into the sea! Your vast domains loaded with vegetation, incredible to tell, were torn up and whirled like chaff to the clouds; leaving behind me-

phitic lakes, whose stench infects the air! Universal nature was convulsed! The elements all waged horrible war; while heart-rending and intolerable cries, [illegible], and howlings, made the bursting thunder seem a whisper.

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Dor. Were many lives lost?

Hud. Numbers were hurried through the air, and dashed against the rocks; or overwhelmed by the mad and incomprehensible ocean.

Dor. Miserable men! Numbers say you?

Hud. Warned by the Caribbs, and the alarming phenomena that preceded, many put timely to sea of whom I was one. But still the Negroes and the Poor remained.

Dor. Ay, ay! The Negroes and the Poor.

Lord L. It was very affecting.

Sir P. It would have been too much for my sensibility.

Lady T. I am glad I was not present.

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Dor. (*Aside*) Why so! I am now, what in the vanity of my heart I have often wished to be. Put to a mighty trial. Let me then collect my thoughts and not at this crisis yield to passions, at which Manhood ought to spurn.

Con. He is confoundedly down in the mouth! will be gone: he will want to borrow money of me. [*Going*

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Dor. Will not you ſtay and dine?

Con. I cannot, Sir. Exceeding ſorry! Buſineſs muſt be minded——Harkye! A word! A thought has ſtruck me. Yours is a hard caſe. Open a ſubſcription, make me your banker, and I will promote it. I will do more for you! I will put down a nominal hundred, at the head of the liſt! You underſtand me? Nominal. That is between ourſelves. It will—

Dor. Stop, Sir——Ladies and Gentlemen, here is my generous friend, Mr. Conſol, propoſes a ſubſcription for me, with a large promiſe of perſonal ſupport, ay, and a nominal hundred at the head of the liſt; provided he may be my banker! What ſay you to his dignified project, and his nominal liberality? Are they not worthy his great ſoul?

Lady T. Quite in character.

Lord L. Juſt what I ſhould have expected.

Cur. Pardon me, but I ſhould have expected a demand of brokerage.

Con. You are all damnably charitable, I warrant! I know the world, and I know you!

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Lady T. I am quite unwell with the ſhock! I muſt retire.

Dor. Nay, ſeeing me ſo diſtreſſed, you will ſtay to conſole me.

Sir P. What can be done? I am extremely ſorry, my Lord, that you and I won the ten thouſand pounds.

Lord L. So am I really.

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Lady T. Caſh cannot be commanded: but we are extremely ſorry for your misfortunes.

Lord L. Very ſorry indeed.

Dor. Kind friends! How can I repay ſuch tenderneſs!

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Lord L. You are a ruined man; and I need not tell this good company that a ruined man is a perſon that nobody knows.

Dor. That is a thing of courſe.

Lady T. No want of friendſhip in that.

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Dor. Well, Ladies and Gentlemen, by this time we have tolerably well explained ourſelves; you have nothing more to hope from me; and I juſt as much from you.

Lady T. Very ſorry.

Lord L. But how can it be helped?

Dor. Be under no concern! We are perfectly agreed. I am as little diſpoſed to accept as you are to offer. I ſhall indulge in no reproach; for I feel no ſurprize. I took you for neither better nor worſe than you are. Epithets mean but little: I call my dog Cæſar; and I have called you my friend; but I did not perſuade myſelf that either you or Cæſar were Romans.

Lord L. Your philoſophy is exquiſitely polite.

Dor. It is adapted to my company.

Lady T. Let us be gone. I preſume we have our good friend's permiſſion?

Dor. To conſult your own inclination in all things, dear Madam.

Lady T. I am prodigiouſly ſhocked and concerned! I am indeed. [*Exit.*

Maj. (*Dejectedly*) I am dumb founded; damme! Humph? Hay? My friend? Do you take me? Humph? [*Exit.*

Lord L. Oh, no doubt we all compaſſionate your caſe! [*Exit.*

Cur. For my part, I have only to remark with great deference, that I cannot, Sir, give you my Ward.

Dor. Your reaſon, kind Sir?

Cur. Becauſe, might I hazard an objection, you are a beggar.

Dor. Can no conſideration bribe you?

Cur. With ſubmiſſion, none that you can offer. I am ſorry, but it is no fault of mine. Your very humble ſervant, Sir.

Dor. Thou laſt and deareſt of my friends, farewell! (*Exit Curfew*) Why ſo! The farce of greatneſs is ended; and the taſk of man begins—'Tis the poor wretches whom the afflicting heavens have left ſhelterleſs that demand our pity. Wretched ſufferers! Would my loſs had been the ſole misfortune!

Man of Ten Thouſand, A. 3. Sc. 4.

L

GALLANTRY.

COUNT, PEASANT, &C.

Count. Ha! what art thou?
Peaſ. It ſeems thy priſoner: diſengage me firſt
From their rude gripe, and I may tell thee more.
Count. Unhand him. I ſhould know thee; I have ſeen
Features like thine. Anſwer me, wert thou found
As theſe men ſay?
Peaſ. I was.
Count. And what thy purpoſe?
Peaſ. Chance brought me there.
Count. And did chance lead thee too
To aid a fugitive?
Peaſ. They ſaw not that.
Count. They ſaw it not! How! could her delicate hands,
Weak, ſoft, and yielding to the gentleſt touch,
Suſtain that pond'rous maſs? No; thoſe tough arms,
Thy force, aſſiſted; elſe, thou young diſſembler—
Peaſ. She had been ſeiz'd, and by compulſion brought
Where I ſtand now.
Count. Thou doſt avow it then,
Boaſt it even to my face, audacious ſtripling!
Such inſolence and theſe coarſe ruſtic weeds
Are contradictions. Anſwer me, who art thou?
Peaſ. Leſs than I ſhould be; more than what I ſeem.

Count. Hence with this saucy ambiguity.
What is thy name, thy country? that mean habit
(Which should teach humbleness) speaks thy condition.

Peas. My name is Theodore, my country France;
My habit little suited to my mind,
Less to my birth; yet fit for my condition.

Count. O, thou art then some young adventurer,
Some roving knight, a hero in disguise,
Who scorning forms of vulgar ceremony,
No leave obtain'd, waiting no invitation,
Enters our castles, wanders o'er our halls,
To succour dames distress'd, or pilfer gold.
Where are your train, your pages, and your squires?
Perhaps but poorly lodg'd! I am to blame;
But must excuse my scanted courtesy,
By ignorance of your high character.

Peas. There is a source of reverence for thee here,
Forbids me, though provok'd, retort thy taunts.

Count. If I endure this more, I shall grow vile
Even to my hinds——

Peas. Hold, let me stop thy wrath.
I see thy quivering lip, thy fiery eye,
Forerun a storm of passion. To prevent thee
From terms too harsh, perhaps, for thee to offer,
Or me to hear (poor as I seem) with honour,
I will cut short thy interrogatories,
And on this theme give thee the full extent
Of all I know, or thou canst wish to learn.

Count. Do it.

Peas. Without a view to thwart thy purpose

(Be it what it might), was I within thy walls.
In a dim paſſage of the caſtle-ailes
Muſing alone, I heard a haſty tread
And breath drawn ſhort, like one in fear of peril.
A lady enter'd, (fair ſhe ſeem'd, and young,)
Guiding her timorous footſteps by a lamp:
"The lord, the tyrant of this place (ſhe cried)
"For a deteſted purpoſe follows me;
"Aid me, good youth:" then, pointing to the ground,
"That door (ſhe added) leads to ſanctuary."
I ſeiz'd an iron hold, and while I tugg'd
To heave the unwilling weight, I learn'd her title.

Count. The lady Iſabel?

Peaſ. The ſame. A gleam,
Shot from their torches who purſued her track,
Prevented more; ſhe haſten'd to the cave,
And vaniſh'd from my ſight.

Count. And did no awe,
No fear of him ſhe call'd this caſtle's lord,
Its tyrant, chill thee?

Peaſ. Awe nor fear I know not,
And truſt ſhall never; for I know not guilt.

Count. Then thou, it ſeems, art maſter here, not I;
Thou canſt control my projects, blaſt my ſchemes,
And turn to empty air my power in Narbonne.
Nay, ſhould my daughter chooſe to fly my caſtle,
Againſt my bidding, guards and bolts were vain:
This frize-clad champion, gallant Theodore,
Would lend his ready arm, and mock my caution.

Peas. Thy daughter! O, I were indeed too bless'd,
Could I but live to render her a service!

Count. My daughter would, I hope, disdain thy service.

Peas. Wherefore am I to blame? What I have done,
Were it to do again, again I'd do it.
And may this arm drop palsied by my side,
When its cold sinews shrink to aid affliction!

Count. Indeed!

Peas. Indeed. Frown on. Ask thy own heart,—
Did innocence and beauty bend before thee,
Hunted and trembling, wouldst thou tamely pause,
Scanning pale counsel from deliberate fear,
And weigh each possibility of danger?
No; the instinctive nobleness of blood
Would start beyond the reach of such cold scruples,
And instant gratify its generous ardour.

Count of Narbonne, A. 1. Sc. 3.

GAMING.

MISS VORTEX, ELLEN, &c.

Miss Vor. I swear people of fashion in town seem to do as well without money as with it. You might be succesful at play—there are points to be learnt which certainly do not give you the worst of the game. Come, will you be my protegé?

Ellen. Excuſe me, couſin, I dare ſay I ought to be covered with bluſhes when I own a vulgar deteſtation of the character of a female gameſter; and I muſt decline the honour of your introduction to the haut ton, till at leaſt they have juſtice on their ſide.

Miſs Vor. An uncommon odd girl, Nabob.

Ellen. Heavens! to what ſtate of abject degradation muſt faſhionable ſociety be reduced, when officers of police are as much dreaded by ladies in the purlieus of St. James's, as they are by cut-purſes in the wretched haunts of St. Giles's.

Miſs Vor. For ſhame, Ellen, to cenſure your own ſex.

Ellen. No, Madam, I am its advocate; and in that ſex's name proteſt an abhorrence of thoſe women who do not conſider any thing ſhameful but to be aſhamed of any thing; whoſe reſemblance to nature and innocence exiſts but in their nakedneſs, and to whom honour is only known as a pledge at a gaming table. *Cure for the Heart Ache*, A. 1. Sc. 2.

HENRY AND PENRUDDOCK.

Henry. Having ſaid my parents are alive, you fortify me againſt leſſer evils: I know my father's failings, and can well ſuppoſe that his affairs have fallen into decay.

Penrud. To utter ruin. Gaming has undone him.

Henry. Oh! execrable vice, fiend of the human ſoul, that tears the hearts of parent, child, and

friend! What crimes, what ſhame, what complicated miſery haſt thou brought upon us! Raſh, deſperate, wretched man! This houſe was ſwallow'd in the general wreck.

Penrud. With every thing elſe: Sir George Penruddock had it for a debt, as it is call'd, of honor.

Henry. A debt of infamy—and may the curſe entail'd upon ſuch debts deſcend on him and all that may inherit from him!

Penrud. There you out-run diſcretion: he is dead, and you wou'd not extend your curſe to him that now inherits.

Henry. Light where it will, I'll not revoke it. He that is Fortune's minion well deſerves it.

Penrud. But he, that's innocent, does not.

Henry. Can he be innocent, who ſtains his hands with ore drench'd in the gameſter's blood, dug from the widow's and the orphan's hearts with tears, and cries, and agonies inutterable? 'Tis property accurſt: were it a mine as deep as to the center, I would not touch an atom to preſerve myſelf from ſtarving. *Wheel of Fortune*, A. 2. Sc. 3.

GENEROSITY.

FREDERICK AND SABINA.

Frederick. Friend of my life! my benevolent preſerver! I have now happily accompliſh'd one effort

of my gratitude, by escorting you to an asylum, where persecution cannot reach you.

Sabina. Generous Mowbray! I do wish to tell you, in the language you have taught me, how my poor heart is penetrated with your goodness to me, but I am not eloquent; I can only say I do thank you for your care of me, and for bringing me to your charitable country, which I do honor from my soul; indeed I do honor it; but, alas! it is not for me ever to be happy in it.

Frederick. Why do you say that? I am incapable of deceiving you: this instant I am going to my father, and be assur'd it shall not be many days before the dubious situation you are in shall be honorably done away, and all my promises fulfill'd.

Sabina. No, no, no, my good friend, I shall not call upon you for those promises; we are now in England, and those promises are nothing, they are void.

Frederick. What can you mean, Sabina? Do you suspect my integrity?

Sabina. I do not suspect you at all—but you was sick, take notice, very sick, and derang'd in your senses, when, because I did do my possible in pity and compassion to assist you in your malady, you was pleas'd to make those promises you speak, and I did let them pass for the time, saying nothing to the contrary of them, because they were very good and commodious for me, as a single woman, travelling alone with you, under protection of your ho-

nor; but now that you are at home again, and, thanks to Heaven! in good health, I ſhall not be ſo baſe to let you ruin yourſelf by marrying poor me, only becauſe you pledg'd your word when you did hardly know what that word meant.

Firſt Love, A. 3. Sc. 1.

MORDENT, JOANNA, AND CHEVERIL *concealed.*

Joanna. I am nobody; the child of nobody; a branch lopped off and caſt away; that might have grown, but that could find no root. Misfortune and an active ſpirit, ſtruggling to ſhake off oppreſſion, have quickened me a little. Other than this I am but a ſimple girl; and my whole art is to note what I ſee, and to ſpeak what I think.

Mor. Whoever you are, come but with me, and, while I have a morſel, a home, or a heart, you ſhall ſhare them!

Chev. *(Runs forward)* Damme if ſhe ſhall!

Mor. Why, Mr—!

Chev. She ſhall have my morſel, my home, and my heart!

Mor. You in this houſe, ſir?

Chev. Nay, ſir, you in this houſe, ſir? Madam, put no faith in him! You are very right, he is a ſeducer! I love you, heart, body, and ſoul! I'll offer you no wrong! Every proof that the moſt ardent, pureſt paſſion can give, feel, or imagine, ſhall be yours!

Deſerted Daughter, A. 3. Sc. 9.

GENIUS. (DEARTH OF)

NEVILLE, VAPID, &c.

Nev. Pray Vapid, how is the prefent dearth of genius to be accounted for? particularly dramatic genius?

Vapid. Why as to dramatic genius, fir, the fact is this—to give a true picture of life a man fhould enter into all its fcenes, fhould follow nature, fir—but modern authors plunder from one another—the mere fhades of fhadows. *Dramatift*, A. 1. Sc. 1.

GRATIFICATION.

TANJORE AND EMMELINE.

Tanjore. Heigho!—I don't know what's the matter with me. I feel fuch new emotions, and there's fuch a warm glow about my heart, that, gad! it fancies itfelf in India. Can you tell me what it means, ma'am?

Emme. Indeed, I cannot, fir; but very likely it refults from the fatisfaction of having done a generous action, and the emotion is new, becaufe like too many others, you have perhaps facrificed your time and happinefs at the fhrine of fafhion.

Speculation, A. 3. Sc. 3.

GRATITUDE.

LEONARD AND OAKWORTH.

Leon. What delight, ſir, you muſt feel at the happineſs of this family, to whom you have ſhewn ſo much attachment! What gratitude do they not owe you!

Oakw. Gratitude to me! That is a great miſtake of yours, and it behoves me to ſet you right. Mrs. Cleveland's father ſaved me once from ruin—me and my family from beggary; and I think he muſt have but a bad notion of the value of a kindneſs done him, who, if he could live long enough, would not ſtrive to repay it down to the fiftieth generation.

Votary of Wealth, A. 1. Sc. 1.

TRUDGE AND WOWSKI.

Wowſ. What make you love me now?

Trudge. Gratitude, to be ſure.

Wowſ. What that?

Trudge. Ha! this it is, now, to live without education. The poor dull devils of her country are all in the practice of gratitude, without finding out what it means; while we can tell the meaning of it, with little or no practice at all.

Inkle and Yarico, A. 2. Sc. 1.

ZEDAN AND PRISONER.

Zed. Brother, a word with you. As the ſtranger and our keeper paſſed by the paſſage, a noxious vapour put out the light, and as they groped along I purloined *this* from the ſtranger—*(Shews a pocket-book)* ſee it contains two notes will pay our ranſom.

[*Shewing the notes.*

Priſ. A treaſure—our certain ranſom!

Zed. Liberty! our wives, our children, and our friends, will theſe papers purchaſe.

Priſ. What a bribe! our keeper may rejoice too.

Zed. And then the pleaſure it will be to hear the ſtranger fret, and complain for his loſs!—O, how my heart loves to ſee ſorrow!—Miſery ſuch as I have known, on men who ſpurn me—who treat me as if (in my own Iſland) I had no friends that loved me—no ſervants that paid me honour—no children that revered me—who forget I am a huſband—a father—nay, a *man.*—

Priſ. Conceal your thoughts—conceal your treaſure too—or the Briton's complaint—

Zed. Will be in vain—our keeper will conclude the bribe muſt come to him, at laſt—and therefore make no great ſearch for it—here, in the corner of my belt *(Puts up the pocket-book)* 'twill be ſecure.

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Zed. *(ſolus)* They are coming—I'll ſtand here in his ſight, that, ſhou'd he miſs what I have taken, he'll not ſuſpect me, but ſuppoſe it is one who has hid himſelf.

Enter KEEPER *and* HASWELL.

Keep. (*to* Zedan) What makes you here?—ſtill moping by yourſelf, and lamenting for your family? —(*To* Haſwell) that man, the moſt ferocious I ever met with—laments, ſometimes even with tears, the ſeparation from his wife and children.

Haſ. (*Going to him*) I am ſorry for you, friend; (Zedan *looks ſullen and moroſe.*) I pity you.

Keep. Yes—he had a pleaſant hamlet on the neighbouring iſland—plenty of fruits—clear ſprings—and wholeſome roots—and now complains bitterly of his repaſts—ſour rice, and muddy water. (*Exit Keeper.*

Haſ. Poor man! bear your ſorrows nobly—and as we are alone—no miſerable eye to grudge the favour —(*Looking round*) take this trifle—(*Gives money*) it will at leaſt make your meals better for a few ſhort weeks—till Heaven may pleaſe to favour you with a leſs ſharp remembrance of the happineſs you have loſt—Farewell. (*Going.*) (Zedan *catches hold of him, and taking the pocket-book from his belt, puts it into* Haſwell's *hand.*)

Haſ. What's this?

Zed. I meant to gain my liberty with it—but I will not vex you.

Haſ. How came you by it?

Zed. Stole it—and wou'd have ſtabb'd you too, had you been alone—but I am glad I did not—Oh! I am glad I did not.

Haſ. You like me then?

Zed. (*Shakes his head and holds his heart.*) 'Tis ſome-

thing that I never felt before—it makes me like not only you, but all the world besides—the love of my family was confined to them alone; but this makes me feel I could love even my enemies.

Has. Oh, nature! grateful! mild! gentle! and forgiving!—worst of tyrants they who, by hard usage, drive you to be cruel!

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Has. My Indian friend, have you received your freedom?

Zed. Yes—and come to bid you farewell—which I wou'd *never* do, had I not a family in wretchedness till my return—for you shou'd be my master, and I *wou'd* be your slave.——

Has. I thank you—may you meet at home every comfort!

Zed. May you—may you—what shall I say?—May you once in your life be a prisoner—then released—to feel such joy, as I feel now!——

Such Things Are, A. 2. Sc. 2. and 4. A. 5. Sc. 4.

JOE AND HENRY.

Joe. So, Master Blunt—prepared, I see, to give the birds a broadside. Ah! there's the old boy—*(looking at sign)*—who has given our enemies many a broadside! Bless your old weather-beaten phiz.—*(Bows to him.)*

Hen. You're very polite.

Joe. To be sure I am—I strike my main-top to him

by way of salute, every morning before I stow my locker:—that's the face of an honest heart, Master Blunt.—'Tis not to be sure done to the life; but what the painter han't made out, a grateful mind can: I fought under him when he was Captain, and twice after he was *Vice.*—He made me Master after our first brush, and, but for this splintered timber of mine, I'd been by his side in the West-Indies, when the brave old boy died. Died! I lie, he did not die; for he made himself immortal! His goodness laid me up in a snug cabin here on the larboard tack, made me a freeholder with 30l. a year, and when your master, his Honour's cousin and heir, steers by the compass of true glory, as the Admiral did, he shall have my vote for sailing into the port of Parliament; if he gets it before, damme!

Turnpike Gate, A. 1, Sc. 1

DELVILLE AND SAMBO.

Delville. Recollect who you are.

Sambo. I do—I am your slave.

Delville. No—not my slave—I gave you liberty.

Sambo. You did, Sir; and that made me your slave.—Gratitude has bound me faster to you than all the chains of Africa! 'Tis now fifteen years since you brought me to England; during which time you have fostered me, educated me, and treated me more as a brother than a servant!—and now when I warn you of your danger, you call it imper-

tinence!—Ah, sir;—rather say 'tis selfishness; for my fate is so involv'd with yours, that if your heart bleeds, Sambo's will break, I'm sure.

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SAMBO AND DOROTHY.

Dorothy. The divorce, Sambo—let's talk about the divorce—in the first place Miss Gloomly wants your evidence——

Sambo. My evidence!

Dorothy. Ay: and in the second, to unlock the secret pleasantly, she has sent you these golden keys —*(shewing purse full of guineas)*—here—take them; and now, Sambo—*(forces it into his hand)*.

Sambo. (throwing the purse down). S'life!—does she think I'll betray my master?

Dorothy. Hey day!—why not, sir?—when was your master so liberal?—did he ever make you a present of any thing so valuable?

Sambo. I don't know—he made me a present of myself!—and poor as you may think the gift, I'll not sell it for all the gold in the universe.

Laugh When You Can. A. 1. Sc. 1.

MARQUIS AND AMANTHIS.

Aman. Nay, I am convinced you love me—love me dearly—does not all I possess come from you? You have even taught me to think, to speak, and to be happy.—Yet all your gifts, that, the most dear to

my heart, is a sentiment I feel for you, and cannot tell what it is—I have not power to describe either its tenderness or its force—'Tis impossible I should make you comprehend it—for *you* never felt any thing like it.

Marq. 'Tis gratitude she means.

Child of Nature, A 2. Sc. 1.

DORNTON, HOSIER, &c.

Dornton. And what may be the amount of your bill, Sir?

Hosier. A trifle, for which I have no right to ask.

Dornton. No right! What do you mean?

Hosier. Your son, Sir, made me what I am; redeemed me and my family from ruin; and it would be an ill requital of his goodness to come here, like a dun, at such a time as this; when I would rather, if that could help him, give him every shilling I have in the world.

Dornton. Would you? Would you? *(greatly affected)*—You look like an honest man!—but what do you here then?

Hosier. Mr. Dornton, Sir, knew I should be unwilling to come, and sent me word he would never speak to me more if I did not; and, rather than offend him, I would even come here on a business like this.

Dornton. *(Shakes him by the hand)* You are an honest

fellow! An unaccountable!—And so Harry has been your friend?

Hosier. Yes, Sir, a liberal minded friend; for he lent me money, though I was sincere enough to tell him of his faults.

Dornton. Zounds, Sir! How came you to be a weaver of stockings?

Hosier. I don't know, Sir, how I came to be at all; I only know that here I am.

Dornton. A philosopher!

Hosier. I am not fond of titles, Sir—I'm a man.

Dornton. Why is it not a shame, now, that the soul of Socrates should have crept and hid itself in the body of a stocking-weaver? Give me your bill!

Hosier. Excuse me, Sir.

Dornton. Give me your bill, I tell you! I'll pay this bill myself. *Road to Ruin*, A. 3. Sc. 2.

CHARLES AND SHEVA.

Ch. Pardon me, Sir, if I say there are some seeming contradictions in your character, which I cannot reconcile. You give away your money, it should seem, with the generosity of a prince, and I hear you lament over it in the language of a miser.

Sheva. That is true, that is very true; I love my monies, I do love them dearly; but I love my fellow-creatures a little better.

Ch. Being so charitable to others, why then will you not spare a little to yourself?

Sheva. Becaufe I am angry with myfelf for being fuch a baby, a child, a chicken. Your people do not love me, what bufinefs have I to love your people? I am a Jew; my fathers up to Abraham all were Jews—Mercilefs mankind, how you have perfecuted them! My family is all gone, it is extinct, my very name will vanifh out of memory when I am dead—I pray you pardon me; I am very old, and apt to weep; I pray you pardon me.

Ch. I am more difpofed to fubfcribe to your tears than to find fault with them.

Sheva. Well, well, well! 'tis natural for me to weep when I reflect upon their fufferings and my own.—Sir, you fhall know—but I won't tell you my fad ftory; you are young and tender-heated—It is all written down—You fhall find it with my papers at my death.

Ch. Sir! At your death?——

Sheva. Yes, fure, I muft die fome time or other; tho' you have fav'd my life once, you cannot fave it always: I did tell you, Mr. Ratcliffe, I wou'd fhew you my heart. Sir, it is a heart to do you all poffible good whilft I live, and to pay you the debt of gratitude when I die; I believe it is the only one I owe to the pure benevolence of my fellow-creatures.

Ch. I am forry you have found mankind fo ungrateful.

Sheva. Not fo, not fo; I might perhaps have found them grateful, if I had let them know their be-

nefactor; I did relieve their wants, but I did not court their thanks: they did eat my bread, and hooted at me for a miser. *Jew*, A. 2. Sc. 4.

HEARTINESS.

LEONARD AND DROOPLY.

Leon. ——— Your talents have been only flumbering.

Dro. Hav'n't they? they have had a pretty long nap, and a found one too. I'm afraid it will be a hard matter to wake them.

Leon. I don't defpair; efpecially when I fhall fet the loud voice of friendfhip to roufe them.

Dro. If they don't wake at that call, you may take your oath their flumber is everlafting. But tho' I am mafter of this poor tenement, I really am fo ignorant of the ftate of the *upper ftory*, as not to know whether the inhabitants have perifhed by neglect, or are only dozing from want of employment; but this I do know, there is a lively fellow in the *firft floor (pointing to his heart)* who would dance with joy to do you the flighteft fervice, and lofe every drop of blood to prove his friendfhip and gratitude.

Votary of Wealth, A. 1. Sc. 1.

HONESTY PROVED.

VORTEX AND FRANK.

Vortex (aside). I'll set a trap for you, you dog—I'll have you in my power, however; I'll drop my purse—he'll take it—and then—*(drops his purse)*—A pair of us! I'll lay you by the heels, desperate cute as you are. [*Exit.*

Frank. Poor Feyther, poor sister, and poor I! Feyther will go broken hearted, for sartain;——and then, sister Jessy's coming to labour,—I can't bear the thought on't. Od dom thee! if I could but get hold of some of thy money, I'd teak care thee should not get it again.—Eh! *(sees the purse, walks round it.)* Well, now, I declare that do look for all the world like a purse. How happy it would make poor Feyther and Sister! I conceates there wou'd be no harm just to touch it;—*(takes it up with caution;)*—it be cruel tempting. No body do see I.—I wonder how it wou'd feel in my pocket *(puts it with fear into his own pocket).* Wounds! how hot I be! Cruel warm to be sure. Who's that! Nobody.—Oh! I—I—l-u-d, lud! and I ha' gotten such a desperate ague all on a sudden,—and my heart do keep j—jump—jumping.—I believe I be going to die *(falls into a chair)* Eh!—Eh!—Mayhap it be this terrible purse. Dom thee, come out *(throws it down.—After*

a pause.) Ees, now I is better.—Dear me, quite an alteration.—My head don't ſpin about ſoa, and my heart do feel as light, and do ſo keep tittuping, tittuping, I can't help crying.

Enter VORTEX.

Vortex. Now I have him—*(Sees the purſe)*. What, he has not ſtole it, tho' his own Father's in want!—Here's a precious raſcal for you!

Frank. Mr. Nabob, you have left your purſe behind you *(ſobbing)*; and you ought to be aſhamed of yourſelf, ſo you ought, to leave a purſe in a poor lad's way, who has a Feyther and Siſter coming to ſtarving.

Vortex. My purſe! True; reach it me.

Frank. Noa, thank you for nothing—I've had it in my hand once—Ecod, if having other people's money do make a man ſo hot, how deſperate warm ſome folks mun be!

Vortex. Warm,—fooliſh fellow! *(wiping his forehead, and fanning himſelf with his hat)*. Fugh! quite a Bengal day, I declare.

Frank. Od dang it! how their heads mun ſpin round!

Vortex. Spin round! I never heard ſuch a ſimpleton.—Spin, indeed! ha! ha! God bleſs my ſoul. I'm quite giddy! Oh Lord! Oh dear me!

Cure for the Heart-Ache, A. 2. Sc. 2.

HONOR.

FAULKNER TO M'QUERY.

Honour, is the converſation of ſociety; without it, even our virtues wou'd be dangerous. It tempers courage, and vice it puts to ſhame; it eradicates truth, and mixes up oppoſing paſſions in the ſweet compound of urbanity.

Way to Get Married, A. 1. Sc. 2.

SIR HERVEY AND BAILIFF.

Bailiff. A man of your rank couldn't live ſhabbily.

Sir Hervey. No; but I might have lived honorably; I might have lived within my income: that is the barrier no man of true honour ever paſſes: and if ſtealing on the highway be puniſhed with death, why ſhould the more refined robber, who defrauds the induſtrious tradeſman of the hard earnings by which he is to ſupport his family, why ſhould he eſcape? —Oh! let no man boaſt the proud name of gentleman, who contracts debts he cannot pay!

Management, A. 4. Sc. 2.

HEREFORD, LLEWELLYN, CADWALL AND SOLDIERS.

Her. —Yield, prince, and at diſcretion, to king Edward;

Submit to pay a gentle fine we'll name,

And hold of him, during your natural life,
This principality, which at your death
Shall add its lustre to the English crown.—
I wait for your reply.

Llew. 'Tis in my scabbard.
Think you the soil that nourished me to empire
So lightly priz'd, that I could see its bondage?
Retain it for my life!—My life!—a span:
I live in my descendants.—Lord, I trust
When these bones whiten in the eagle's nest,
My children, with a better fate than mine,
Shall rule the land in happiness and honour.

* * * * *

Her. I turn me then to you his followers.—
Deluded men, whom yet our mercy spares
For this last trial, listen to my words.

Llew. 'Tis fit you should; and weigh well his proposals.

Her. On one condition, here I tender pardon;
Seize yonder traitor to his oath and homage,
Deliver him an offering unto justice,
And high rewards shall amplify our boon.

(*A pause—all silent.*)

Llew. Why are you silent, friends? You cannot balance.
Accept his offer. Mark well the conditions.
He promises you honour for disgrace;
Who then can hesitate to bind his prince?
Not yet determined!—Let me well advise you.
Standing with me, you look on certain death.

Think of your helpless wives, your orphan'd children,
All sacrific'd, if you are scrupulous.
Yet once more, general, help me to persuade 'em.

Her. Amazement wraps me at his fortitude!
They're silent still, and hang the head in sorrow.

Llew. Still, friends, irresolute! Perhaps your hearts
Cherish some pity for a long-tried friend;
And thus are loth to yield him to his fate.
Have pity on yourselves—be wise and truckle.
True, we are friends; but 'tis calamity
Makes the sole bond betwixt us—did we flourish,
I should be thron'd too high for your associate;
And you be common men in my regard.

Cad. This is not kind in our commander, boys,
But may I perish if I e'er betray him!

Llew. O, I have solv'd the scruple. Feeble cowards,
'Tis fear to rush upon a single man.
Lo, there my trusty sword, nay e'en my dagger
I fling before you—I am now defenceless.
Come, who advances?

Cad. Aye, if hell should gape
And swallow the refusers, who's the wretch
That would betray his leader and his sovereign?

(They all rush forward, and fall at his feet.)

Llew. Read in this act their answer.—Matchless men!
My swelling heart is bursting with delight.

Cambro-Britons, A. 1. Sc. 3.

HONOUR. (FALSE)

SIR E. MORTIMER TO FITZHARDING.

Honour has been my theme! good will to man
My ſtudy. I have labour'd for a name
As white as mountain ſnow; dazzling, and ſpeck-
leſs:
Shame on't! 'tis blur'd with blots! Fate, like a mil-
dew,
Ruins the virtuous harveſt I would reap,
And all my crop is weeds.

* * * * *

SIR E. MORTIMER AND WILFORD.

Mort. Honour, thou blood-ſtain'd God! at whoſe
red altar
Sit War and Homicide, O, to what madneſs
Will inſult drive thy votaries! By heaven,
In the world's range there does not breathe a man
Whoſe brutal nature I more ſtrove to ſoothe,
With long forbearance, kindneſs, courteſy,
Than his who fell by me. But he diſgrac'd me,
Stain'd me,—oh, death, and ſhame!—the world
look'd on,
And ſaw this ſinewy ſavage ſtrike me down;
Rain blows upon me, drag me to and fro,
On the baſe earth, like carrion. Deſperation,
In every fibre of my frame, cried vengeance!
I left the room, which he had quitted. Chance,

(Curse on the chance!) while boiling with my wrongs,
Thrust me against him, darkling in the street:—
I stabb'd him to the heart:—and my oppressor
Roll'd, lifeless at my foot.

Wilf. Oh! mercy on me!
How could this deed be cover'd!

Mort. Would you think it?
E'en at the moment when I gave the blow,
Butcher'd a fellow creature in the dark,
I had all good men's love. But my disgrace,
And my opponent's death, thus link'd with it,
Demanded notice of the magistracy.
They summon'd me, as friend would summon friend,
To acts of import, and communication.
We met: and 'twas resolved, to stifle rumour,
To put me on my trial. No accuser,
No evidence appear'd, to urge it on.—
'Twas meant to clear my fame.—How clear it then?
How cover it? you say.—Why, by a Lie:—
Guilt's offspring, and its guard. I taught this breast,
Which Truth once made her throne, to forge a lie;
This tongue to utter it.—Rounded a tale,
Smooth as a Seraph's song from Satan's mouth;
So well compacted, that the o'er throng'd court
Disturb'd cool justice, in her judgment-seat,
By shouting "Innocence!" ere I had finish'd.
The Court enlarged me; and the giddy rabble

Bore me, in triumph, home. Aye!—look upon me.—
I know thy sight aches at me.

Wilf. Heaven forgive me!
I think I love you still:—but I am young;
I know not what to say:—it may be wrong.—
Indeed I pity you.

Mort. I disdain all pity.—
I ask no consolation. Idle boy!
Think'st thou that this compulsive confidence
Was given to move thy pity?—Love of Fame
(For still I cling to it) has urged me, thus,
To quash thy curious mischief in it's birth.
Hurt honour, in an evil, cursed hour,
Drove me to murder—lying:—'twould again.
My honesty,—sweet peace of mind,—all, all!
Are barter'd for a name. I *will* maintain it.
Should slander whisper o'er my sepulchre,
And my soul's agency survive in death,
I could embody it with heaven's lightning,
And the hot shaft of my insulted spirit
Should strike the blaster of my memory
Dead in the church-yard. Boy, I would not kill thee:
Thy rashness and discernment threaten'd danger:
To check them there was no way left but this:—
Save one—thy death:—thou shalt not be my victim.

Wilf. My death! What take my life?—My life! to prop
This empty honour.

Mort. Empty! Groveling fool!

Wilf. I am your ſervant, Sir: child of your bounty;
And know my obligation. I have been
Too curious, haply; 'tis the fault of youth.
I ne'er meant injury: if it would ſerve you,
I would lay down my life; I'd give it freely:—
Could you, then, have the heart to rob me of it?
You could not;—ſhould not.

Mort. How!

Wilf. You dare not.

Mort. Dare not!

Wilf. Some hours ago you durſt not. Paſſion moved you;
Reflection interpoſed, and held your arm.
But, ſhould reflection prompt you to attempt it,
My innocence would give me ſtrength to ſtruggle,
And wreſt the murderous weapon from your hand.
How would you look to find a peaſant boy
Return the knife you level'd at his heart;
And aſk you which in heaven would ſhew the beſt,
A rich man's honour, or a poor man's honeſty?

Iron Cheſt, A 2. Sc. 2. & 4.

HOSPITALITY.

BILLY BLUSTER, DAVID AND KATE.

Billy B. ——What is the lady's name—whom is ſhe going to marry—and how are you intereſted,

about her? I don't think David Mowbray would bring a bad woman into my family.

David. Why who could suppofe I would? But with refpect to entering into her hiftory with you, I can't do it; for 'tis brother Frederick's affair, and he'll fatisfy you in all points. It is not I that am going to marry her, but he: all I know is, that fhe is a perfon of rank, and an emigrant. Take notice, I have never feen her, and moreover, it is a clofe fecret from my father.

Kate. Billy, Billy, if it is a fecret affair, don't meddle or make with it: as fure as can be you'll get into hot water with Sir Miles Mowbray.

Billy B. Hot water indeed! let him take care then, he don't fcald his own fingers. I fhall act the ftrait part by my friend David; if he deceive me, that is his fault; if I deceive him, I am a flincher, and no true Englifhman—fo I fay the lady fhall be welcome: I fay it, and who fhall gainfay it?

David. Come, fweet Kate, it only wants your concurrence; take a little pity into your heart for a poor orphan ftranger, driven out of her own country by the murderers of her parents, and give her a fmall fample of your hofpitality, for the honor of old England.

Kate. Nay, if fhe is an orphan and a ftranger, and a fugitive from that cruel country, who but a monfter would refufe to take her in? I'll not be outdone in charity by any body—Let her come when fhe will, I'll do every thing in my power for her.

First Love A2. Sc. 1.

HOSPITALITY. (MODERN)

SIR CHARLES AND MISS DAZZLE.

Sir C. Well, fifter, we fhall ruin them all; and now-a-days you know you can't do your friend a greater fervice.

Mifs Daz. What! than to ruin him!

Sir C. To be fure—Where is the ruin'd man that doesn't fpend twice the income of the richeft citizen in London? Don't many of them have executions in their houfe in the morning, and give galas at night? An't the very bailiffs turned into fervants, and don't they ftill ftake five thoufand on a card? Nay, I know a man that has done it all his life.

Mifs Daz. Do you? Who?

Sir C. Myfelf!—I never had a fhilling, and I've always lived like a Nabob—And how have I done all this? How, but by hofpitality! By entertaining my friends elegantly at one table, and genteely picking their pockets at another.

How to Grow Rich, A. 1, Sc. 2.

HUMANITY.

LARBOARD AND MARIA.

Maria. The weight of this obligation.——

Larb. Call it merely an act of juftice; you owe

me no obligation; we are all ſubject to beat up the rough channel of misfortune, and ſplit on the concealed rocks of villainy; it is therefore a duty we owe to each other, as a part of the crew of ſociety, in our different voyages through life, to protect the injured and ſuccour the diſtreſt.

Juſt in Time, A. 2. Sc. 2.

SHEVA, *(Solus)*

Heigho! I cannot chuſe but weep—Sheva, thou art a fool—Three hundred pounds by the day, how much is that in the year?—Oh dear, oh dear! I ſhall be ruin'd, ſtarved, waſted to a watch-light!. Bowels, you ſhall pinch for this: I'll not eat fleſh this fortnight: I'll ſuck the air for nouriſhment: I'll feed upon the ſteam of an alderman's kitchen, as I put my noſe down his area.—Well, well! but ſoft, a word, friend Sheva! Art thou not rich? monſtrous rich, abominably rich? and yet thou liveſt on a cruſt—Be it ſo! thou doſt ſtint thine appetites to pamper thine affections; thou doſt make thyſelf to live in poverty, that the poor may live in plenty. Well, well! ſo long as thou art a miſer only to thine own coſt, thou may'ſt hug thyſelf in this poor habit, and ſet the world's contempt at naught.

* * * *

CHARLES AND SHEVA.

Ch. You pity me, I'm ſure you do: thoſe tones cou'd never proceed but from a feeling heart.

Sheva. Try me, touch me; I am not made of marble.

Ch. No, on my life you are not.

Sheva. Nor, yet of the gold extorted from the prodigal: I am no ſhark to prey upon mankind. What I have got, I have got by little and little, working hard, and pinching my own bowels—I could ſay ſomething, it is in my thoughts; but no, I will not ſay it here: this is the houſe of trade; that is not to my purpoſe—Come home with me, ſo pleaſe you—'Tis but a little walk, and you ſhall ſee what I have ſhewn to no man, Sheva's real heart—I do not carry it in my hand. *Jew*, A. 1. Sc. 1.

HUMANITY AND INHUMANITY CONTRASTED.

ALONZO AND ROLDAN.

Alo. Roldan, the conduct of theſe Indian obſcures our European virtues, and we are come to be inſtructed, not to teach—The good Columbus has appeaſed their juſt reſentment, and, at the requeſt of Orozimbo, conſents to liberate the priſoners.

Roldan. 'Tis well *(ſhews a plan of attack)* but as we muſt ſecure a place of ſafety, (for it were madneſs to repoſe confidence in ſavages) here have I drawn a plan which muſt render the town an eaſy capture.

Alon. The town a capture?

Roldan. Doſt thou not underſtand me?

Alon. I hope I do not.

Roldan. There is no ſafety but in their deſtruction.

Alon. Roldan, thou ſurely can'ſt not be ſo damn'd as to think it—What, ſtab the fond heart that overflows with love and adoration for thee—trample down ſacred hoſpitality, and erect the throne of treachery and murder—by the great God of juſtice, firſt thro' this body, thou muſt force thy way, thou traitor to humanity.

Roldan. Soft-hearted fool, theſe mawkiſh virtues have ever been the ſainted garb of cowards.

Alon. Coward! [*They fight.*

Enter CUTO, *with Indians, who ruſh in between 'em.*

Cuto. Thanks to the God, this arm received the ſtroke that would have ſlain you. [*To Roldan.*

Alon. Good youth, thou bleed'ſt—Pray take all care of him [*binds his handkerchief round* Cuto's *arm.*] Roldan, if yet thou need'ſt a ſtimulus to virt[ue] look on that Indian, and in the name of heaven, do not ſtain thy honour and thy manhood with treachery and ingratitude.

Roldan. Fortune permits thee now to ſchool me—but, boy, thou ſhalt feel my power; go to the Viceroy, tell him that Roldan lacketh brotherly affection for the poor Indians, and add (for by the power of vengeance it is true) that Roldan is his covenanted foe—that he hath given freedom to thoſe Caſtilians

ſhe dared diſgrace with bonds, and that, by thee, he greets his Excellency with defiance and contempt·

Columbus, A. 2. Sc. 1.

HUMOUR.

VORTEX, OLD RAPID, AND YOUNG RAPID.

Vor. ——Sir, I am a Member, and I mean to—

Y. Rap. Keep moving.

Vor. Why, I mean to ſpeak, I aſſure you; and—

Y. Rap. Puſh on then.

Vor. What, ſpeak my ſpeech?—That I will—I'll ſpeak it.

Y. Rap. Oh, the devil!—Don't yawn ſo—(*To Old* Rapid.)

O. Rap. I never get a comfortable nap, never!

Y. Rap. You have a dev'liſh good chance, now—Confound all ſpeeches.—Oh!——

Vor. Pray be ſeated—(*They ſit on each ſide* Vortex.) ——Now we'll ſuppoſe that the chair—(*pointing to the chair*)

O. Rap. Suppoſe it the chair! why 'tis a chair, an't it?

Vor. Pſhaw! I mean——

Y. Rap. He knows what you mean—'tis his humour.

Vor. Oh, he's witty!

Y. Rap. Oh, remarkably brilliant indeed;—— (*significantly to his father*)

Vor. What, you are a wit, sir!

O. Rap. A what? Yes, I am—I am a wit.

Vor. Well, now I'll begin—Oh, what a delicious moment!—The House when they approve, cry, "Hear him! hear him!"—I only give you a hint in case any thing should strike——

Y. Rap. Push on—I can never stand it—(*aside*)

Vor. Now I shall charm them—(*addresses the chair*) ——"Sir, Had I met your eye at an earlier hour, I should not have blink'd the present question—but having caught what has fallen from the other side, I shall scout the idea of going over the usual ground" ——What! no applause yet? (*Aside*) *During this* Old Rapid *has fallen asleep, and* Young Rapid, *after shewing great fretfulness and impatience, runs to the back scene, throws up the window, and looks out.*)—"But I shall proceed, and I trust, without interruption"—(*turns round and sees* Old Rapid *asleep.*)

Vor. Upon my soul, this is—What do you mean, sir?—(Rapid *awakes*)

O. Rap. What's the matter?—Hear him! hear him!

Vor. Pray, sir, don't you blush——(*sees* Young Rapid *at the window*)—What the devil!—

Y. Rap. (*looking round.*) Hear him! hear him!

Vor. By the soul of Cicero, 'tis too much.

O. Rap. Oh, Neddy, for shame of yourself to fall asleep!—I mean, to look out of the window—I am

very forry, fir, any thing fhould go acrofs the grain —I fay, Ned, fmooth him down!

Y. Rap. I will—What the devil fhall I fay?—The fact is, fir, I heard a cry of fire—upon—the—the—the water, and——

Vor. Well, well—But do you wifh to hear the end of my fpeech?

Y. Rap. Upon my honour, I do.

Vor. Then we'll only fuppofe this little interruption a meffage from the Lords, or fomething of that fort—*(They fit,* Young Rapid *fretful)*

Vor. Where did I leave off?

Y. Rap. Oh! I recollect; at—" I therefore briefly conclude with moving—an Adjournment"—*(rifing)*

Vor. Nonfenfe! no fuch thing—*(putting him down in the chair)*—Oh! I remember! "I fhall therefore proceed, and, I truft, without interruption—"

Enter Servant.

Serv. Dinner's on the table, fir.

Vor. Get out of the room, you villain!—" Without interruption—"

Serv. I fay, fir——

Y. Rap. Hear him! hear him!

Serv. Dinner is waiting.

Y. Rap. *(jumping up)* Dinner waiting?—Come along, fir.

Vor. Never mind the dinner.

Y. Rap. But I like it fmoking.

O. Rap. So do I—Be it ever fo little, let me have it hot.

Vor. Won't you hear my fpeech?

Y. Rap. To be fure we will—but now to dinner—Come, we'll move together—Capital fpeech!—Pufh on, fir—Come along dad—Pufh him on, dad—

[*Exeunt forcing* Vortex *out.*

Cure for the Heart Ache, A. 3. Sc. 2.

SHARPSET AND LEONARD.

Sharp. I joined a party of ftrolling players.

Leon. Indeed!

Sharp. I know you muft be fhocked at my defcending fo damn'd low as to turn actor. But I did not difgrace myfelf long.

Leon. How happen'd that?

Sharp. The audience would not let me.

Leon. How fo?

Sharp. I came out in Richard the Third. I thought it devilifh fine; but the good folks in the front thought otherwife. I ranted—they hooted—However, I out-roared them, and pufhed on till I got into Bofworth Field—"A horfe, a horfe! my kingdom for a horfe!" When a drunken, Fox-hunting fquire (I fhall never lofe the found of his damn'd voice) bawled out of the boxes, that I fhould have the beft horfe in his ftable, if I would ride away directly and never come back again.

Leon. Ha! ha! ha!

Sharp. The actors warn'd me it would not do. I thought it envy in them, and have fome reafon to

think they ſent a party to hiſs me. However, by way of comfort, though they told me I ſhould never act tragedy, they thought I ſhould ſucceed in low comedy —Low comedy! only think of their impudence! Is this a face for low comedy? No, no, damn it! I could not ſtoop to that.

Votary of Wealth, A. 1. Sc. 1.

HUSBANDS. (THEIR PREROGATIVES.)

SIR WILLIAM NORBERRY AND LORD PRIORY.

Sir Wil. The ancients, I believe, were very affectionate to their wives.

Ld. Pri. And they had reaſon to be ſo; for their wives obeyed them. The ancients ſeldom gave them the liberty to do wrong; but modern wives do as they like.

Mr. Nor. And don't you ſuffer Lady Priory to do as ſhe likes!

Ld. Pri. Yes, when it is what I like too. But never, never elſe.

Sir. Wil. Does not this draw upon you the character of an unkind huſband?

Ld. Pri. That I am proud of. Did you never obſerve that ſeldom a breach of fidelity in a wife is expoſed, where the unfortunate huſband is not ſaid to be "the beſt creature in the world!" Poor man!

ſo good natured !—Doatingly fond of his wife !—Indulged her in every thing !—How cruel in her to ſerve him ſo !" Now, if I am ſerved *ſo*, it ſhall not be for my good-nature.

Mr. Nor. But I hope you equally diſapprove of every ſeverity.

Ld. Pri. *(Rapidly)* What do you mean by ſeverity?

Mr. Nor. You know you uſed to be rather violent in your temper.

Ld. Pri. So I am ſtill—apt to be haſty and paſſionate—but that is rather of advantage to me as a huſband—it cauſes me to be obeyed without heſitation—no liberty for contention, tears, or repining. I inſure conjugal ſunſhine, by now and then introducing a ſtorm; while ſome huſbands never ſee any thing but a cloudy ſky, and all for the want of a little domeſtic thunder to clear away the vapours.

Sir Wil. I have long conceived indulgence to be the bane of female happineſs.

Ld. Pri. And ſo it is—I know ſeveral women of faſhion who will viſit ſix places of different amuſement, on the ſame night, have company at home beſides, and yet, for want of ſomething more, they'll be out of ſpirits: my wife never goes to a public place, has ſcarce ever company at home, and yet is always in ſpirits.

Sir Wil. Never viſits operas, or balls, or routs?

Lord Pri. How ſhould ſhe? ſhe goes to bed every night exactly at ten.

Mr. Nor. In the name of wonder, how have you been able to bring her to that?

Ld. Pri. By making her riſe every morning at five.

Mr. Nor. And ſo ſhe becomes tired before night.

Ld. P. Tired to death. Or, if I ſee her eyes completely open at bed time, and ſhe aſks me to play one game more at picquet, the next morning I jog her elbow at half after four.

Mr. Nor. But ſuppoſe ſhe does not reply to the ſignal?

Ld. Pri. Then I turn the key of the door when I leave the chamber; and there I find her when I come home in the evening.

Sir Wil. And without her having ſeen a creature all day?

Ld. Pri. That is in my favour, for not having ſeen a ſingle ſoul, ſhe is rejoiced even to ſee *me*.

Mr. Nor. And will ſhe ſpeak to you, after ſuch uſage?

Ld. Pri. If you only conſidered how much a woman longs to ſpeak after being kept a whole day ſilent, you would not aſk that queſtion.

Wives as they Were, A. I. Sc. I.

IMPIETY.

MENTEVOLE AND OLYMPIA.

Ment. By the great power which gave me ſenſe
and being,

I'll wrest from fate my folly's chastisement,
And this right hand shall end me.

Olymp. ———Oh! how shocking,
To hear with what devout impiety,
Thou dar'st call heaven the witness of an oath,
Outrageous to its own bless'd providence!

Julia, A. 1. Sc. 6.

IMPUDENCE.

SCATTER, FARMER COLE, SPUNGE, & COACHMEN.

1st Coach. Come, come: the twelve shillings! or else—*(laying hold of him.)*

Spunge. If you can't change a hundred pound note, I owe it you—I owe it you—*(sees Scatter)*—Oh, this is lucky—this gentleman perhaps—will you be so kind, sir?—cash a hundred pounds, Sir?

Scat. I really hav'nt so much cash about me, or else——

Spunge. As you say—not so much gold—but plenty of silver—so be good enough—just give these men twelve shillings—thank ye, Sir—under infinite obligations—here, rascals—take your money from this gentleman—take it, I say—*(Scatter, after some hesitation, pays it)*—There—begone!—*(Coachmen exeunt)*—eternally obliged—for ever indebted—never re-pay you—but your name—favour me with your name—to whom am I debtor? *(taking out a pocket-book)*

Scat. My name is Scatter—Richard Scatter, Sir:

but never think of it—I don't mind a guinea or two —particularly when they are not my own.

Spunge. "Richard Scatter"—*(writing it down)*—debtor twelve ſhillings—pſha! can't remember ſilver —give me nine ſhillings—that will make it a guinea —then neither of us will forget it—*(takes the money)* —and your houſe—where's your houſe, Dick?

Scat. I have no houſe—I'm on a viſit.

Spunge. A viſit!—Oh!—a ſaving ſcheme—natural enough—that's right, Dick—live on your friends—Well—what are their names?

Scat. Why, if you muſt know, I'm on a viſit at Woodland Grove.

Spunge. Woodland Grove!—know it well——be with you in an hour—What time do you dine?

Scat. Dine! oh, you muſt excuſe me there——Mr. Woodland is a man who ſees no company.

Spunge. Don't diſtreſs yourſelf—don't let him put himſelf out of the way on my account—plaineſt eater in the world—mutton, beef, veal, all the ſame to me—only rather particular in my wine—muſt have Burgundy—always drink Burgundy, and iced—mind it's iced, Dick.

Scat. Very likely: but I am not at my own houſe, —and Mr. Woodland is of all men——

Spunge. The man I wiſh to know—how are the beds?—*(walks up the ſtage)*

Scat. Beds!—curſe the fellow!—I can't help laughing at his impudence!—Why, Farmer, is this ſhewing me how to live cheap?

Farm. Yees—it's the way he taught me laſt ſummer——ha! ha!—I'm main glad on't—I've got rid of him—good day, meaſter.

Spunge, (meeting Cole*)* What, Cole;—how's your wife, Cole?—ſorry I can't ſtay to dine with you——engaged with this gentleman—but ſupper—be with you to ſupper—you know my way—free and eaſy—never wait for an invitation—come Dick. *(Taking* Scatter's *arm)*

Scat. No, Sir—I beg I mayn't deprive your friend of the pleaſure of your company—the truth is, I am not going to dine at Woodland Grove.

Spunge. No!

Scat. No—I mean to dine alone at the hotel——

Spunge. Better and better—hate large parties—never get any thing hot or good—women eat all the choice bits—fat of veniſon, backs of hares, and liver-wings of fowls—like a tête à tête dinner—ſo come, Dick.

* * * * *

OLD WOODLAND AND SPUNGE.

Spunge. (without) Dick's not come home, you ſay?

O. Wood. Ha! who's this?

Spunge. (without.) Don't mind me—I'll find my way—*(enters)* Ha! Squire! how are you, Squire—? tea on the table! the very thing! after wine, nothing like ſouchong—*(ſits down—takes cups and ſaucers, &c.)*

O. Wood. Amazing!—who can it be?

Spunge. (putting Sugar into his tea-cup.) Long wiſhed for the honour of your acquaintance, Squire—ſorry

I could'nt come to dinner—now I've found my way—often pop in, at pudding time—*(eating some bread & butter)*—get better butter, though—don't like your butter—*(sipping his tea)*—your tea too!——not half strong enough! *(emptying the cannister in the pot)*

O. Wood. Hollo!—what the devil are you about?

Spunge. So—Dick Scatter's not come home!——drunken rascal!

O. Wood. Drunken rascal!—who?—what? Mr. Scatter?

Spunge. We dined at the hotel—tossed down four bottles of Burgundy—Dick reeled off an hour ago, and I came here to pay a short visit—No cream!—now, you're up, ring the bell. *(Old Woodland is seated at this time.)*

O. Wood. Ring the bell;—why, what is all this?—Mr. Scatter, dine at the hotel!—answer me, Sir!—do you say you know Mr. Scatter?

Spunge. Known him these twenty years—a right good fellow, Dick is—lives fast, drinks hard, plays deep:—and then he told me a new mode of raising money.

O. Wood. Did he?—what was it?

Spunge. Why, he told me—ring for some toast, will you?

O. Wood. Psha!—I insist—what is his new mode of raising money?

Spunge. You shall hear—pay court to an old relation—get employed to purchase an estate—touch the deposit money, and spend it on women and Burgundy—*(Enter Mrs. S.)*—How d'ye do? How d'ye do?

Mrs. Scat. Sir—*(unobserving)*—Pray, uncle, who is this gentleman?

O. Wood. Why, don't you know him?——he has been acquainted with your husband these twenty years—they dined together at the hotel, and drank Burgundy with my deposit money.

Mrs. Scat. Impossible!—Mr. Scatter has no such acquaintance——(Spunge *nods to her*) what do you nod at me for? I never saw you——

Spunge. Oh: what! you cut, do you? You don't remember, I used to see you at Lady Redfigure's punting and cocking, and—I say, Squire——you go halves, I suppose.

O. Wood. Go halves, Sir!

Spunge. She keeps a faro bank, and you divide the profits—'pon my soul, you've dressed your character admirably—you look more like a flat than a sharp—ha! ha! natural enough—but I can't stay—engaged to sup at Farmer Cole's, and never break an appointment—my next visit shall be longer——*(puts some peaches in his pocket)*——adieu!

Mrs. Scat. Sir, I insist on your staying——

O. Wood. And so do I—I insist you don't leave my house till—

Spunge. There—this is always the case—never go any where, they don't insist on my staying——don't despair—I'll give you enough of my company—To-morrow!—let me see—where do I dine to-morrow? oh—here! I dine here.

O. Wood. Will you—I should like to see you.

Spunge. I know it.—I know you'll like to ſee me; and, therefore, I'll be here at four—punctually at ſix—and d'ye mind—Burgundy—I always drink Burgundy—and ſome trout—get ſome trout—the red trout—damn all others!—Squire, yours—Lady Redfigure, yours.

Cheap Living, A. 1. Sc. 2. *and* A. 2. Sc. 1.

INCIDENTS.

OLD TESTY AND KITTY.

Kitty. Oh dear me, here is Sir Simon! What ſhall I do? Coming, Sir. I woudn't have him ſee *you* and *me* alone together, for the world.

Old Teſty. Nor I either. The raſcal wou'd banter me to death.

Kitty. And I ſhall loſe my character. Oh, dear Sir, hide yourſelf.

* * * * *

——— there, under the ſopha.

Old Teſty. Zounds! I ſhall be cramped to death.

* * * * *

Kitty. Make haſte, make haſte.

Old Teſty. Well, if I muſt, I muſt. *(Gets under the ſopha.)* Send him away directly.

Kitty. Yes, Sir, yes.

Enter SIR SIMON FLOURISH.

Sir S. Flou. Why, Kitty, what are you in ſuch a buſtle about? My Lady is not at home, is ſhe?

Kitty. No, Sir, no.

Sir S. Flou. I'm glad of it. I came home on purpose to catch you alone, Kitty.

Old Testy. Oh ho! you did, did you? *(from under the sopha.)*

Sir S. Flou. You are the prettiest little rogue in the world, Kitty. You know how long I have been in love with you, Kitty; now do have compassion on me!

* * * * *

Lady Flou. (Without) Pray, Captain O'Neil, do me the kindness to walk this way.

Kitty. My Lady's voice!

Sir S. Flou. By all that's discordant! she must not see me here with you. I told her I should not be at home till night. She'll suspect something.

Kitty. Well she may, if she sees me in this rumpl'd condition. Oh dear, what shall I do? where shall I run?

Sir S. Flou. Here, here,—come, quick.

Kitty. Oh dear! oh dear!

[*Both go behind the window curtain.*

Enter Lady FLOURISH *and Captain* O'NEIL.

Lady Flou. This way, Captain O'Neil. Allow me to shew you into my little dressing-room.

Capt. O'Neil. Your Ladyship does me great honor.

Lady Flou. Pray sit down. I conducted you here, Captain O'Neil, that I might not be agitated again by Sir Simon's intrusion.

Sir S. Flou. Vastly well.

Capt. O'Neil. Madam, the reaſon of my calling now is——

Lady Flou. I know your reaſons very well, you can't impoſe on me, though you have on my huſband.

Capt. O'Neil, My dear Lady I wiſh to be underſtood.

Lady Flou. I don't in the leaſt doubt it: but gentlemen of your country, with the beſt intentions in the world, ſometimes find it a very difficult matter. But I underſtand you perfectly; the paſſion you ventur'd to intimate this morning——

Capt. O'Neil. I have, now, my Lady, entirely relinquiſh'd——

Lady Flou. What! you barbarous man, have you enſnared my ſuſceptible heart, and do you now abandon your conqueſt?

Capt. O'Neil. I enſnare your ſuſceptible heart!

Lady Flou. Yes, you inhuman creature!—Oh! Oh! *(crying)* 'Tis too much, too much to bear!

Sir S. Flou. (Ruſhing from behind the curtain.) 'Tis too much for me to bear. To hear one's wife make love to another man, is too much for any body to bear!

Capt. O'Neil. Sir Simon!

Lady Flou. Sir Simon!

Sir S. Flou. Yes, the wrong'd Sir Simon.—Is this the way you reward my faithful love, my fond attachment? [*Lady* Flouriſh *ſinks on the ſopha, fainting.*

Capt. O'Neil. Get her a little water, Sir Simon:—I'll give her ſome air. [*Going towards the window.*

Sir S. Flou. Don't give her any air, she'll be better without it.

[*Captain* O'Neil *runs to open the window, he draws the curtains, and discovers* Kitty: *She screams, which calls the attention of* Lady Flourish.]

Lady Flou. Very well, Sir Simon! This is y faithful love—*your* fond attachment!

Capt. O'Neil. Oh! the blessing of mutual affectio These are the fond turtle doves—Faith you are w pair'd.

Lady Flou. I shall never recover this terrible sho

Capt. O'Neil. Now the impediment is removed, me recommend a little ventilation to your Ladysh *(Opens the window.)* Pray sit, and enjoy it as co fortably as you can. *(Runs to the sopha, and draw back towards the window, by which* Old Testy *is covered.)* What have we got here! It looks like great turtle, left on the shore by the retiring of tide. Favour me with one of your fins. *(Rais him up by the arm.)*

Sir S. Flou. Mr. Testy, what the devil do you here?

Lady Flou. Mr. Testy, what is your business in m dressing-room?

Old Testy. Your dressing-room is a place of wo derful business indeed!

Capt. O'Neil. Pray, to which party do you be long? *(Pointing to Lady* Flourish *and* Kitty.)

Old Testy. Which party! You see I am *out* now;

and, what is not uncommon, I kept my place as long as I cou'd.

Sir S. Flou. What do you mean by your *outs* and *ins* in my house? I have a great mind to make an example of you. To be found under the sopha, in my wife's dressing-room! Why the Bank of England could hardly pay the damages a liberal *crim. con.* Jury would give me. *Abroad and at Home*, A. 2. Sc. 5.

COUNT, SUSAN, AND PAGE *hiding behind a Chair.*

Count. So, charming Susan, have I found thee at last? But thou seemest frightened my little Beauty.

Susan. Consider, my Lord, if any body should come and catch you here——

Count. That would be rather mal-a-propos: but there's no great danger. *(The Count offers to kiss Susan.)*

Susan, Fie, my Lord! *(The Count seats himself in the great chair, and endeavours to pull Susan on his knee, who resists.)*

Count. Thou knowest, my charming Susan, the King has done me the honour to appoint me Ambassador to the court of Paris. I shall take Figaro with me, and give him a very—*excellent* post; and as it is the duty of a wife to follow her husband, we shall then have every opportunity we could wish.

Basil. (without.) He is not in his own room.

Count. Heavens! Here's somebody coming! Where can I hide! Is there no place here? *(The Count runs*

to get behind the great chair, Susan keeps between him and the Page, who steals away as the Count advances, leaps into the great chair, with his legs doubled under him, and is covered over with the countess's gown, by Susan. Enter BASIL.

Basil. Ah, Susan, Good morrow——Is my lord the Count here?

Susan. Here! What should he be here for?

Basil. Nay, there would be no miracle in it if he were; would there, hey gentle Susan? *(Smiles and leers at her.)*

Susan. It would be a greater miracle to see you honest.

Basil. Figaro is in search of him.

Susan. Then he is in search of a man who wishes most to injure him—yourself excepted.

Basil. It is strange, that a man should injure the Husband by obliging the Wife.

(The Count peeps from behind the great chair.)

Count. I shall hear, now, how well he pleads my cause.

Basil. For my part, Marriage being, of all serious things, the greatest farce, I imagined——

Susan. All manner of wickedness.

Basil. That though you are obliged to fast to-day, you might be glad to feed to-morrow, grace being first duly said.

Susan. Begone, and do not shock my ears with your vile principles.

Basil. Yes, my pretty Susan, but you must not

suppose I am the dupe of these fine appearances; I know it isn't Figaro who is the great obstacle to my Lord's happiness, but a certain beardless Page, whom I surprised here, this morning, looking for you as I entered.

Susan. Nobody, but a wicked creature as you, could ever invent such scandalous tales, to the ruin of a poor youth, who has unhappily fallen into his Lord's disgrace.

Basil. I invent! Why it is in every body's mouth.

(The Count discovers himself and comes forward.)

Count. How! In every body's mouth!

Basil. Zounds!

Count. Run, Basil, let him have fifty pistoles and a horse given him, and sent back to his friends instantly.

Basil. I'm very sorry, my Lord, I happened to speak——

* * * *

Count. No matter, he shall depart! A little, wanton, impudent Rascal, that I meet at every turning.—No longer ago than yesterday I surprised him with the Gardener's daughter.

Basil. Agnes?

Count. In her very bed-chamber.

Susan. Where my Lord happened to have business himself.

Count. Hem!——I was going there to seek your uncle Antonio, Susan, my drunken Gardener; I knock'd at the door, and waited some time; at last

Agnes came, with confusion in her countenance—I entered, cast a look round, and perceived a kind of long Cloak, or Curtain, or some such thing, approach'd, and without seeming to take the least notice, drew it gently aside, thus—Hey!

Basil. Zounds! (*The Count, during his speech, approaches the arm chair, and acting his description draws aside the gown that hides the Page. They all stand motionless with surprise, for some time.*)

Count. Why, this is a better trick than t'other!

* * * * *

(*To Susan*) And so it was to receive this pretty Youth, that you were so desirous of being alone—And you, you little Villain, what you don't intend to mend your manners then? But forgetting all respect for your friend Figaro, and for the Countess your Godmother, likewise you are endeavouring here to seduce her favourite woman! I, however (*turning towards Basil*) shall not suffer Figaro, a man—whom I *esteem*—*sincerely*—to fall the Victim of such deceit—Did he enter with you, Basil?

Basil. No, my Lord.

Susan. There is neither Victim nor deceit in the case, my Lord. He was here when you entered.

Count. I hope that's false; the greatest enemy could not wish him so much mischief.

Susan. Knowing that you were angry with him, the poor boy came running to me, begging me to solicit my Lady in his favour, in hopes she might engage you to forgive him; but was so terrified

as ſoon as he heard you coming, that he hid himſelf in the great Chair.

Count. A likely ſtory—I ſat down in it, as ſoon as I came in.

Page. Yes, my Lord, but I was then trembling behind it.

Count. That's falſe, again, for I hid myſelf behind it, when Baſil entered.

Page. (*Timidly.*) Pardon me, my Lord, but as you approach'd, I retired, and couched down as you now ſee me.

Count. (*Angrily.*) It's a little Serpent that glides into every crevice—And he has been liſtening too to our diſcourſe!

Page. Indeed, my Lord, I did all I could not to hear a word. *Follies of a Day*, A. 1. Sc. 1.

VAPID (*Solus.*)

Either this houſe is a labyrinth, or I, in reflecting on my incident, have forgot myſelf; for ſo it is I can't find my way out—whom have we here?—by the ſixtieth night my little partner!

Enter MARIANNE, *with a book in her hand.*

Marianne. The poet I danc'd with!—he little thinks how much I've thought of him ſince? ſir. (*curtſying.*)

Vapid. Ma'am. (*bowing.*)

Marianne. I hope, ſir, you caught no cold the other night.

Vapid. No, ma'am, I was much nearer a fever than a cold—pray ma'am what is your ſtudy?

Marianne. I have been reading "*All for Love.*"—Pray, ſir, do you know any thing about plays?

Vapid. Know any thing about plays!—there's a queſtion.

Marianne. I know ſo much about them, that I once acted at a private theatre.

Vapid. Did you? then you acted for your own amuſement and nobody's elſe: what was the play?

Marianne. I can't tell.

Vapid. Can't tell!

Marianne. No,—nobody knew,—it's a way they have.

Vapid. Then they never act a play of mine—With all this partiality for the ſtage—perhaps you would be content with a dramatiſt for life—particularly if his morals were fine.

Marianne. Lord! I don't care about fine morals—I'd rather my huſband had fine teeth,—and I'm told moſt women of faſhion are of the ſame opinion.

Vapid. To be ſure they are,—but could you really conſent to run away with a poet?

Marianne. Faith—with all my heart—they never have any money you know, and as I have none, our diſtreſs would be complete, and if we had any luck, our adventures would become public, and then we ſhould get into a novel at laſt.

Vapid. Into a prison more probably—if she goes on in this way I must dramatize her first,—and run away with her afterwards *(aside)*. Come, are you ready?

Lady Waitfor't. (without) Tell my Lord, sir, I'll wait in the library.

Marianne. Oh lord! my aunt, what's to be done.

Vapid. What's to be done!—why?

Marianne. She mustn't find you here—she'll be the death of me, she is so violent.

Vapid. Well, I'm not afraid—she's no manager.

Marianne. No, but if you have any pity for me—here—hide yourself for a moment behind this sopha, and I'll get her out of the room directly.

Vapid. Behind this sopha! here's an incident!

Marianne. Nay—pray—she's here! come—quick! —quick!—

[Vapid *gets behind the sopha,* Marianne *sits on it, takes out her work bag, and begins singing*——— *Lady* Waitfor't *enters.*

Lady. Marianne, how came you here? I desire you'll leave the room directly.

Marianne. Leave the room, aunt!

Lady. Yes, leave the room immediately—what are you looking at?

Marianne. Nothing aunt, nothing—lord! lord! what will become of poor, poor Mr. Poet? [*Exit.*

Lady. So—here's my lord—now to mention Ennui's play, and if it does but prejudice him against

him, Willoughby marries Louisa, and Neville is in my own power.

Enter Lord SCRATCH.

Lord. That curst pantomine ruffian! nobody knows any think about him—perhaps my lady has got a sudden touch of the dramatic mania, and prefers him—here she is—now if she should talk about the stage.

Lady. Pray be seated my lord—I want to ask you a favour.

Lord. Ask me a favour! is it possible! *(they sit.)*

Lady. Yes, for our friend Ennui—what do you think he has done?

Lord. What?

Lady. Turn'd author—he has written a comedy.

Lord. A comedy!—she has it.

Lady. Yes—it's very true, and it has been approved of by men of the first dramatic fame.

Lord. Dramatic fame! she has it!—damme she has it!

Lady. Nay, if you need further proof my Lord, it has been approved by the manager of one of the theatres, and the curtain is to draw up next winter.

Lord. The curtain draw up!—Look ye madam—I care no more for the manager or his theatre.

Lady. Now my Lord, the favour I have to ask of you is this—promise me to peruse the play, make alterations, and write the epilogue.

Lord. The epilogue!—fire and forefathers.

[*Lady holds him.*

Lady. Ay, or the prologue.

Lord. The prologue!—blood and gunpowder!

[Vapid *comes from behind the sopha, and smacks him on the back.*

Vapid. Prologue or epilogue!—I'm the man—I'll write you both.

Lord. There he is again! *Dramatist*, A. 2. Sc. 1.

MIST *drunk, with a Letter.* (LAVISH *observing him.*)

Mist. So, here's Sir Hervey's letter; and I'm to shew it to Miss Sutherland; and enforce marriage, and——u-u-up! *(Hiccuping)*: * * * * * Wonder how Mr. Squib—how Mr. No Salary's going on?—says he, "I'm a private actor!"—"Hem," says I, "more private the better:"—hope they accept him though; hope they let him double Prettyman; if not, here's such an apology! *(pulling out a paper, and putting it back again)*—such a beautiful, witty composition; but hold:—now to see Miss Sutherland!

Lavish. *(coming against him.)* And now to prevent you. *(Aside.)*—Oh, Sir, I was just going for you: the riot is begun,—the whole theatre is in an uproar.

Mist. Devil! what!—want Prettyman?

Lavish. No, they want you—Tell you how it was—Stopgap went on, and claimed their usual indulgence—on which a little tiger-faced fellow exclaimed from the pit, "We'll bear it no longer!—if the

"Manager will conſtantly make apologies, play the "beſt parts, act his own farces, get drunk, and reel "upon the ſtage, why the theatre is a nuiſance!"— * * * * * * "let us pull it down!"—He was ſtrongly ſupported, and I left the whole houſe calling "Manager! Manager!"—ſo go—go directly *(pulling him.)*

Miſt. I go! I account!—to whom:—to a five pound houſe!—to a tiger-faced gentleman, and a dozen more ungrateful, taſteleſs ſcoundrels—I!

Laviſh. Taſteleſs!

Miſt. Yes: haven't I done every thing!—turn'd author, actor, engaged Harlequin, and half ruined myſelf to pleaſe 'em?—and now—look'ye, Mr. Squib, here's my apology—*(taking paper out of his pocket:)*—if that will ſatisfy 'em, let Stop read it—if not, and they ſtill abuſe me as acting manager, ſee how they like me in another character—acting magiſtrate!—Damme! myſelf and two conſtables 'll take the whole houſe!

Laviſh. (looking at the paper in Miſt's *hand.)* By heaven, he has miſtaken!—'tis Sir Hervey's letter! *(aſide.)*—Yes! that will do: give me that apology, and I'll anſwer for every body being ſatisfied—nay! there's no time for heſitation—they abſolutely threatened to make you go down on your knees.

Miſt. His knees!—a Manager on his knees!—that for 'em! *(ſnapping his fingers and turning away from* Laviſh.*)*

Lavish. Nay; the apology—'tis, 'tis Sir Hervey's hand! (*aside.*)—Give me the apology.

Mist. That for 'em! won't—won't condescend to let 'em hear even apology now.

Lavish. No!—'Sdeath: I've marr'd every thing. (*Aside.*)

Mist. No: soon manage London audience, and not even to them——but they know better—and vere I before 'em at this moment—instead of asking for apology—instead of approving this mean cowardly piece of writing, they'd applaud me for destroying it—they would!—so there!—preserved my character both as Man and Manager! (*tears Sir* Hervey'*s letter.*)

Lavish. You have! and Juliana's preserved and I'm preserved!—(*Enter Mrs.* Dazzle.)

* * * * *

Mrs. Dazzle. You here, Sir!—Mr. Mist, have you shewn Miss Sutherland her father's letter?

Mist. No; and can't stay to do it now—must go quell riot—must talk to tiger-faced gentleman—

Mrs. Dazzle. (*stopping him.*) Nay: if you wish to make me amends, I insist you do it instantly, and let me be eye witness of his mortification and her despair—Come forth, Miss Juliana!—(*opens door in back scene, and leads out* Juliana.)—Now, Mr. Mist, where is Sir Hervey's letter?

Mist. Here (*pulling out paper.*)

Mrs. Dazzle. Then read it, and secure my triumph.

Mist. I will—hem! (*Reads.*)—" Ladies and Gen-

"tlemen, the disagreeable dilemma to which I am "reduced——"

Mrs. Dazzle. (snatching it from him.) Why, you mistake—let me read.—*(Reads)*—"Ladies and Gen- "tlemen, the disagreeable dilemma to which I am reduced——" why what's this paper?

Mist. An apology—that I'm ready to offer you, though not audience—I'm very sorry, but can't stay to explain now—*(Going.)*

Mrs. Dazzle. Astonishing!—why, what's become of Sir Hervey's letter?

Mist. What!—*(points to the torn letter.)*—You take the hint—must go to tiger-faced gentleman—you take the hint. *Management*, A. 4. Sc. 2.

BRUMMAGEM AND RALPH *(disguised.)*

Ralph. It reminds me of a singular circumstance that sir Andrew sends me an account of in his last letter. * * * * * I believe I have the letter in my pocket. *(takes a letter from his pocket.)*

Brum. (puts on his spectacles.) Ah! let me hear all that sir Andrew says—

Ralph. (reads.) "A young man of this place"—

Brum. Where is it dated? From Barcelona, Eh? *(peeping over letter.)*

Ralph. (aside.) It is lucky that I happen to know that—Oh, from Barcelona, certainly.—But why need I read? I'll tell it you—A young man was desperately in love with a girl of good fortune; and the father

denied his consent, and wanted to marry her against her inclinations. * * * * * Wherefore they laid a scheme to join the young people's hands, under the father's nose.

Brum. Ah! and how did they manage it?

Ralph. One day the old man comes home as usual, with a hat as large *(takes* Brum.'*s hat from his head.)* aye, larger than yours, *(puts the hat on the table, making signs occasionally as to some one without)* and seeing some strangers coming about the house, takes up his cane, that he always carried as you do, *(takes cane from* Brummagem'*s hand.)* * * * * * And runs to his coffers where he kept his money; for Sir Andrew says he did not suspect the design on his daughter.

Brum. Oh! a simpleton.

Ralph. Quite a fool! Now his money was all fast secured under two stout keys such as these; *(takes the keys from* Brummagem'*s girdle, dangles 'em about, and lays them on the table.)* and forth he sets to beat the rogues from his coffers.

Brum. Well, well.

Ralph. In the mean time, while he was busy at his coffers, a maid servant, coming behind his back, *(*Fanny *enters unobserved by* Brummagem*—takes the keys off table, opens the door, which she leaves unlockt, lays the keys down again on the table.)* takes the keys, goes to her young mistress's door, opens it, lets the young lady know that her lover was waiting in the

next room with a clergyman to marry them before they left the house.

Brum. Well, there was some decency in the young folks at least.

Ralph. Oh! Sir Andrew says he was a most excellent young man.

Brum. But suppose, now, the father had happened to meet the maid on this errand (*turning, sees* Fanny, *who had just replaced the keys.*)—what do you want here, hussey?

Fanny. I came to see if you would have the chocolate-cup taken away, sir.

Brum. Oh, very well—Ay, by all means. This is some of the finest china that—(Fanny *carries out the cups.*) But I say, my dear friend, (*replaces the keys in his girdle.*) suppose he had met the maid.

Ralph. Why, that would have been unlucky, to be sure—But, as it happen'd, he never suspected her.

Brum. Well, and so—

Ralph. The young lady was all in readiness to fly to her lover, but so overcome with fear, that she durst not venture to leave the room; upon which, her lover—

(Cheerly, *conducted by* Fanny, *crosses the stage unobserv'd by* Brummagem, *and both go into* Laura's *room.*) goes to her room to encourage—(*aside.*) So far all is safe.

Brum. Oh, oh, my dear friend, but what!—All this happen before the father's face!

Ralph. No, no, Brummy: you misunderstand me. They went behind the father's back.

Brum. Egad, it is lucky the old gentleman didn't turn his head round. What a pretty kettle of fish there wou'd have been!

Ralph. Oh, but then—Aye, very true—I had forgot to tell you one circumstance. This scheme was managed by a rogue of a servant who played the old fool the most ludicrous trick—I cannot help laughing when I think of it—(Brum. *affects to laugh.*) I'll shew you how they contriv'd it. (*they turn towards each other.*)

Brum. By all means. It's a good story, I dare say.

Ralph. Excellent! I'll shew you. Well, now, you shall suppose I am this rogue of a servant.

Brum. Good.

Ralph. And that you are the fool of a father.

Brum. With all my heart.

Ralph. Now I take your large hat—such a one, we'll suppose, as this (*takes* Brum.'*s hat from table.*) or larger, and I clap it entirely over your face. (*ties a handkerchief over the hat*) Now turn your head about, first on one side, then on the other side. What do you see?

Brum. Nothing, to be sure.

Ralph. Well, while I keep this hat close over your eyes, forth comes the whole procession—first the maid servant with a bundle of her mistress's cloaths; (Fanny *comes out of* Laura'*s room with a bundle of cloaths, and exit.* Cheerly *and* Laura *following her.*

Brum. (*trying to lift up the hat, or peep from it.*) Ay, very good.

Ralph. Then the lover, ſupporting the poor fright-en'd damſel.

Brum. Ay, very good.

Ralph. And laſtly ſhe herſelf, as anxious to eſcape as a priſoner for life from his priſon, but trembling with fear leſt her father ſhould hear her; for if he had, you know—(Cheerly *and* Laura *go off.*) Ha, ha, ha! You know—

Brum. Ha, ha! (*looking from behind the hat.*) Very true; I comprehend you—How their hearts muſt have leapt when they got clear off!

Ralph. Ay—and when their hands were inſtantly joined by the clergyman in the next room. * * * * * You may take off the hat—the ſtory's over. (*takes off the hat.*)

Brum. And where did this happen?

Ralph. In Devonſhire.

Brum. In Devonſhire! Why, you ſaid it was in Spain.

Ralph. Aye, Devonſhire in Spain.

Brum. And what ſort of an aſs is the old man?

Ralph. Much ſuch another as yourſelf.

Brum. As me?

Ralph. His name's Brummagem.

Brum. That's my name.

Ralph. The ſame—Brummagem of Brummagem Hall.

Brum. Why, that's me.

Ralph. Yes, it is you; and the rogue of a ſervant is—me. (*pulls off his wig and diſcovers himſelf.*)

Lock and Key, A. 2. Sc. 4.

INDIGNATION.

LORD MELVILLE AND MISS HARLEY.

Miss Har. Your escape must be immediate.

Melv. Make it then blest by accompanying me.

Miss Har. Accompanying you! Heavens! can you insult me with the idea?

Melv. And why not, my love? Flattered as I am with the tender interest you have already taken in my fate——

Miss Har. I thank you for the reproach, Sir, and feel all the humiliation conveyed in it. (*Going.*)

* * * * *

Melv. Yet hear me, Sophia; you weep!

Miss Har. I do not blush for my tears, Sir; they stamp indignity only on him who caused them; and surely the sharpest pang a generous mind can suffer, is on proving the object most dear to it, unworthy the distinction. *New Peerage*, A 3. Sc. 2.

PRINCE RICHARD AND ADELAIDE.

Pr. Rich. Madam, beware—For know, the indignation
That on the brow of slander'd innocence
Shews lovely, and is thron'd in dignity,
Speaks in the frown of guilt a harden'd mind,
That braves the sense of shame.

Ade. Sir, could I hear
This taunt of infamy with brow unruffled,
I should by acquiescence give a colour
To this unmanly stroke of coward malice.

But, by the voice of conscious truth acquitted,
I scorn its efforts, and I court the conflict.
To the severest test, let malice bring
My every action—Point one guilty stain
To blot my spotless fame, my blameless faith
To vows, once breath'd to you, ere frantic passion
Thus taught distemper'd jealousy to start
At self-created phantoms.

Pr. Rich. This is all
Your sex's art, screening your own inconstancy
Beneath a lover's weakness, and excusing
Your own mean falsehood by the storm of jealousy
Excited by that falsehood. Think again—
Search well your inmost soul, and answer truly,
If I am not betray'd.

Ade. No—on my honor—
Not even in thought by me.

Pr. Rich. False maid, beware—
Honor's a sacred name, by which adjur'd
Even open guilt, that is not sunk by meanness,
Debas'd, as well as profligate—will pause.—

Ade. This is too much! Have I deserv'd this usage?
Knighthood should blush, basely to injure one
Without a friend to right her; left an hostage
Here among strangers—yet I have a brother—
Ah no! rash Philip is a rude associate
Of your designs. I am alone—deserted—
The mock of fortune.

Pr. Rich. You the mock of fortune?
Is England's monarch then, is potent Henry
Become so low as not to have the power

To vindicate his mistress? Does that wound you?
I see the conscious guilt glow in your face—
Your blushes speak your falsehood.

Ade. Yes—the blood,
Rous'd by the sense of virtuous indignation,
Mounts to my cheek, to hear the base aspersion
By cruel malice fram'd. *Adelaide*, A. 2. Sc. 1.

SIR GEORGE, MISS DORILLON, &c.

Sir Geo. Do not endeavour to conceal from me, what my tender concern for you has given me the means to become acquainted with. I know you are plunged in difficulties by your father neither sending nor coming, as you once expected: I know you are still deeper plunged by your fondness for play.

Miss Dor. Very well, Sir! proceed.

Sir Geo. Thus, then—Suffer me to send my steward to you this morning; he shall regulate your accounts, and place them in a state that shall protect you from further embarrassment till your father sends to you; or protect you from his reproaches, should he arrive.

Miss Dor. Sir George, I have listened to your detail of vices which I acknowledge, with patience, with humility—but your suspicion of those which I have *not*, I treat with pride, with indignation.

Sir Geo. How! suspicion!

Miss Dor. What part of my conduct, Sir, has made you dare to suppose I would extricate myself from the difficulties that surround me, by the influence I hold over the weakness of a lover?

Wives As They Were, A. 1. Sc. 1.

SIR HARRY AND JACK LIZARD.

Sir H. This insolence from you is insufferable.

Jack Liz. I mean it so; leave me, I have no time to waste on you.

Sir H. Why, what do you mean?

Jack Liz. That, there's your road; leave me. I am sick of you.

Sir H. You sick of me?

Jack Liz. Yes, you have answer'd my purpose, and I am sick of you.

Sir H. Why, zounds, you talk as fluently as I do.

Jack Liz. To your stud, to your stud, I say, and leave me.

Sir H. To my stud? is this the return for my friendship?

Jack Liz. Your friendship.

Sir H. Yes, my friendship; have I not given you the run of my table; the use of my stud; have I not introduced you to every club I belong to.

Jack Liz. Yes, you gave me the run of your table; out of hospitality? No; it was to taste and commend your wines. You gave me the use of your stud; for my amusement? No; to train and shew your horses. You introduced me to your clubs; as your friend? No; as your butt.

Sir H. Well, and you answer'd my purpose, I will say that of you.

Jack Liz. You thought I answer'd your purpose. Dull fool! it was you answer'd mine. You fancied I was your creature! I knew that you were mine.

Sir H. Where is your boaſted ſuperiority? to live with men whom you deſpiſe, to truckle with their foibles, to feed on their vices? while I thought you dull and illiterate, I only pitied, now I deſpiſe you.

Jack Liz. 'Tis fit you do, pity and contempt are the weapons of ignorance and imbecility.

Sir H. 'Sdeath, Sir—do you dare to accuſe a man of my education, of ignorance and imbecility.

Jack Liz. I, too, had an education; what is called a liberal education; I was ſent to a public ſchool, and thence to college; at the end of three years, I was thrown upon the world, my imagination ardent, my paſſions high, my taſte correct and cultivated; all my habits, deſires, expences, not ſuited to my own means, but to thoſe of my aſſociates; I was ſoon involved in debt, I gave myſelf to the purſuit of letters, my labours were neglected; thruſt from the ſhelf to make room for the frivolities of faſhion.

Sir H. Eh! how! you are an author too?

Jack Liz. An accident ſeated me at one of your tables; my fancy fired at the opportunity; I ſhone beyond my hopes; I was complimented; congratulated; I thought my fortune made. Fond fool! They ſhunned me ever after; they ſhrunk abaſh'd with conſcious inferiority, and I was left the ſolitary recluſe of a garret: for a while my pride ſupported me, till imagination ſicken'd under the preſſure of want, and all its powers were chilled; food, food ſeem'd to my parch'd lip the only object of deſire; I was in poſſeſſion of the ſecret; I came

again among you, not as before, with a proud play of all I knew, but as one, the energies of whose mind were just equal to the sh[illegible]ing a horse, and the knowledge of his points; and above all, whose servility would bend under the coarse raillery of you and your associates. I succeeded; I was lifted to the surface; I floated with you, and the other insects of the hour.

Sir H. Insects! harkee, my man of wit—insects! What your pretensions are to the character of a gentleman, I neither know nor care—I have treated you as a gentleman, an[d] [i]nsist on the satisfaction of one.

Jack Liz. What you would fight—Yes, I know you would—you have the courage to fight—I never doubted it! when you have wrong'd a man—betray'd his wife—or seduced his daughter—you call him out—your amusements have been subservient to your safety—your dexterity is admirable; you can hit a card at thirty paces——you are cool, collected, without passion, without a heart; he comes into the field, all sensibility, feeling emotion; his generous nature has shrunk from the exercise which has given you courage: the deadly weapon is put into his hands for the first time; he hesitates as he raises it; yet this you call meeting on equal terms, [illegible] is honourable satisfaction. *Secret*, A. 4. Sc. 10.

END OF VOL. I.